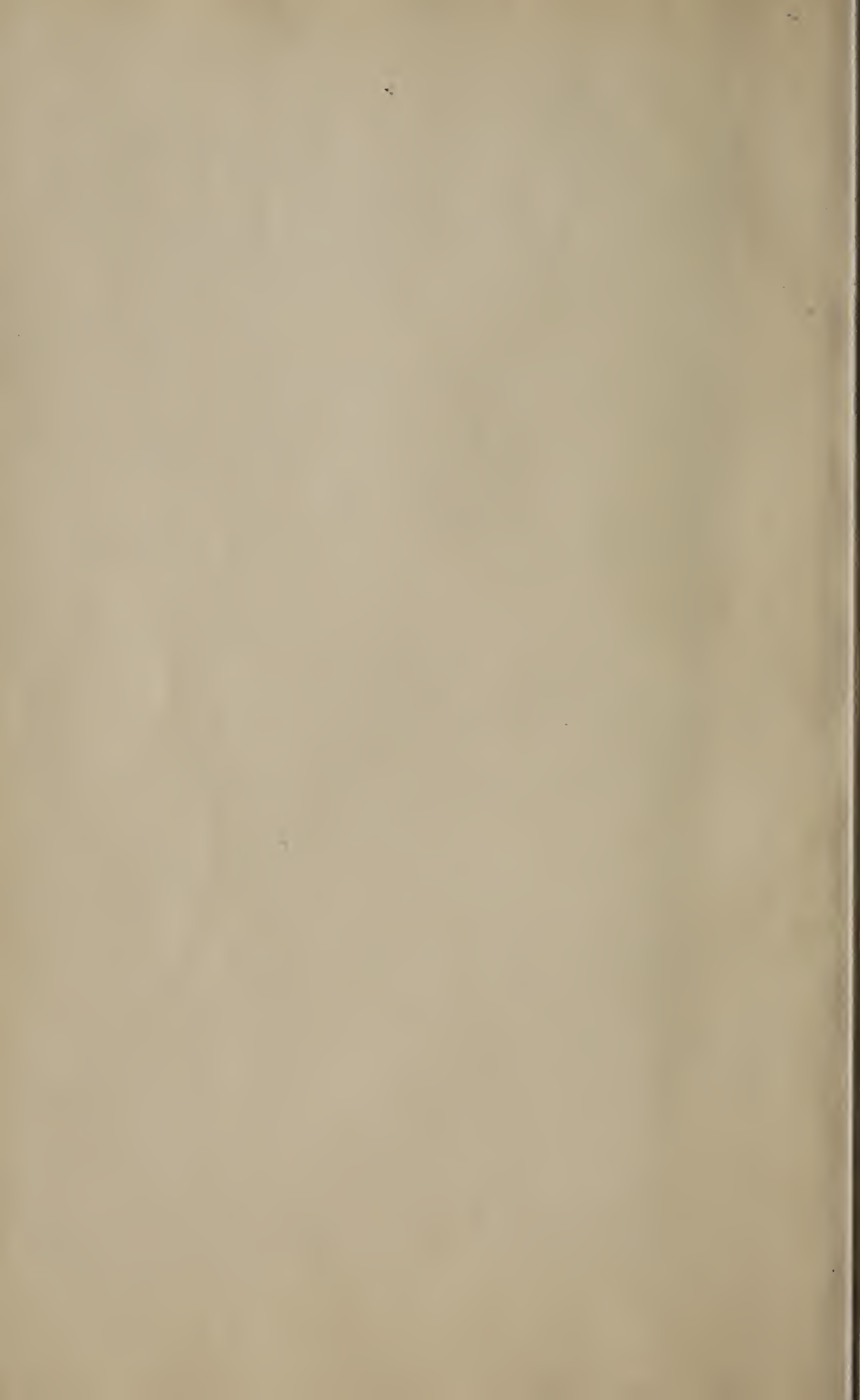


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BI-CENTENARY OF JOHN CARROLL

MARY DEVENNY, '35

Who of us has not at some time of leisure endeavored to trace the family tree? It is an idiosyncrasy of many people to subtract a century or so from the actual date of the arrival of their worthy forebears to this beloved country. But the existence of Catholicity in America is as old as the proprietorship of Maryland given to the Calverts by Charles I, and the establishment of an American Catholic Hierarchy dates back to the raising of John Carroll as first Bishop of the United States on the Feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1790.

During 1932 the nation celebrated the bi-centenary of "The Father of Our Country"; on January 8, 1935 at the Baltimore Cathedral built by Bishop Carroll was another bi-centenary commemoration,—and this of "The Father of the American Catholic Hierarchy." It is therefore fitting that we the students of a Catholic American College should learn what the life of this pioneer has to teach.

Bishop Carroll was distinctively a man of action! In his person there is little of the glamour we might expect to find in a hero of great adventure. "There is no evidence of imagination nor of eloquence that would move a crowd, but he moved a nation to respect his office and that of the Church symbolized thereby. In the archives of his Baltimore Cathedral are parchments now yellow with age which tell of crushing burdens, of bickerings, of strife and vain ambitions. And if we recall the era in which he lived and labored we can understand his problem better."

Briefly reviewing the facts of his life, we know that John Carroll was the fourth of the seven children of Daniel Carroll and Eleanor Darnall. He was connected with the distinguished Carrolls of Carrollton, patriots and statesmen. Maryland of these days was not the haven of safety for the persecuted of all faiths as in the

time of the Catholic Calverts a century ago. John Carroll was born in the godless eighteenth century. The English penal code was in force throughout the American colonies, which necessitated that the boy be educated at home under the tutelage of his mother. She prepared him for admission to the Jesuit Academy at Bohemia Manor, Maryland. Two years later, however, a violent outbreak of intolerance closed the Academy, and the youth in company with his cousin, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, went across the seas to St. Omer's, France, a school known to persecuted Catholics throughout the world. After graduation he announced his intention of joining the Jesuits. He was ordained in 1769. When later the order was suppressed in 1773, Father Carroll returned home and labored as a missionary in Maryland and Virginia, operating from the little chapel built on his mother's estate.

At the close of the Revolution, when the Church in the United States could no longer be regarded as an English mission, John Carroll, at the request of his associates, was appointed by the Holy See, Superior of the Missions of the United States. But still greater responsibility was to be placed on the young priest's shoulders! Some years later the American clergy reached the conclusion that the time had come to establish an American Hierarchy. Almost unanimously Father Carroll was chosen for the task. He was consecrated Bishop in 1790.

This brave son of Ignatius Loyola was a man of destiny and worthy of the distinction placed upon him. He had to organize an American Catholic Church and charter its course in its relations with the new republic. Bishop Carroll had to establish his own precedents; to blaze his own trail.

What was more novel than a free Church in a free state—a Church to shape its destiny without government control? "Churchmen and statesmen abroad solemnly declared that under such conditions the Church (in America) would not endure . . . as a plant exotic to the soil it would die."

The work began in poverty. Doors were closed in his face because he was not able to meet his debtors' demands. To provide for the needs of a people widely scattered, Bishop Carroll's financial support came from two rare sources, one hundred and sixty dollars a year from his former oppressed associates of the Society of Jesus, and the offerings of a small group of priests, refugees from Austria.

The first Cathedral was nothing more than a "colonial Mass-house and that under a builder's lien."

Perhaps the saddest period of the life of this pioneer Bishop occurred when certain rebellious factions demanded the right to select and dismiss their pastors at will. "Bishop Carroll, realizing that the very life of the Church in the republic was at stake, stood his ground." It meant schism otherwise; it meant wounds that would never heal but "man of peace though he was, he fought to the end against every attempt to make hirelings of priests who had been made Shepherds by God."


Of the enduring monuments that proclaim the marvelous organization of this great-souled man we may mention St. Mary's taught by the Sulpicians, famous for its scholar priests, and Georgetown University which came into being in 1788, and many of whose sons have shaped the religious and political history of our country. Many religious orders were welcomed to the diocese: of the contemplatives, the Carmelites and Trappists; of those dedicated to an active life, the Augustinians, Dominicans, Franciscans, and the Daughters of Charity of Mother Elizabeth Ann Seton who took care of the sick and orphans.

Bishop John Carroll, in the beginning, had been classed as a man of action and a man of destiny. Even the American statesmen were forced to recognize his power. They made him a delegate to Canada with Franklin, Chase, and others to secure aid in the War of Independence. But to those outside the faith, the motives for his great works are lost. One of the first things John Carroll learned from his good and religious mother was to live for eternity. He gave his life for the Church in America. One of his cherished paintings was Raphael's *Pasce Oves Meas*—"Feed My Sheep." It was the constant striving after this ideal that enabled the pioneer to cut a way through the wilderness and leave an open road for the development of innumerable Catholic institutions of today.

As Carroll's friend and compeer, Washington, earned the revered title of "Father of His Country" because he guided and fostered the infant state through its perilous beginning, so too, John Carroll received the title "Father of the American Hierarchy" because he established the Catholic Church in America, a task at which his contemporaries scoffed.

A VISIT TO OBERAMMERGAU

CATHERINE E. LANE '34

BERAMMERGAU, the scene of the famed Passion Play, is a small village of scarcely more than twenty-four hundred inhabitants, nestled beneath the high Bavarian mountains which seem to stand as a guard and protection to the busy little town. Approaching the village from Munich, we are greeted by the countryside in all its glory and beauty—high mountains on either side, clear placid lakes mirroring now and then a lovely country home, nature in all its grandeur.

From a distance the village itself looks very small. The two outstanding buildings, the Catholic Church and the Theatre, rise above the homes of the people. In spite of signs of advancing civilization—the shops where the wood novelties and woolen goods made by the people are sold, the smartly uniformed officers of the German Republic, the flags and signs of the Hitler regime, Oberammergau has preserved its hamlet atmosphere. The plain white cottages with their old frescoes dating from the year 1775, the country roads, rustic bridges over the old mill stream, the bicycle and pony-car traffic—all lend an atmosphere of charm and simplicity seldom seen elsewhere. Added to this is the sight upon arrival at the small station of the native men dressed in Tyrolean costume which consists of short leather breeches, woolen socks and sandals, embroidered jacket and soft hat with waving plume. Many of the men wear their hair shoulder length and display fullgrown beards.

It is small wonder then that the tourist is delighted with his visit to Oberammergau where a cordial, friendly welcome is accorded him.

Generally speaking, most people who desire to see the Passion Play arrive the evening before the performance in order to enjoy the activities of the day unhurriedly. It is indeed a strange and

varied gathering which descends upon the little village at such times. People of all nations and creeds mingle in the narrow streets, stroll contentedly through the shops, examining at their leisure the objects of trade or joining the villagers in the simple gaiety of their amusements. Many of the people speak English. All of them seem to be well educated in music, literature and art. Everywhere one experiences the courtesy and politeness so characteristic of the German race.

On the day of the performance villagers and guests are astir early. Holy Mass, celebrated at six o'clock, is largely attended; the audience indeed crowds into every available bit of space for the services. Breakfast follows an hour later, which gives everyone ample time to be at the theatre at eight o'clock when the performance begins.

The theatre is a large auditorium seating over five thousand people. Although the spectators are protected from probable storms by a roof, the stage itself has for its background nature's own blue sky and the hills and plains of the country. The house of Pilate on one side of the stage and that of Annas, the High Priest, on the other, merge with the streets and arches through which the actors appear.

An expectant atmosphere pervades the great auditorium filled to capacity, as the report of a gun signifies the opening of the Play.

The Prologue, portrayed this year by Anton Lang, appears, followed by the chorus composed of over forty young men and women of the village. The group sings of the great love of God for His creatures and sounds a note of welcome to the guests. Then Christ appears, heralded by the people of Jerusalem and surrounded by His apostles and disciples. The whole scene is so remarkable, so real and sincere that one enters immediately into the spirit of the Play, rejoicing, sorrowing, pitying as the occasion may warrant.

From Christ's action in driving out the money lenders from the temple of God, to His glorious death and resurrection, the audience is truly fascinated. Before each act the Prologue and the chorus appear, telling of the coming action and displaying various tableaux or scenes from the Bible which have some special significance or connection with the incidents of the Play.

The farewell scene between Christ and His Mother is one of

the finest and most impressive in the entire performance. The simplicity, sincerity and grief so clearly shown in both characters touch the audience deeply. The Last Supper is made so clear that we feel as though we, too, were present with Christ and the Apostles in this sad but glorious scene.

It seems almost impossible that a human actor could portray to any degree of satisfaction the Agony of Christ and the Apostles in the Garden of Gethsemane. And yet we find this action superbly played. It is said that this scene is one of the severest trials of the actor who plays the part of Christ. He must necessarily show the great agony of the soul of Christ, the sorrow for the sins of mankind, the great bitterness of His human nature against the unfairness of His punishment and finally, the dignity of the surrender of Christ in the midst of His betrayal by Judas. But here as in other scenes the very spirit of sacrifice and perseverance which has motivated the presentation of the Passion Play throughout the centuries seems to support and strengthen the actor in this very trying part.

Thus closes the morning performance and the audience is free to rest and relax for two hours. Most of the principal actors in the Play, however, do not leave the theatre during this period, in order not to lose the religious spirit of the performance.

The auditorium fills quickly and almost silently at two o'clock in preparation for the closing scenes which show us the accusation of Christ before the high priests, the action before Pilate and Herod, the sorrowful way of the Cross and finally, the hill of Golgotha where Christ dies for mankind.

The wild excitement of the mob in the square before Pilate's house, when the people goaded on by Annas and Caiphas shriek for Christ's blood, is truly remarkable. There are approximately seven hundred people on the stage at this time, shunning and deriding Christ, who stands alone—a majestic, silent figure.

The Way of the Cross, as we know it, is carefully and realistically enacted—so much so that the feelings and sentiments of the audience are often expressed audibly. One and all forget their surroundings and walk with Christ in spirit along the road to Calvary.

Here as before we marvel at the actors' realistic portrayal of the scene. The spectacle of Christ between the two thieves, the greed and callousness of the soldiers, the sorrow of His Holy Mother

and of Mary Magdalene and His last prayerful wish for forgiveness to His Father in Heaven—all are vividly brought before our eyes in a magnificent scene.

The Resurrection from death when Christ appears triumphant and glorious and the beautiful picture of the Ascension leave the audience with a great sentiment of awe and wonder at Christ's power and majesty.

There is no applause at the conclusion of the Play, no display of pleasure or approval—the sentiment of the audience is too deep for such manifestations. We leave, feeling that in some inimitable way these simple people by their production of the Passion Play have succeeded in making more real for us the truths of our religion. They are faithfully paying their debt to God for His Goodness. And it is this faith and trust in Him that give to the Passion Play a spiritual touch which immediately impresses the audience and distinguishes and heightens the meaning of the Play.

PERPETUAL UNREST

Mary E. Murphy, '36

When winter howls beyond the pane,
I sit and dream of April rain
And violets in a mossy lane.
When March roars up and down all day
And winds have come again to stay,
I wish for all the warmth of May.
And then when June with flowers is fair,
And summer wears them in her hair
I yearn for chill October air.
And when with blue October sky
The flaming landscape marches by,
For winter's snow and cold I sigh.

D A W N

Dorothea Gardner, '36

A rosy sky, a light blue mist,
Lifting the curtain of night,
One gleaming star, Aurora's crown
Paled by the gleaming light.

A new day dawned, a night dethroned,
New hopes, new joys, new friends,
A world lies watching for great things,
Before the new day ends.

M O O N - G A Z I N G

Mari-Elizabeth McCarthy, '36

I watched an orange moon bend low
And send its frosty light
On a slowly flowing river.

I stopped to think
And then reflect,
How once that frosty moon was warm,
And it was Spring
And all your love was mine.

And now . . .
Since Spring has gone
And with it you,
I still can gaze upon the moon
And know it too once saw . . .
And understood.

BLACK SNOW

MARI-ELIZABETH McCARTHY, '36

*"Cat, what are you looking at?"
"I am not looking at anything. I am looking."*

It had been a snowy Saturday afternoon, and once again my idle steps had led me to the friendly, fascinating little shop of *Joe's*. The accordion, the aromas, the rusty oil stove were still there and gave it that strictly individual atmosphere that pervades nowhere in Harvard Square but at *Joe's*. This time I was not alone in the room. A five o'clock twilight had filled the place with its heavy blue, and the cold, gray streaks of day were rapidly fading away. Colette's *Cat-Dialogue* came to my mind. Here was I gazing not at Belloc but through, around, outside—anywhere—but at the man himself. On my face was the look that has been kept alive for so long on that of the Sphinx. Poor Belloc was so dense to me—so impenetrable. I tried to study him, to understand him, but it was impossible, for I was indeed not looking at him at all. I had caught him once but had lost him again in a few seconds. It had been one of those sudden, unprepared feelings that come to the mind and then are gone in a flash—those feelings with which Wordsworth so occupied himself. And finally I reverted to my looking—just looking, but not at anything.

As I said, I was not alone, but had the company of three other people in the room, who, like myself, had neglected to turn on their lamps. Instead, while the blue became heavier, denser, I glanced up to see each one of my silent friends gazing deeply into space—into the snow that fell heavily through the dark; the snow that poets write verses about was becoming blacker, more contrary to its white loveliness with each fall from its hold.

I laid Belloc aside. I could not like him. He made me feel like a child who had been spanked for something, he knew not what,

and who knew that he should repent but simply could not, as he still did not know for what he had been whipped.

Joyce Kilmer escaped the final ray of light, and I took him tenderly in my hands. I coveted Kilmer as I would a dear, old friend. I cherished him as part of my glorious youth, when he opened the door the first crack, so that I might see into the world from whence he wrote and where I was to live. I saw not green trees, not just russet leaves, with the tiniest sparkle of sunlight and gold; not just a pool so gray with the dawn, so green with an afternoon's shade—nor so Stygian black, touched with the smile of a pale moon. No, I saw them all with a soul, with a Divine origin and a spiritual meaning breaking their glory into a radiant beauty dazzling to the eye. And then after such a gift I had forgotten Kilmer, not meaningly, but rather with the abandon of old seeds as new flowers take their place. Today I was reunited with him. He talked to me through the pages and my eyes, my mind leaped joyfully at his touch. With Kilmer I was no longer Collette's *Cat*.

Silent friend number two snapped on his lights, and I saw Chesterton resting beneath the British Arms. Chesterton, whom age has brought to me as a pleasure. I smiled at him. I always do at the mention of his name, for it is he who brings a sly joke with his pen and a twist of humor with his philosophy. And then there is the more serious side of him when he makes you straighten up as a worthy thought dips into your mind and drops low. I liked your piece of chalk, Chesterton; I liked your taxicab ride through the country. I have hugely enjoyed your *Father Brown, Detective*. You have stirred up those thoughts that have lain covered with dust for so long. At all times, Chesterton, you have proved to be of inestimable value.

The snow looked particularly cloudy then, as I gazed out the window. It swept by, disdainful in its flight, and I smiled. It would be proud no longer, I thought—once it hit the muddy streets. I arose and replaced the books on the shelf, and going to the door, called good-night to Joe. There wasn't any answer, but that is not unusual, as he was probably catching a few winks, as he often said or else intensely busy with his traditional and beloved onion sandwich. I left the little shop quietly. I felt that I had accomplished much. For I had said goodbye to Belloc, grown more intimate with Chesterton and had renewed an old acquaintance in Kilmer.

ANOTHER WONDERLAND

AGNES M. HANDRAHAN, '35

V OYAGES of discovery have such unpretentious beginnings! Whimsical little Alice—yes, the same demure maiden whom Lewis Carroll has everlastingly enshrined in human hearts—slipped through a rabbit hole into a mythical land of enchantment. And the world is all the richer since her fantastic expedition for it fanned into existence sparks of undying faith in the shadowy unknown and unceasing wonder at life's odd twists and turns. Perhaps it was with a bit of this cherished philosophy tucked away in my mind that I casually stumbled upon my wonderland. Imagine finding yourself in a dismayingly long corridor checkered with innumerable and noncommittal doors. There was no corner to peer around in quest of adventure—my only alternative lay behind those secretive oblongs. So I resolutely chose an unassuming brown panel, took a deep breath, and very prosaically turned the very unimaginative door knob. . . . Is this really the Emmanuel College library?

A castle of crystal was my first somewhat bewildered impression. At last the unattainable had slithered within my grasp and I was standing on the threshold of an exciting experience! As my saucer-like eyes became accustomed to the glistening transparency that surrounded me I made several important observations. First of all, I was in a room encased in glass. Secondly, the unusual brilliance lighting up the interior was caused by golden-flecked sunbeams skating gaily to and fro on a smooth mirror-like arena, thoughtfully provided by a wall of windows. And finally, from behind sheathes of sheer glass, glinted rows and rows of gleaming, leather bindings—long, broad shelves actually peopled with books. Encircling me were vast, unexplored vistas which beckoned me enticingly to meander into their dim distance. It was an alluring prospect and I accepted the hospitable invitation. . . .

Before long I was completely lost in a labyrinth of charming and endless surprises. Gypsylike I strolled along unfamiliar byways, all the while glimpsing the most remarkable scenes and events. The common, ordinary wildflowers with which the countryside was embroidered became endowed with a new and more significant meaning. Trifling incidents were tinged with universal appeal. Was I looking at the world through a spectrum? Or was I seeing humanity in the clear white light of truth? Perplexing problems evolved quite naturally into simple facts, strangers welcomed me into their warm friendship, noble aspirations filled my soul to overflowing! I was a different person, a decidedly better person mentally, morally and spiritually while I continued to roam along these winding paths. Would I lose this newly formed character when I returned to my own, familiar world? My question was left hanging in mid-air. With startling abruptness a rasping shrillness pierced the gossamer fabric of my dreams. Even in Wonderland the march of time tramps on relentlessly. . . .

Once again I found myself on the humdrum side of that magical door. My very commonplace life stretched dismally before me, drab and colorless after such an enthralling excursion into strange and incredible realms. I had passed one jewelled hour in a veritable treasure house and the priceless memento I had carried away with me was a deep and true sense of values. For, as I departed from the library my lips, and my heart, too, were echoing the all-inclusive sentiment of Henry Van Dyke:

"I want books not to pass the time but to fill it with beautiful thoughts and images, to enlarge my world, to give me new friends in the spirit, to purify my ideals and make them clear, to show me the local color of unknown regions and the bright stars of universal truth."

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

PHYLLIS DREW, '35

JANUARY thirteenth decided the fate of the "tinder box" of Europe, the Saar Basin. Little did the men who wrote the Treaty of Versailles realize the anxiety they would arouse in later years over this buffer state between France and Germany.

But the treaty-makers, considering the location of the valuable deposits of coal and iron just north of Alsace-Lorraine, believed that as Lorraine belonged to France, so should the Saar Basin because of the economic unit they formed. It seems as if Nature intended to have them together, for the Saar coal is of a quality for melting the iron ore of Lorraine, and they have for generations been employed together to make France's steel rails, locomotives, and war implements.

The territory itself is German in character. The villages of plaster houses, with tiny colorful gardens in front of them, and flowers in the windows might be provincial towns outside of Munich. The names of the stores, buildings and street corners are almost invariably German. Ninety-seven per cent of the residents themselves of the Saar are Germans. Although the Saar is bound by financial and economic ties to Lorraine, therefore to France, it is bound more strongly by ties of race, language and customs to Germany.

The government of the Saar under the League had the advantage of absolute despotism, which made it efficient, not subject to whims of public opinion, and in all forms democratic, for it was ruled by five men, namely: G. G. Knox, an Englishman; Moriza, a Frenchman, who was finance minister; Joricic, a Yugoslav; Enreneroot, a Finn; and Kassmann, a Saarlander who was appointed by the League and responsible to the League. In short the administration of the Saar under the League was conducted as though it

were a business estate with the government as its guardian. When the League took over the Saar, it was completely disorganized, due to the War, and throughout the whole territory the roads, houses, schools and hospitals were in a dilapidated state. In 1934, the capital, Saarbrücken, once a provincial town, has become a lively city, the main and subsidiary roads paved and kept in excellent condition. The hospitals and schools were reconstructed and modernized; the railroads linked with the German and French network became solvent. In fact the Saar government then was probably the only government in Europe which had not a cent of debt owed.

One of the strongest emotional factors in the world is patriotism, and it cannot be governed by reason because it involves the love of one's own way of living inherited from one's ancestors. The League government was entirely disinterested and incorrupt and as "popular as a card catalogue," for the majority of the population, being Germans, never ceased to long for the day when they might be eating again the black bread with their own, rather than the white bread with the foreigners.

As the election time approached, the people's minds were not on digging coal or puddling iron but concerned with the political question, whether to join France, to join Germany, or to remain under the control of the League of Nations. French apathy revealed that they did not want the Saar, for they spread little propaganda to get it; they moreover did not want Germans living on a questionable frontier inside their territory, nor did they want the mines, as their mines put out of service by the war are working again. New coal deposits have been discovered in Lorraine, while those in the Saar are of an inferior quality now. More and more the power of electricity is supplanting that of coal. Therefore the Germans can buy the mines back in gold.

In striking contrast was the Nazi attitude to the Saar. Hitler's prestige changed the sympathy in the Saar, as the sentiment there is predominantly Roman Catholic in its religious belief and largely Socialistic in its political affiliations. Neither the quarrel which developed between the Catholic Church and the German Nazi government, nor the smashing by the Nazis of the German Socialist Party and the Socialist trade unions, tended to aid the German cause in the Saar. The government of Hitler made the return of the

Saar to Germany a cardinal point, because it regarded the Treaty of Versailles as an infamous document, signed under pressure and its obligations not morally binding. Two of Germany's most effective orators, former Vice-Chancellor Franz von Papen, and Minister of Propaganda Paul Joseph Goebbels, made several trips to the Saar where they emphasized the fact that "A man can't go back on his own blood," and they are Germans, not traitors to their own country. Hitler himself, at a huge demonstration across the German boundary near Coblenz, to which thousands of Saarlanders were brought in trams, asked that the Saar's voters "vote German." The German government spent large sums to bring back to the Saar persons who resided there in 1919 and who have since that time migrated. Even three months before the actual elections the whole German Reich prepared to celebrate the return of the Saar to the Fatherland. A bronze medal bearing the words "German is the Saar" was pinned confidently on every coat lapel. Every German letter was stamped with the slogan. Radio broadcasts from Germany to the Saar were arranged to inspire the Saarlanders with the idea that they were living in a state of appalling terror and oppression, the liberation from which depended upon their reunion with Germany.

Accordingly, on the set day, January thirteenth, 1935, the Saar plebiscite chose by a ten to one vote to return to Germany. Negotiations have been already made for the repurchasing of the Saar mines inclusive of several railways and customs stations from France, for nine hundred million francs or approximately sixty million dollars, which the German Reich will have no difficulty in raising, foreign exchange to comply with the prescribed methods of payment. From the administrative point of view it has been declared that "The Saar will remain a separate administrative entity within the Reich, until later when the Reich has been re-districted into provinces, and then the Saar will be incorporated into one of these."

The answer to the question which has been hanging like a sword of Damocles over Europe is solved. The Saarlanders prefer to be Germans among Germans, and to take their chance with the Nazi government and "bear the whips and scorn of time."

GOD'S WILL

ANNE G. DRINAN, '35

It was as though a thin cold grey arm of mist reached down from the murky shadows of the Wicklow Mountains, and snuffed out the pale feeble light of a November day. Night was upon the village of Glenhallow.

The wind rattled the casement window and the dry oak leaves dashed themselves like small Furies against the glass. The small fire in the old cavernous fireplace flared brightly as the draft drew purple and blue flames from the dry odorous peat. The man in the worn cassock laid down his pen and advanced to the fire, rubbing his hands together.

The study of St. Finnian's was not luxurious. There were no books to line the walls in bright moroccan and pungent Russia leathers. A New Testament, a Breviary and a worn ledger, which was the parish record of the births, marriages and deaths in Glenhallow, lay on the scarred walnut desk.

Father Dennis Rourke stood before the fireplace drawing the toe of his short boot over the outline of the hideous bouquet of cerise cabbage roses which decorated at intervals the flaming red carpet, reflecting upon the kindness of the former owner of the monstrosity. The late brew-master's widow had deemed that such a display of grandeur as the carpet evinced was not befitting her present estate. She sent the treasure to the rectory. The priest's glance traveled from the ornate floor-covering to the brass-filigreed inkstand, adorned with two rotund angels whose battered wings had doubtless caused their fall. Another gift of the Widow Kerrigan's. His smile of amusement faded as he remembered the contents of the letter propped against the inkstand.

The letter was a peremptory invitation to the home of one of his parishioners. It had been delivered before nine that morning by a liveried man-servant. He picked it up, examining the embossed crest with a thumb and forefinger, then tossed it into the fire. This was the first time he had had the honor of receiving the De Courcy crest.

The priest's small figure passed from the study through a drafty hall into the warm cheery kitchen, where he nodded to his housekeeper and continued into the pantry. Filling a large tin plate with dry corn kernels, he took a faded shawl from its hook, threw it around his shoulders and went out into the chicken-yard.

The feathered creatures, on seeing the familiar figure, rushed at him from every direction. He scattered the corn on all sides, and then stood watching the busy beaks snatching the kernels from every inch of the ground. The antics of the pullets as they tried to get some before the older birds could drive them off brought a smile to his face. Chicken nature seemed so much like human nature.

Returning to the house, he replaced the shawl and donned a long black military cape. Telling his housekeeper he would return soon, he left the cottage and turned up the road leading away from the village.

Father was no longer a young man, but neither was he very old. When he talked with the children, or when he was roaming about the green hills of Innisfarr, his face was young and kindly; when he preached the Lenten sermons or had to approach the De Lancys or the De Courcys for some charity, his face seemed old and careworn.

He hesitated now on the crest of the hill and contemplated the scene before him. High above him rose the great grey bulk of "Greylock's Folly," the home of the De Courcys. The place had been rightly named by the people of the countryside when the great-great-grandfather of the present DeCourcy had built this enormous house out of Welsh granite, bringing every stone across the sea from Cardiff. The hill rose to a great height, sloping on the landward side, but dropping away in jagged cliffs to the sea in the back. It was below the promontory that the cliffs reached down with cruel sharp fingers and forever sought to grasp the greenish-white waters that swept into the cleft rocks and fled swirling away. The fishing boats of Glenhallow kept far from these reefs, dreading the treacherous death that awaited the unwary in that wild and desolate spot. It was here that the first De Courcy had chosen to live and here his folly reached out and claimed him. One winter's morning he lay dead on the silver strand between the cliffs and the roaring water with its demoniacal laughter. He had evidently slipped from the wet stones above during a nocturnal stroll. But word from a Biblical judge would

not convince the villagers that such a violent death was not the result of the old man's eccentricities.

The present owner of "Greylock's Folly" had many lights burning throughout the mansion, but their yellow rays did not convey a feeling of cheeriness and welcome to Father Rourke. The huge oak door was opened to the priest's knock and a roaring fire on the great hearth in the hall made Father think of his own small blaze.

A tall, handsome man came forward to greet him; several dogs came padding along with their master watching Father with dull, watchful eyes.

"Good evening, Father," said Hugh. "Good evening, Hugh," responded the priest, calmly observing his parishioner, and thinking that the quickly shifting glance, and the deep scowl on his forehead did not add to the appearance of Hugh De Courcy, who was known as the "hardest man in the county."

They were seated in a large, gloomy library with its smoke-blackened rafters, and its tall beeswax candles shedding a dim light, before Hugh spoke again. The whole conversation was terse and stilted.

"I sent for you on important business."

"Ah, yes, I am a busy man," replied the priest.

"I am going to be married," began Hugh abruptly. "The young lady is not a Catholic. I would like to have you instruct her."

"I shall be happy to do that, Hugh," replied Father, showing no surprise at the announcement.

Hugh offered no further comment for some time but the priest knew that the man wished to say something else. It was not temerity that kept him from offering his help, but the memory of repeated encounters with the arrogant De Courcy when Father had sought aid for the villagers, prevented him from speaking.

As he rose to leave, De Courcy spoke again in a voice strangely subdued with fear, "Father, I suppose that I am being very foolish, but those old stories that the villagers tell about this place, and about the queerness of my family make me think that we are all a bit peculiar. I am afraid to bring Enid here," he finished desperately.

The priest smiled pityingly at the thought of superstition frightening Hugh De Courcy, but he said kindly, "Don't think of such things, Hugh; they will certainly make you morbid. You have nothing to fear."

"Enid is coming within a fortnight, Father. Shall I send her to you?" asked Hugh, as he led Father to the door.

"Yes, Hugh, I shall be very glad to see her and I wish you every happiness," answered the priest as he departed.

As he went down the long road to the rectory, Father Rourke hoped that his new pupil might be the means of making a less bitter and callous man of Hugh De Courcy. The thought of Hugh's sister, Myra, who made infrequent condescending visits from London made Father think apprehensively of the newcomer, hoping that she would not be as proud and haughty as Myra.

He passed the stables as the grooms were watering two magnificent stallions while an array of long-eared hunting dogs snapped and barked at the horses' heels. It would be well, thought Father Rourke, if the De Courcys had paid less attention to their stables and hunting and more to their souls. But the De Courcys had always been like their horses, stubborn and proud; they had been led to the font of grace but their pride kept them from drinking. That hint of Calvinism that often taints the gentry had flowered in the De Courcys. They would be saved in any event and this common mingling with their tenants, even in a place of worship, would cause them to lose caste.

At the bend in the road, a friendly beam of light shone from the window of a cottage, casting a thin, yellow ray in the road. Father's face brightened as he saw it. He entered the home of Kevin Donnelly with friendly greeting to the group around the table. Kevin, his wife, his two small children, and his orphan nephew, Jerry, comprised the family.

They had been expecting Father. Little Mary took his hat, while Jerry folded his long cape over the back of the chair. Kevin looked sober and worried, not entering into the conversation with the priest and the children. Father observed all this over the top of Jerry's yellow head, but pretended to be completely enthralled in the little fellow's story. Father Rourke was Jerry's hero, and the boy delighted in these visits, his brown eyes sparkling and fat red cheeks shining as he paused in the ardor of his narration.

As Father Rourke prepared to leave he beckoned Kevin to accompany him along the road to the rectory.

"Your mind is uneasy, Kevin?" asked the priest, startling the man with his suddenness in speaking, as soon as they were away from the house.

"Yes, Father," answered Kevin with some hesitancy.

"Tell me then, Kevin," commanded the little man, a bit perturbed at Kevin's slowness.

"Well, it isn't very much now, but I am afraid of what will come of it. De Courcy sent a man to tell me that he will be using half of my east field in the spring," explained Kevin.

"You won't miss that piece, will you?" asked the priest.

"No, it isn't the land, but the brook runs through that field. In a dry season I can water my fields, and save them that way," continued Kevin.

"Did you explain this to De Courcy's man?" asked Father.

"Yes, but he sent back word that there wasn't any reason strong enough to prevent a landowner from taking a bit of his tenant's land, and that I was lucky to have as much as he allows me."

"What is De Courcy going to do with the land?" asked the priest.

"Build another stable for his race horses," informed Kevin.

"I am sorry, Kevin, there is nothing we can do," replied Father.

"I know, Father, if it were any other man in the world, a word from you would be enough, but De Courcy is a hard man. I didn't want to tell you because you have been to him for us so many times," said Kevin.

"I am afraid my hounding has had little effect on a man such as he," said the priest ruefully.

"How is young Jerry getting along?" asked Father changing the subject.

"He is a fine lad, Father. He grieves now and then, for his mother but I hope that will pass," replied Kevin.

Exchanging "Goodnights," the two men parted at the gate of the rectory.

Within a few weeks Enid Morris arrived in Glenhallow. Almost immediately after her arrival she presented herself at the rectory.

Father Rourke was greatly surprised that the girl was so different from the type of woman he had expected De Courcy to choose as his bride. The shy appealing young girl with her large hazel eyes and beautiful red brown hair was quite a contrast to his mental picture of her. Her child-like manner and friendliness made her seem even younger than she was, and made greater the disparity of ages in De Courcy and his bride.

She came daily for instructions. Father was surprised at her lack of any religious training, but she was most anxious to become a Catholic. Father knew that some of her anxiety was caused by her earnestness to please Hugh, and he wondered at her child-like devotion to the man.

They were seated in the study one bright winter afternoon, when Enid gave him a brief insight into her past life.

"Father, do you think I shall ever be really happy?" she asked appealingly.

"Why, of course you will," he answered mildly surprised. Enid sighed and shook her head to show that she was not convinced.

"Has your life been very unhappy?" he questioned gently to gain her confidence.

"Not wholly unhappy, Father," she answered slowly, "but very lonely. My father died when I was very young, then Mother became devoted to my brother and me. She died when I was sixteen. Then Donald, my brother, was killed in an accident. I know my story isn't unusual. They had to die sometime, although it seemed that they were always taken just when I needed them most. I never seem to have a hold on happiness. Father, that is why I am a little fearful of marrying Hugh."

"I understand, Enid, but you must realize, child, that all happiness in this world is fleeting, and that we cannot have a hold on it," he told her.

After her baptism her visits ceased abruptly, and Father was a bit disconcerted, as he had grown fond of Enid.

The day before the wedding Father met Enid in the village, and she told him hesitatingly, that she had been very busy preparing for the ceremony and had not been able to visit him.

Father Rourke realized what a feeble explanation that had been when he entered the cold, stone chapel of "Greylock's Folly" the next day. There had been no preparations for a wedding, except the summoning of Father Rourke.

Of the two figures that advanced toward the chancel, one did not look radiantly happy. There was a sullen expression on the face of Hugh De Courcy as though he feared some challenge for his action.

Motes of dust clouded the vague light of the winter day as it filtered through the arched, opaque glass windows of the chapel. The dull light illuminated Enid's hair as the only bright spot in the place, and made its color seem strangely alien.

The chief steward, and Myra De Courcy were the only attendants. Myra's china fragile prettiness was carefully preserved and protected to a point of brittleness. She appeared to be smiling, that is, her mouth was set to reveal two rows of white teeth. Her eyes did not echo her smile but stared coldly at Hugh, purposely avoiding looking at Enid.

Father Rourke left the house immediately after the ceremony and he had a peculiar feeling of pity and apprehension for Enid.

A year had passed since the wedding of Hugh and Enid. It was winter and there was a slight fall of snow on the ground. An icy penetrating wind whistled down the chimney of the priest's cottage and blew upon the half-burned logs in the fireplace. The sparks flew upward in bright showers, like recreant comets streaking back to the heavens.

The priest was sitting before the fire, gazing steadily into the coals with unseeing eyes. His mind was on Enid De Courcy. He had seen very little of the De Courcys until the day an excited villager had burst into the cottage with the news of an accident.

A mile beyond Glenhallow was a bare scrub-oak plain and beside the fieldstone fence Father Rourke found the body of Hugh De Courcy. The reins of the great bay stallion were still caught about his wrist and the horse had dragged his master nearly to the roadway before he had broken away. They found the wild-eyed brute wandering in the marsh land at Innisfarr, subdued and trembling now that he no longer felt the iron grasp of the man he had killed.

The priest's first thought was to break the news to Enid. But the word had been carried to "Greylock's Folly" before he reached there. Enid immediately shut herself up in her room and refused to see anyone. After the funeral, Father Rourke went to the house several times until, in a curt and unpleasant interview with Myra, he was given to understand that his sympathy and counsel were unwelcome.

The priest discontinued his visits to the great grey house, but his thoughts were often of Enid, grieving at her indifference to the comfort the Church could give her. He did not meet her until the spring.

He was walking along the frozen, wagon-rutted road to the village to see Kevin Donnelly. Wind-blown twigs snapped underfoot and the blustering March wind snatched and tore at the priest's

long cape. He had many bothersome matters on his mind and he did not see the figure on horseback until, opposite the cemetery, the horse wheeled sharply and entered under the arched gateway.

The parishioners of St. Finnian's were usually buried in the churchyard but the De Courcys had their own cemetery in the little wooded glen outside the village.

The figure on horseback had been too absorbed to see Father. Enid in a black riding habit dismounted, tethered the horse and began pacing rapidly back and forth.

Father Rourke approached her and even though he stood in front of her it was some seconds before she was aware of his presence. He was satisfied that she had not purposely passed him on the road.

"My dear child, why would you not allow me to see you?" he questioned gently.

Looking at him for the first time she answered, "I do not wish to talk with you."

Father Rourke was shocked and amazed at the change in Enid's appearance. Her lovely youthful expression had vanished and there were sharp lines about her mouth.

The little priest would not be deterred. He watched her as she stared stonily at the slate slab that was the last resting place of Hugh De Courcy. Impatiently she kept striking her riding crop on a tree trunk as though to communicate to Father her annoyance at his presence.

Taking her hand, gently, he loosed the grasp of her fingers until she dropped the riding crop and opened her nerveless fingers to respond to the grasp of his hand.

"Will you not let me help you?" he questioned, his face turned anxiously to hers.

She pulled her hand away and cried bitterly, "Oh, how can you help? I would not feel like this if it wasn't for you. You only want me to go to church again, isn't that it?"

"No, I want to help you, then you will go to church of your own accord," he answered.

Enid leaned wearily against a tree, and closing her eyes she began resignedly, "Well, I'll tell you, Father, I have been coming here every day since he died and—I am not grieving," she finished with defiance.

"Not grieving," repeated the priest in surprise.

"No, it is not grief that I feel—it is rebellion, rebellion against God," she explained, satisfied at the shocked expression on the face of Father Rourke.

"My dear, I am sorry for you, but we dare not rebel against His will," said the priest.

"You told me His will was all merciful and all just and that everything He does is for our good. Father, how can Hugh's death be good or just," she ended in a spasm of weeping.

"Because you have not had the grace of Faith all your life it is difficult for you to understand, but you must let me help you," he told her.

Father Rourke left her sometime later in the same unmoved attitude that she had held since he spoke.

He sighed as he continued his journey; such despair and rebellion was almost unheard of among the simple people of St. Finnian's. He realized that it would be difficult to regain the confidence of the bitter, even cynical woman that Enid had become.

Occupied with these thoughts Father entered the cottage of Kevin Donnelly. There were new troubles to be confronted here.

Kevin came forward, "We are going to Innisfarr, Father, to live with Mary's people."

"There is nothing we can do?" asked the priest.

"Nothing," Kevin echoed, "I have spent every penny we had. To think that it all began when De Courcy took my land, then, the drought with the ground dry as powder, and no water to save the crops, watching them die before my eyes." He finished brokenly, "There isn't enough for us to eat, let alone enough to take to market to make the taxes money. De Courcy was to blame for it all, the worthless wastrel, with his stables and his race horses."

"Speak no evil of the dead, Kevin," Father admonished. "What are you going to do about Jerry?" he questioned.

"I must think of something, Father, I am afraid there won't be any place for him at Innisfarr, they have little as it is."

"You can hardly ask Mary's people to take him, too," said Father regretfully as he left.

There was a thin pale moon like the silver blade of a curved sword hanging over Glenhallow when Enid, leading her horse, left the cemetery. She felt calmer than she had for some days and she realized that she must be resigned.

She had not gone far when she became aware of a low, mourn-

ful sound, unmistakably the sobbing of a child. Calling softly, she came abruptly upon the figure of a small boy.

"What is the matter, little boy?" she asked, stooping down over the child.

"Nothing, nothing," he answered, wiping his eyes with his sleeve in a manful attempt at bravery.

"Are you hurt or lost?" she questioned further.

"I am all right," he said, somewhat impatiently.

"Then let me take you home, it is very late for you to be out alone," Enid said. "You may ride on my horse," she offered as an inducement.

At the word "home" the boy began to cry again.

"I haven't any home," he answered, with new impetus to his grief.

"What do you mean?" she questioned.

"They took Uncle Kevin's house and I live with him. Now he is going to Innisfarr and I haven't any place to go," he explained incoherently.

Enid did not understand this explanation at all; however, she lifted the little boy to the horse's back and continued toward the village.

As they went along Jerry confided that losing one's home wasn't the worst thing that could happen. Jerry elaborated further on the misfortunes that had come to him, the worst of which was losing the lace surplice.

"What was that for?" asked Enid.

Jerry looked askance at Enid and replied, "Why to serve on the altar with Father Rourke."

"How did you lose it?" she asked.

"Well, I never really lost it, it was this way: Aunt Mary was going to buy it for me, but we lost our house and our money, 'they' took everything," he finished breathlessly.

"I see," responded Enid, wondering who the mysterious and cruel "they" were.

"Who are these people?" she ventured to inquire.

"Why, the De Courceys, of course," he answered aghast at her ignorance.

Enid did not make any comment. She knew that Hugh had been a stern master and not on friendly terms with his tenants. She had blamed them for not understanding him. The boy's words

made her, for the first time, wonder if, after all, Hugh had been so blameless.

When they reached the rectory Jerry was asleep in her arms. Father Rourke answered her hail. In response to her question he told her Jerry's story. Enid was silent for a moment. She had been thinking of her loneliness and the monotony of her days. She had no one, now that Hugh was gone, and the little boy was homeless. She reached her decision.

"I am going to take him home with me, Father," she told the priest.

Father only nodded his head and immediately set out for the village to inform the Donnehy's of the change in Jerry's fortunes.

Jerry was installed in "Greylock's Folly" and soon it seemed as if the little boy had always lived there.

In the splendor of a lace surplice he assisted Father Rourke at Mass, and in the soft yellow sunlight of early morning the heads of boy and man were bowed in prayer that God's grace would again melt the heart of Enid De Courcy.

The days passed into weeks and months until it was nearly Easter. Father had often talked with Enid when she came to the rectory with Jerry, although his hope of seeing her at Mass seemed no nearer fulfillment. She was still grave and sweet when he tried to talk with her of the Easter duty she should make, but she steadfastly refused to go to church.

Her daily life, brightened by the presence of little Jerry, had gradually broken down the harsh wall with which she had surrounded herself since Hugh's death. The long lonely walks and rides over the countryside were replaced by strolls through the neighboring lanes and daily visits to the village. The villagers who had admired her at a distance grew to love her when she came among them. Jerry had unwittingly taught her how hard life could be for some of her tenants and now she delighted in lessening their burdens.

Father Rourke quietly rejoiced at the fortunate turn events had taken, and, at first, cherished the hope that time would heal her wounded spirit, that she would voluntarily return to the Church. But Enid could not break the last bond that held her: her mind could not reconcile the brutal and sudden death of Hugh with Father Rourke's description of the absolute and inevitable justice of his God. And as time passed Father hoped and wondered and

finally, in the course of one of their talks, had his fears confirmed: Enid had not any intention of making her Easter duty.

It seemed that the prayers of Jerry and Father were to go unanswered. They did not refer to the subject again.

Easter Sunday brought Father to a decision. He would make one last effort. When Enid came to the cottage with little Jerry, he sent the boy on an errand and asked Enid to sit down.

"Enid, you have troubled me very much," he began at once. She gazed dispiritedly into the fire and did not answer.

"I have waited a long time, thinking that your grief was too fresh for you to think clearly, that time would heal you and give you faith. But it hasn't. You will not believe that God is just and merciful. You are like Thomas, Enid." He stopped, fearing that she was going to leave, for she had risen and turned toward the door. But she resumed her seat as he continued: "I do not know whether I am doing right in telling you this, but it seems this is the only way . . . " Enid looked wonderingly at him as he began:

"Hugh De Courcy visited me the day before his death. You remember that he had just returned from a trip to London. He had been to a physician who had confirmed his worst suspicions; Hugh was slowly losing his mind, Enid," Father's kind face was lined with pain as he continued. "He had for some time been subject to lapses of memory; it was not strange that you did not notice it because these attacks were only partial. It probably appeared to you that he was melancholy or depressed when in reality he was suffering from one of these attacks. He died as he would have wanted to die, had he the choice."

Enid bowed her head and covered her face with her hands. The priest, with a glance of infinite compassion, went quietly out of the room, closing the door softly behind him. For a moment he stood with his hand on the door-knob, then turned and went out into the tiny garden.

"Father!" shrilled a high voice from the lane.

"Yes, Jerry," answered the priest.

"Aren't you coming to church? It's getting late," called the boy.

Father Rourke turned at the sound of the opening door. Enid stood in the doorway, her eyes showed the traces of her weeping, but a smile of gladness was on her lips. She stepped into the garden and took the priest by the hand.

"Come, Father, we don't want to be late for Mass," she said.

IN MEMORIAM

SISTER AGNES DES ANGES

"And all my things are thine, and thine are mine."

To clothe in words the beauty of Sister Agnes des Anges's soul is to describe the essence of pure Catholic joy. "Love," says St. Paul, "is the fulfilling of the law," and love was the spirit which animated the soul of Emmanuel's beloved Professor of Spanish, unadulterated Catholic love, that "integrity of fire" which transformed her life into an imitation of Christ's.

The door of her famous "Spanish Room," like the door of the house of her "dear Lord," was never locked. She attracted people as the sun does the flowers—Emmanuel girls, their friends, ultimately their pupils and, I suppose, their children. And if, like her Beloved, her delights were to be with the children of men, it was that she might lift and draw them to that Sun upon Whom she had gazed and in Whose light she saw all things as shadows—adumbrations of Himself. The chill breath of Puritanism never touched her; all that her God had created she found "very good."

Among a faculty where sanctity, genius, and the traditional graciousness of the cultured gentlewoman are the rule, she was outstanding. She won, by example, what others could never have commanded by precept. She had a consciousness that was as touching as it was simple, childlike, and unaffected. She received, and asked her friends to receive, the Cross and the Crown with equal devotion. I saw her a few weeks before she died, and I knew that "in God's will was her peace."

Today—though she never seemed nearer—she is gone, gone to the heavenly habitations of her friends—of Mary Immaculate; of Teresa of Avila and Thérèse of Lisieux; of John of the Cross and Thomas of Acquin; of Blessed Julie and her privately canonized Père Lacordaire. I like to think that there, after the sufferings, sorrows, and solaces of this world, her life and her love ascend as a never ending "odor of sweetness" before the "white throne" of Him Whom all call God, and Whom we who have been privileged to be her friends and her pupils, delight to call also "Emmanuel!"

IN MEMORIAM

SISTER SUPERIOR FRANCES OF THE SACRED HEART

On January the tenth, the truly great soul of our loved and venerated Sister Superior Frances of the Sacred Heart winged its upward flight to God. Like the Valiant Woman portrayed by the inspired writer, Sister Superior was gifted with a uniqueness and versatility of character, of which no adequate picture could be encompassed by any sketch. But we here at Emmanuel have seen it made palpably evident that "she hath put out her hand to strong things": for in the educational field she was essentially Catholic and far-visioned; a pioneer, oftentimes on a lone trail, but never lost in the fogs and mists of pseudo-educational "fads," because her Guide was ever the Spirit of Wisdom.

Much of the scholarly work done at Emmanuel today is due to her mighty labor in the reorganization and co-ordination of the studies of Notre Dame Secondary Schools, which have proved, beyond cavil, their stamina in the comprehensiveness of their curricula and the intensiveness of their training. But our College was the Benjamin of her heart and of her years. To it she looked, under God, for the fruitage of her long, unwearied, and unwearying husbandry; and, we humbly rejoice to say it, she was not disappointed of her hopes. It is the privilege and prerogative of the students of Emmanuel to pass on the flaming torch of her high idealism to future Emmanuelites.

We pray that dear Sister Superior Frances of the Sacred Heart may let fall on us the beautiful mantle woven of her white-souled courage and Heaven-anchored faith, so that we may, likewise, do the great work of the Lord, greatly! May He, Who wooed her will to wedlock with His own, distil

"To that drop's span

The attar of all rose-fields of all Love!"

Requiescat in pace.

LE NOEUD DE VIPÈRES

—François Mauriac

ODA L. McCLURE, '35

Le Noeud de Vipères—Une satire des catholiques.

"LE Noeud de Vipères" est un roman par le renommé François Mauriac, écrit en forme de journal. Celui qui est représenté comme l'auteur de ce journal est un vieillard ayant passé sa soixantième année, et affligé d'une maladie de coeur très grave,—ce qui n'est pas surprenant, puisqu'il y a des années que ce pauvre coeur est pour ainsi dire étouffé par les viles passions de la haine et de la rancune. L'histoire racontée est celle de la naissance, de l'augmentation, de la floraison, et enfin, de la domination de ces passions;—mais c'est surtout l'histoire de leur cause première: la famille indigne et avide de cet homme, exilé parmi les siens, craint sans être aimé, toléré seulement à cause de son contrôle des finances. En effet, il était considéré, d'après ses propres paroles, comme une personne "qu'il fallait ménager car il détenait la bourse."

Mais ce n'est pas cet avocat surmené et mal compris qui est le personnage d'importance ici. Il n'est qu'un miroir bien poli où est reflétée avec une clarté précise et souvent cruelle, la vie étroite et intéressée, pour ne pas dire avaricieuse, de chaque membre de sa famille, à travers trois générations: sa femme, Isa; ses enfants, Geneviève et Hubert; et sa petite-fille, Janine. Voici les caractères qui sont analysés pour nous, dans toute leur petitesse d'esprit et de coeur, et dans toutes leurs basses intrigues. Mais pourquoi l'auteur se met-il en peine de nous décrire ces âmes rapetissées par la convoitise? Ah, voilà le grand "Pourquoi"! Il avait certainement une raison, ce bon Monsieur Mauriac, tout dernièrement converti à la foi catholique;—et c'en est une très bonne.—Mais si facilement malentendue!

Ce but, c'était de satiriser les catholiques. Mais ne faites pas l'erreur de penser que c'est la catholicité dont il se moque si amèrement. Non. Il condamne ces membres de la société chré-

tienne par excellence qui ne vivent pas selon leur croyance,—ces soi-disant “pratiquants” dont la vie est un scandale quotidien, et qui savent si mal faire resplendir l’esprit de leur religion autour d’eux qu’ils permettent à leurs voisins de conserver une idée tout à fait erronée de la religion catholique, apostolique, et romaine,—une idée qui ressemble peut-être à celle que chérissait notre vieil avocat : c’est-à-dire, que la religion divine est “le culte d’une classe, . . . une sorte de religion des ancêtres à usage de la bourgeoisie, un ensemble de rites dépourvus de toute signification autre que sociale”; et encore, que le dogme est “cet ensemble d’habitudes, de formules,—cette folie.” Puis, Monsieur Mauriac, par la bouche de Louis, ajoute pour le profit de chacun, un mot d’avertissement qui devrait servir à nous mettre sur notre garde : “Vos adversaires se font en secret de la religion une idée beaucoup plus haute que vous ne l’imaginez et qu’ils ne le croient eux-mêmes. Sans cela, pourquoi seraient-ils blessés de ce que vous la pratiquez basement?”—Après ces remarques préliminaires Monsieur Mauriac s’impose la tâche de démontrer le ridicule et le contradictoire qui existe trop souvent entre la profession de foi et l’application de cette croyance à nos rapports avec autrui. Les mots de Saint Paul “La foi sans les oeuvres est une foi morte,” sont trop fréquemment oubliés, et les suites de cet oubli sont quasi toujours funestes.

Louis, sur le point de céder à la grâce de Dieu, avoue néanmoins qu’il hait toujours “ceux que se réclament du nom chrétien ; mais, continue-t-il, n’est-ce pas que beaucoup rapetissent une espérance, qu’ils défigurent un visage, ce Visage, cette Face?” Presque tous les personnages de cet ouvrage salutaire montrent tristement comment s’opère journalièrement ce déchirement de la Sainte Face, mais la mère Isa, femme de Louis, fournit un sujet encore plus riche en exemples que les autres.

Cette pieuse mère de famille qui n’omettait jamais ses prières du matin ou du soir, croyait que c’était le devoir des maîtresses de maison d’obtenir le plus de travail pour le moins d’argent possible. “Que charité soit synonyme d’amour” ne l’intéressait guère ; sous ce nom elle “englobait un certain nombre de devoirs envers les pauvres,” dont elle s’acquittait avec grand scrupule, en vue de son éternité ; mais la misérable vieille qui passait chaque matin avec sa voiture de légumes, ne vendait jamais une salade à cette bonne dame, sans perdre les quelques sous de son maigre profit.

Cette femme qui faisait maigre chaque vendredi sans exception, et ne manquait jamais d'assister à la messe le dimanche—ce qui est très bien sans doute, mais ce n'est pas assez—avait oublié ou n'avait jamais compris la vraie signification du second commandement que Notre Seigneur donna à ses apôtres, qui est d'aimer son prochain comme soi-même. Dans l'affaire Dreyfus—vous vous rappelez cet infortuné officier de l'armée française, accusé de je ne sais plus quel crime—Isa était prête à condamner ce pauvre misérable (qui, après avoir passé plusieurs années en exil, fut déclaré innocent) sur la seule base de sa nationalité: il avait le malheur d'être juif. "Pour un misérable juif désorganiser l'armée . . ." disait-elle avec mépris.—Voilà la charité chrétienne!

Et l'avarice avait une prise si forte sur le coeur de cette mère, qu'elle aurait sacrifié même l'âme de sa jeune soeur Marinette en échange pour une fortune. Marinette était veuve et héritière, mais l'hoirie ne lui revenait qu'à condition qu'elle ne se mariât pas. Or, pendant son séjour chez sa soeur, Marinette semblait montrer un attrait particulier pour Louis, et Isa supportait et même encourageait cet attachement parce qu'elle y voyait un sauf-garde contre un amour plus légitime qui pourrait conduire à un mariage,—et à perte conséquente de grandes richesses. Mais comment une catholique peut-elle, en conscience, comparer une perte d'argent avec la perte à Dieu d'une âme pure et chaste?

Cependant, c'est de la bouche de Louis lui-même que sortent les mots de blame les plus durs contre Isa, qu'il adresse ainsi dans son journal: "Tu ne raisonnes jamais; . . . je n'ai connu personne qui fût plus que toi sereinement injuste. Dieu sait de quelles peccadilles tu te confessais! et il n'est pas une seule des Béatitudes dont tu n'aies passé ta vie à prendre le contrepied. Il ne te coûte rien d'accumuler de fausses raisons pour rejeter les objets de ta haine." Ces paroles sont évoquées par l'attitude déraisonnable que prenait Isa envers le mari que Marinette avait préféré à tous ses millions. Isa n'a jamais consenti à connaître cet "individu" et elle parlait de cet homme, qu'elle n'avait jamais vu et dont elle ne connaissait rien, comme étant un "aigrefin" et un "rat d'hôtel." Et celui qui faisait éclater cette haine dans le coeur d'Isa n'avait commis aucun crime, sauf de frustrer ses enfants d'une fortune, dont ils n'avaient d'ailleurs nul besoin. Est-ce là la tolérance et l'amour du prochain recommandés dans l'Evangile? Et cette femme dont le coeur est rempli de sentiments indignes ose s'appeler

une chrétienne, une suivante du Christ,—de ce Christ plein de compassion pour les pauvres et les malheureux? Quelle présomption!

Mais la critique de Monsieur Mauriac est constructive, car il suggère le remède à cette situation pitoyable. Quelle force est assez puissante pour trancher le noeud de vipères—ce noeud de passions asservissantes, indigne d'une personne enrôlée dans la société du Christ?—Mais un amour! Un amour quelconque? Sûrement non. L'amour de quelqu'un qui se chargerait des fardeaux de chacun de nous, qui les assumerait comme les siens. Celui-là seul qui peut accomplir cette victoire devra être lui-même "le Coeur des coeurs, le centre brûlant de tout amour." Tant que ce secret d'amour, oublié par le monde d'aujourd'hui ne soit retrouvé, tant que chacun n'ait appris à s'agenouiller humblement et à réciter avec sincérité cette prière: "Prosterné devant Vous, ô mon Dieu, je Vous rends grâce de ce que Vous m'avez donné un coeur capable de Vous connaître et de Vous aimer" . . . en vain cherchera-t-on à "passer outre aux ridicules, aux vices et surtout à la bêtise des êtres."—Dieu seul peut opérer ce miracle, et faire croître dans l'âme cet amour déstintéressé du prochain si souvent prêché dans l'Evangile, qui sait pardonner aux ennemis, et repayer une injure par une prière et une bénédiction. Voilà la véritable charité chrétienne, si belle, si édifiante, si rare, sans laquelle un catholique est indigne du nom qu'il porte, et mérite de forfaire son droit à ce titre honorable. La pratique de cette vertu peut seule garantir contre le malheur de ressembler à Isa, dont la vie était un scandale constant d'injustice et d'intolérance.



ALL IN A COLLEGE DAY

PARKING THE CAR

MARTHA B. DOHERTY, '35

Two rows of mud-spattered autos. Rollicking roadsters. Catchy coupes. Stately sedans. Leisurely "lizzies." There is only one space left—large enough for this bus, 'though we may need a shoe-horn. Oopa! an unexpected short stop. Who tightened these brakes? "Do you mind putting your head out on that side and saying 'when'?"

Grr-oo-ugh! Reverse. A jerk. Hold it! Poor aim! Grr-umm! First speed. Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! The steering wheel pulls like a steam-roller's. A familiar, distant tintinabulation. Forward a bit. Grr-oo-ugh! Reverse. Pull harder to the right—now to the left—straighten out—easy—back—easy—squirsh! Right down deep in the snow-foddered grass. "Quick, is any one looking?" Now, then. Grr-mmm—first speed. No motion. "We'll never make that class." Will we ever get out of this? Second speed. Rear wheels spin around, then catch. A jolt forward. "We're up again!" Lookout!—Crash! Sheepishly peeks out. Expects the worst. Sees no harm done. Gentle relief.

"Have you the books and my bag? The poetry?" Snatches "Analytical Study of Physiology." Biology major grabs "Francis Thompson."

"Run along to class—I'll follow as soon as I can get the car locked." Key upside down. Won't fit. Gives up and starts to run. Stops short. Flushes. All the parked cars become hazy. Late arrivals are phantoms. Red bricks of the building spin round and round. Faces at the auditorium window seem a mass of protoplasm. Only the stern calculating visage of the owner remains glaring—knowingly, meaningly. Never cared for that girl, anyway.

"Jean! Jean!" To the biologist. (Whisper) "What does a new fender cost?"

THE SENIOR LOCKER ROOM

AGNES L. BIXBY, '35

9:40 A.M. Hurried opening and closing of the locker-room door. Cheerful "good-mornings." Stamping of cold feet. Fumbling for keys. No need to hurry, the bell hasn't rung yet and there is still a whole minute to go. A friendly battle over the position of the coat rack. . . . "Well, I don't want it in front of my locker, it's time it went over to your side, we've had it all week." Laughter. Talk of last week-end, today's plans.

This is a tiny world in itself, this rather bare and ordinary locker room. You hurry to sort the books you'll need during the day. There goes —. She doesn't hurry. She never has to hurry, she always moves calmly and even with dignity. She will always be like that, gracious, and unhurried, creating around herself an atmosphere of tranquillity and restfulness.

Mmmm. "Let's see . . . Tuesday . . . History, English, . . . no, don't wait for me, I won't be ready for ages. Save me a seat, near the back." She looks so pretty in her gown, her vivid coloring and dark hair do that.

Over in the corner two girls stand in the center of a small group. Everyone is laughing happily. Those two have a rare gift—they'll always make people laugh. (If only they, themselves, can keep from forgetting how.)

All ready now—just a last look in the mirror. . . . "No, don't hurry, I can wait." With her cap on and her glasses she looks like a debutante trying to appear profoundly learned.

What a sweet smile—has. You always feel warm and friendly all over when she gives you one of them.—"No, that assignment isn't due till Friday. Have you finished? Thanks." You step to the mirror. Over your reflected shoulder you see so many black and white clad figures. Gay, friendly girls—your friends. Next year there will be other girls in here. A funny lump in your throat. That's silly. There have always been Senior classes and there will be more and more and these girls won't change—. Come on, silly, you're getting sentimental. Go get your gown.

Turn the rack around again. There are only something like thirty or forty *gowns hanging there and they all look alike*. Yours

is the last one you'll be apt to touch. Struggles with tapes and sleeves and freshly starched collars and tiny, inadequate safety pins. Rummaging for books. Slamming of locker doors. A dash for the corridor. A jerking pause to see if there is anything new on the Bulletin Board. The bell rings. Bedlam reigns for a few minutes, then silence, or what amounts to silence after the hub-bub of the past half hour.

THE CAFETERIA

ALICE DOLPHIN, '35

All paths lead to Rome—likewise to the Cafeteria. If the expression offends you—skip it—and think of Mecca. Assembly out—like Coxey's army—and the march begins—noise, pure but not simple—heels, voices, doors, bells,—lacking, only trains and whistles. Who would be safe must needs be first—all would be safe—a mighty scramble—stairs behind—corridor stretches—a dozen strides—cafeteria door. First to enter—dubbed Pied Piper—swarm to follow in sixty seconds—a veritable den—Sister sighs—responds to nods, greetings—and wonders—long line—impatient—tray piles diminish—clink of glasses—silverware—rattle of plates—expression of annoyance—laughter—murmurs—droning sound—chairs shifted—eight at a table—accommodates four—nobody notices—except Sister—who looks the other way—in time to see a little by-play. Senior in long line—tired waiting—one exit possible—under the bar—risks dignity—ducks—comes up smiling—all serene. Twelve-thirty—high-water mark—Sister's bell—hush for a moment—voices more cautious, subdued—trail to library begins—dribble at first—increases—stationary at twelve-forty-five—long line gone—lull in traffic—chairs pushed about—no aisles visible—ice cream period—table talk—Junior Prom—week ends—all too short. Bell for class—ominous warning—general stampede for locker rooms—cafeteria quiet for twenty-four hours.

4.35

ANNE G. DRINAN, '35

There is something strange about leaving a 3.40 class—the peculiarity lies in the atmosphere—so different from that of other classes. The bell rings—a sigh of relief is wafted from the very towers. Voices in the upper corridors, like bees, first murmuring, then droning—then buzzing. They swarm into the locker-room—the sharp metallic bang of doors—hurried farewells—then out into the night. Stillness—yellow squares of light on the ground from the high windows—the clamoring voices cease—little groups hurry homeward—they talk—their words ascend in smoky white whirls to the night. The cars, black beetles—waiting silently—seize their prey and whirr away. A white field of unbroken snow—frosty stars aloof set in cerulean velvet—a million miles away. Faint tinkling music of water running under ice; the tall trees bowed with snow like old men with bent white heads; bare grey twigs of forsythia reach feeble fingers from a blanket of white; a long silver icicle crashes from an overhanging branch—a crystal fairy palace shattered! Regret—disillusionment—horror! twenty minutes to make that train!



OF BOOKS

SURPRISE!

MARY DEVENNY, '35

I covet surprises! There is an odd feeling comes upon us when something strikes us for the first time, something we never thought of before. Such was my experience in learning of *The Spiritual Book Associates, Incorporated*, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York. A superficial glance at the title had the effect of one's being thrust by mistake upon a monastery garden where lay people scarcely dare to tread. But being constrained to investigate the title further, or in other words, not being able to turn back from the garden and having to keep straight ahead, I stumbled upon a patch which was as delightful as it was surprising.

An association similar to the Catholic Book Club but differing from the latter in purpose was inaugurated in *The Spiritual Book Associates, Incorporated*. It has set forth its purpose in most striking forensic:

Despite our magnificent achievements, we American Catholics do not seem, in any great numbers, to attain the higher riches of sanctity. . . . By force of environment it is not too much to say that the Americanism stigmatized by Leo XIII has tinged our spirituality as Jansenism surely did until some decade ago: and the "active" virtues have largely prevailed over the "passive." . . . How is this to be overcome? By study of the "Science of the Saints." For growth in knowledge and love of God is a definite science, with its well-ascertained rules and its literature, classic and contemporary: a living science in fact.

It is believed that the Spiritual Book Associates will largely overcome this difficulty: (1) by bringing attention to attractive and satisfying books for spiritual reading; (2) by furnishing practically, spiritual direction by means of such reading.

Now the surprise of the thing is that in our minds we have associated spiritual direction with retreats, or the sermon at

Sunday Mass, but here is a society organized to elaborate upon this ponderous work which of necessity is squeezed into two such narrow limits. The appropriateness of the Spiritual Book Associates is striking when we consider our half-starved and unfed spiritual nature. Perhaps one of the reasons is that spiritual lore is often heavy and contained in unapproachable musty tomes. It is, however, the intention of the new organization to change all this and translate it into something readable. For example here is a *Bedside Book of Saints* by the Reverend Aloysius Roche which represents "St. Philip Neri as seeing nothing wrong in high-heeled shoes for women, as long as they did not trip those who wore them." . . . One day a fat woman came to the Curé of Ars and asked him what she would have to do to reduce, and he answered, "Three Lents, Madame." The good people who assist at Mass on Sunday and are forced to listen to a sermon about the sins of those who do not come, will find solace in St. Francis de Sales' comment, "Did he want us to split ourselves up into pieces to fill the seats which were empty?"

A more serious yet practical offering is *The Bible For Everyday* by Archbishop Alban Goodier, S.J., described thus: "Practical men and women who would read none of the Bible since they could not read it all; the plain folk who have been mystified by it; litterateurs who in quest of real worth have been rioting about with tenth rate ranting, or have given up in despair; all will be attracted back to the masterpieces of men inspired by God."

Provision for the very young has also been made, even for the three year old. England, Germany and France have outstripped America in appealing spiritually to children especially by means of the clever illustrators of the books. *The Queen's Smile* and *The Kind-Hearted Rabbit*—no more charming books can be imagined than these.

Thus, I hope what has been said on this new organization with its excellent list of books, will give zest for inquiring into it in more detail. Do not let the title mislead you: in monastery gardens are often found displays rarely seen in the world, yet which we should never want to miss. And in the words of His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate Archbishop Cicognani who gives his approval to the Spiritual Book Association we say, "A spiritual book, coming periodically with its treasures for the soul and its light for the intellect, must be accounted the best of friends."

THE FORTY DAYS OF MUSA DAGH

—Franz Werfel

*Translated from the German by Geoffrey Dunlop. New York:
The Viking Press*

MARTHA B. DOHERTY, '35

The year 1915 connotes to the American and European mind only the Great War and its tragedies. The history of the Ottoman Empire during this year is neither known nor investigated by any but the political scientist or the historian. Is it not, then, singular that the story of the defense of Musa Dagh—a heretofore practically unheard of mountain in western Syria—should so completely engross thousands of readers?

The Forty Days of Musa Dagh, though it introduces several fictitious characters, is historically correct for the most part. Franz Werfel tells us that the book was conceived in the course of a stay in Damascus, when the sight of the maimed and famished refugee children working in a carpet factory gave him "the final impulse to snatch from the Hades of all that was, this incomprehensible destiny of the Armenian nation."

Gabriel Bagradian had returned from three decades in Paris with Juliette, his French wife, and Stephen, his young son, to his native Yoghonoluk, which with six other villages formed a Kazah (an administrative district) of five thousand people. What he had intended to be a short vacation in his family villa at the foot of the Damlayik, during which he might pursue his archaeological studies, proved to be participation in the most tragic and inhuman episode of modern times—the bestial attempt of the Mohammedan Turks to extirpate completely the Christian Armenian nation. There are one or two interweaving episodes which lend complication and dramatic interest: as the affair of Juliette and Gonsague Maris and that of Gabriel and Iskuhi, but these incidental actions are dwarfed by the powerful, moving historical theme. Gabriel, the dynamo, is the most fictitiously treated character and his Oriental temperament explains the European Juliette's gradual weakening.

The style, in keeping with the warlike atmosphere, is forceful and commanding, and Mr. Werfel employs an exact military vocabulary. But he avoids wearying the reader with concentration on the actual battles by regularly and capably handling the thoughtful, odd moods of Gabriel Bagradian, or the heroic character of Ter Haigasun, the chief priest. As an unprejudiced writer, he

shows us the culture and lofty ideals of the Armenian "millet," their reverence for women, and their high standard of living.

Most helpful is a glossary of Armenian and Turkish terms, and a list of characters with an explanatory note concerning each. In passing, we would like to pay tribute to the excellent translation of Geoffrey Dunlop without whose splendid work the English-speaking world would have been deprived of a great literary work.

GOOD-BYE MR. CHIPS

—James Hilton

ALICE DOLPHIN, '35

Little, Brown and Company

Good-Bye Mr. Chips is not a novel or a short story or an essay. I'd call it a biography, only it might frighten you off. Anyway, it isn't a biography. It's just one hundred and twenty-six pages telling all about Mr. Chips. You meet him very cautiously, learning one thing, then another, and another, until you know everything. He is a retired Master of Brookfield, and lives just across the way. Brookfield, he will tell you, is a "first class second-rate school." Everything he does is regulated by Brookfield time, not Greenwich. When a certain bell rings at the school, he takes his tea. When another one rings, he goes for his walk, and so on. He thinks there is nothing unusual about it, as does everybody else, because he is Mr. Chips.

He sits alone in the evening in his comfortable study. Yet not quite alone—he has his memories. The doctor has been to see him that day, and for the first time he wonders if he is growing old. The past is so vivid to him. His coming to Brookfield as a very young man; Kathie—the wonder of her love—their year of happiness together. He sighs. No one remembers her now. There is no one left to remember—new masters, and the third generation at Brookfield—the grandson of the first boy he had punished—with the same shock of red hair. Grandfathers or no, they are all boys to Mr. Chips. Kathie dead, and their child, too—his agony of grief—then the merciful numbness—Brookfield silently sympathetic. His emergence from grief and a new mellowness that made him loved, as well as respected. Then the time when he was the only old Master, the honored guest on every important occasion. Good old Mr. Chips, he *was* Brookfield. His wit was universally recognized and appreciated. It was, "Have you heard Mr. Chips' latest"—or "Wait until I tell you what Chips said at the dinner

last night." He had standard jokes that never failed to delight each succeeding generation, particularly the one he used to illustrate Lex Canuleia. He could also find a new one to suit any occasion. When Brookfield was subjected to an air raid during the Great War, he chose a very apt Latin passage for the boys to translate. It was all over Brookfield the next day—"Mr. Chips' latest." He was Acting Head then, because the younger men suited to the position had enlisted. The greatest honor for Mr. Chips, yet he would not accept it officially. He was too old, he said. He came out of retirement because Brookfield needed him. The War over, he went back to his rooms across the way. His was a full life. He must keep a hold on his memories—everyone else had forgotten. But he was still Mr. Chips, and Mr. Chips was Brookfield.

One day, he has a new boy to tea. It is his custom to become acquainted with every new boy. His method is the tea table and a walnut cake with pink icing. This is the last new boy for whom Mr. Chips makes tea, because Mr. Chips became very ill that night. The trouble was "anno domini," the most fatal complaint of all in the end. In a few days, Brookfield says "Goodbye Mr. Chips," and this time there is no calling him back.

The book is delightful, as the McClelland-Barclay Girl is delightful—and it certainly "gives you a lift." Don't pass up "Mr. Chips," any of you! It is the very best of its kind.

MY COUSIN, F. MARION CRAWFORD

—Maud Howe Elliott

MARY CASTELLI, '35

"Francis Marion Crawford

Born August 2nd 1854—Died April 9th, 1909

He who never rested rests"

When I obtain a new book I look at the pictures first, and then read the last page. Now in the case of a novel such procedure is excusable, but one would logically expect a biography to end with a person's death. Hence why the order? An epitaph encompasses the activity of a whole lifetime in a line or two. "He who never rested rests" sums up admirably Marion Crawford's comparatively short life. To have accomplished all he did, left time for few "siestas." His life was more thrilling, and more exciting than any of his novels.

Thomas Crawford, his father, was one of a group of young American sculptors who went to Rome to study—and remained. He married Louisa Ward, and they lived in a famous old palace. Evidently he desired a son very much, for when the old Scotch nurse informed him of the arrival of a third daughter, he is said to have exclaimed: "Every nigger can have a son, and I cannot." Thomas Crawford did not live long to enjoy the companionship of his son, for he died when Marion was only three. A few years later, the widow married Luther Terry, a painter friend of her husband. I doubt if he had the genius of Crawford. There used to be a bronze bust of Beethoven, by Crawford, in the old Boston Music Hall. Mrs. Elliott relates: "I remember my mother saying after a magnificent performance of the Ninth Symphony: 'Look at Crawford's Beethoven! He seems to be listening to his own sublime melodies.'"

When Marion was twelve, he was sent to St. Paul's School in Concord, N. H. The lad seems to have missed the luxury and warmth of his beautiful home in Rome, for after three years, he went home on vacation, and did not return. Those three years were good discipline. He went to Cambridge as well as to a German School, but he did not remain long in either place. Italy had been a good teacher! While in Germany he became interested in Sanscrit, and later went to India to further his study. He edited an English newspaper at Allahabad for two years. During his stay he became a Catholic. Mrs. Chanler in *Roman Spring* tells how he helped her when she contemplated entering the Catholic Church. Despite strong family ties, he remained faithful to Rome to the end. Two of his sisters were also converts, as was his wife at a later date.

America was the next venture. The aunts and uncles and cousins were eager for him to get started in life. They all had their work, and they could not understand why he should not have his. Uncle Sam Ward made every effort to aid him by introducing him to writers and other influential men. Finally he wrote out a story that a diamond merchant told him at Simla. Mrs. Elliott says of his method of writing: "In the evening Crawford read aloud to my mother what he had written in the day. When the writing gave out, he would go on telling the story without notes. Interesting as his novels are, they cannot compare to his story telling.

Sitting out under the stars on the warm summer evenings, Crawford would take us with him through the wonderful journeys he had made in Italy, India, Germany." The success that attended his first novels showed clearly which road to take. Shortly after his first romances appeared he decided to return home. Of his going, Mrs. Elliott says: "I mounted the stairs wearily with a forlorn sense of loneliness. The beloved 'Fratello ciego' had left us, never to return save as a passing guest."

Most of his later life was passed at Sorrento, where he bought a picturesque villa for his lovely wife. He made occasional trips to America for lectures, as well as to Rome, and other parts. As he grew older, the "joie de vivre" of his early life gave way to a melancholy spirit. A short time before he died, in a letter to his cousin, he jested on his emaciated appearance. She says of it: "The friendship that began at the age of four and lasted through life should end with a smile." He died on Good Friday in 1909.

"'Why did he die? Why did he die?'

The keening of that wild Irish dirge rings in my ears when I think of Marion dying at 54, when most of our family live to much greater age. Then I remember—only half of him belonged to us. . . . Marion inherited much that was foreign to us from the father he could not remember."

"Why did he die?" Strangely enough that is the very thought that was in my own mind. Mrs. Elliott has done an excellent piece of work in this biography. Her sympathetic understanding of his character, aims, and hopes makes Marion Crawford very real. I found myself waiting eagerly for him to come, and sorry when he went. Combined with this magical life story, there is also a delightful picture of the society of Boston, Newport, New York, as well as that in the American colony in Rome. So vividly does she tell of the different men and women that I expect to see Sam Ward, Julia Ward Howe, or Mrs. "Jack" Gardner some day on Beacon Street, though I know that they are all dead.

I think Mrs. Elliott loved Rome nearly as much as Marion Crawford, or perhaps it was because of him; for she gives an unforgettable picture of Rome in the last decades of the century. The cardinals and diplomats, the Vatican, and various palaces are clearly pictured. She tells of Sorrento, Crawford's later home. The water and sky are very blue; the tower in Calabria is lovely—all seem so real, so much of today.

There seems to be the leisure and the homeliness of a different world. The bond between Louisa Crawford Terry and her family in America was strong; the same love and friendship was implanted in the children. There are innumerable letters, full of concern and interest. The author says of the past: "People had time to read, to think, to put their thoughts on paper. Western Union's slogan 'Don't write, Telegraph' had not been invented." That states the case perfectly. There was home life, family life, family interest. Uncle Sam Ward was eager for his nephew to get settled in some work, and all the family believed likewise. They all rejoiced in his successes, and sympathized in his losses.

Mrs. Elliott wisely refrains from any criticism of his novels. She gives the genesis and many interesting personal, and family reminiscences, but she does not set any literary evaluation. The immense popularity that they enjoyed during his lifetime waned after his death. That does not prove that they are not masterpieces, but only that starkest realism intervened. Time, the kind, but stern judge, alone will tell his place in literature.

Meanwhile we can enjoy Marion Crawford and his family and friends, and his beloved Rome in this delightful book. Read it, and I am sure that you will wish as I do, that he were "my" cousin.

A RECOLLECTION OF SEVENTY YEARS

—William Cardinal O'Connell

MARI-ELIZABETH McCARTHY, '36

Without doubt *A Recollection of Seventy Years* by William Cardinal O'Connell is one of the best autobiographies on the market; and I am certainly not making this utterance because its author is who he is, or because it comes under the title of "Catholic Literature." I so state it because it is the truth, so unavoidable that it is a joy. The book gives a splendid account of the Cardinal's life up to the present day. It is written in a style that is intimate, easy, amusing and utterly devoid of affectation or strain; and it is not crowded to the point of nausea with laboriously stuffy epithets. This is the first quality I noticed. The author, himself, is brought into intimacy with the reader, and is seen as one who has a splendid appreciation for beautiful things—like a flame that burns within him, never satiated, and possessing simultaneously the understanding and the love of a connoisseur for beauty and art.

There are three chapters which appeal to me especially because

of the interest arising from the subject matter and their distinction in style. These are: *College Years*, *Early Days as a Rector* and *Mutsuhito, Emperor of Japan*. The first is undoubtedly the best. The vivid portrayal of life at St. Charles and later at the American College in Rome; the warmth, the love and the admiration expressed for his fellow-students, and the highly amusing accounts of his professors, all combine to make it vitally interesting reading.

The Cardinal's description of John Tabb and the latter's interpretation of *Erl King* is worthy of reading and remembering. The magic of the song, its weird, haunting note, its unusual imagery are all brought out so vividly that one feels that he is listening to the actual music. This is one example of accuracy in reproduction. Also the instance of old Professor Pennachi, and the invented "Choctaw" reveals a sense of superb humor, and a sense of mimicry in youth that is unrestrained.

The chapter on his experiences as Rector of the American College at Rome holds second place to this in regard to interest. The narrations about his host of friends are really amusing. His brilliance in educational circles, his outstanding personality and charm in social groups, and his love for his fellow men—all are as interesting as they are true. The anecdotes concerning his American friends who lived at Rome supply a relief from the more serious matter of the book, and are related by one who has wit and humor. I have pointed out this fact in order to illustrate the exceptionally good balance that runs consistently throughout the reading.

And lastly is the graphic and animated description of his ecclesiastical visit to the Far East, in the chapter entitled *Mutsuhito*. His detailed observation is refreshing and not boring, and one fact that I noticed was that no matter what he related, whether the incidents are important or insignificant, there is always a careful choice of material. His friendships with the Presidents, his success at making "Cal" Coolidge laugh and even roar with boisterous laughter, his fame as a Latin orator and his accounts of economic, social and political changes all illustrate the variety and interest of his subject matter.

Cardinal O'Connell has the gift of a true story-teller. He knows how to tell a story—and that is precisely what *A Recollection* is: a story of a man who has made the most of every opportunity that life has offered and who has thereby achieved great things.

E. C. ECHOES

After the close of the mid-year examinations, the students went into a three day retreat with Reverend Peter Dolan, S.J., of Keyser Island, Norwalk, Connecticut, as director. We were
Retreat fortunate in having for our retreat-master one of the most inspiring spiritual directors of our college life.

Among the prominent thoughts taken from the meditations were, the need of "praying not saying prayers," the motto *Age quod ages*, devotion to Our Lord's Passion through frequent contemplation of the Way of the Cross, and the necessity of a deep, understanding love of God.

That the students appreciated the quality of the discourses was evidenced by the astounding number who attended in face of the memorable snowstorm on Thursday of the week.

On December third, the second meeting of the Cercle Louis Veuillot was held in the music room. The President, Rose Mullin, presided, and graciously inaugurated the pro-
Le Cercle gram. Phyllis Joy of the French department,
Louis Veuillot accompanied by Anne Murphy, '37, favored the members with several charming vocal selections. A few of her most captivating songs were *Parlez Moi d'Amour*, *Revery* from a poem of Victor Hugo, *J'ai Deux Amours*, *Si Mes Vers Avaient Des Ailes*, and *Un Petit Noel*, from a poem of Gautier. The second artist, Miss Doris Donovan, dramatized in her inimitable way, a scintillating scene from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, and a poem entitled, *Grand Père*. Miss Mullin then reminded the members of Father Feeney's lecture to be held in February under the auspices of the club, and thus terminated one of the most delightful programs of Le Cercle Louis Veuillot.

At a delightful assembly program, our faculty, the Sisters of Notre Dame, were feted on the feast of the Presentation of Our Lady in the Temple. The anniversary of the Sodality of the consecration of their lives as religious to God Blessed Virgin was recognized by the students whose poems, music, story, and address attempted to acknowledge and congratulate the Sisters on their feast.

On Wednesday, December fifth, the Freshman students were formally enrolled as Children of Mary. The ninety new Sodalists, dressed in white, entered the chapel in procession and were presented as candidates to Reverend John J. Lynch. After reception and presentation of the Sodality medal, Father Lynch spoke on the significance of their step. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament followed. The privilege of membership is valued by the Freshmen who appreciate the honored title of which they, too, now can boast—Children of Mary! We trust that they will always be worthy and proud of the name.

Occasional informative talks have been given at assembly by the members of the Catholic Action groups. The first shipment of medicines was sent and acknowledged by the Catholic Medical Mission Board and a larger supply is awaiting dispatch.

The Classical Society held its meeting on Monday, December 10. A delightful program celebrated the bi-millennium of Horace. Selected subjects on his life and works were treated by Alice Harvey, '36, Mary Farrell, '37, and Anne Cahill, '36. The central point of interest was the dramatization of *The Bore*, a satire of Horace. Those taking part were: Patricia Cahill, '36, Helen Lyons, '36, Veronica Quinn, '36, and Mary Barnwell, '36. A translation of the satire was ably presented by Marguerite Kidney, '36.

CLASS OFFICERS

<i>Junior Class</i>	<i>Sophomore Class</i>	<i>Freshman Class</i>
Pres., Mary Denning	Pres., Ruth Jackson	Rita Crispo
Vice-Pres., Katherine Murray	Vice-Pres., Mary Dunn	Margaret McCarthy
Sec., Dora Murphy	Sec., Rosemary Murdock	Margaret Flood
Treas., Cecile Shanahan	Treas., Kathryn Barry	Mary Flannery

On October 15, the Historical Society held its first meeting of the year. Claudia Murphy, '35, welcomed old and new members.

Historical Society Several interesting talks were offered by Senior members including "The Recent Assassination in Europe," Agatha Maguire; "Conflict of Policy in the Far East," Helen McGettrick; "The World's Fifteen Greatest Women," Mary Castelli; "Entrance of Russia into the League," Mary Vaas; "Soviet Writers' Congress," Helen Murphy; "Dreyfus," Sylvia Maffeo. On November 21, the Society sponsored a lecture by Dr. Gillis, a member of the faculty of the Graduate School of Boston College. Dr. Gillis addressed a capacity audience in the college auditorium on the subject of "World Economic Crises." The lecture was well received by the audience, and the Society is to be congratulated on securing so able a speaker. A musical program was presented by Margaret O'Connell, '32. It included *Die Nacht* by Tschaikowsky, and *Cradle Song* by Fritz Kreisler. Miss O'Connell's beautiful voice never fails of appreciation at Emmanuel, and the College is proud to claim so true an artist among its alumnae.

On Monday, January 28, the Epilogue held a beano party in the college gymnasium. Mary Kavanaugh, '35, was in charge, and it is owing to her efforts that the affair was such a success. Fifteen games of beano were played, and appropriate prizes were awarded the winners. We are looking forward to another Epilogue party and we hope it will be equally entertaining.

The Literary Society convened on November for its second meeting with Mary Stanton, the President presiding. An ingenious program was presented. The general topic was the reviewing of outstanding poetry of former Emmanuel students, by three of the Juniors. Cornelia Sheehan, '36, submitted a keen appreciation of the poetry of Mary Rose Connors, '28. She stressed particularly *Marie*. Katherine Flatley, '36, gave an eloquent review of the poetry of Anne McNamara, '29; Barbara Ferguson, '36, commented on the fine poetry of Kathleen Morley Rogers, '29. We thank the Juniors for a memorable afternoon and congratulate the Literary Society for sponsoring this tribute of appreciation of past Emmanuelites.

On Monday, January 7, the Chemical Society held its second meeting of the year. Helen Keane, '35, read an article referring to the work of Dr. Otto Folin and Dr. Allan Winter Rowe, two eminent scientists who died recently. The Chemical Society guest of the afternoon was Miss Mary McManus, '24, who as a research worker in the Evans Memorial Hospital was assistant to Dr. Rowe, world famous endocrinologist and chemist. Miss McManus gave a delightful, informal talk on the work of a hospital technician, made doubly interesting by reason of personal experiences. The members of the Society were appreciative of the charm and ability of the speaker, and it is their sincere wish that so distinguished an alumna as Miss McManus will soon again address another meeting.

The Dramatic Society more than missed its lovable little audience from the Home at the Christmas Plays. Yet the older audience was probably more appreciative as it was. The Dramatic Society opening play *A Love Christmas* was laid in a mountain cabin, the home of a very loving family group composed of a mother, portrayed by Mary Scanlon, the older boy by Loretta Murphy, the younger children, Laddie and Sister, played by Eileen Sullivan and Rita Morris, who certainly made two charming young children. The part of Courtney Stuart was taken by Ruth Gallagher. As the curtain rose on *The King's Jongleur* the audience was definitely impressed with the beautiful tones of the Gregorian chant that filled the darkened room of the Franciscan Monastery. Helen O'Connor, who played the title role, presented a happy-go-lucky, yet thoughtful and sincere Merrime. Dorothy Fell as the Father Abbot is remembered for a soft, well-modulated voice, lending a quiet sympathy to her role. Martha Buckley, Mary Dunn, Clare Busby, Alice Quartz, Gertrude Healy, and Barbara Gill also took part. Special comment is due Miss Holland for her ingenious execution of the stained glass window, and for her capable direction.

At the Christmas Meeting, the members were entertained by Helen Murphy, '35, who read sketches from Dicken's *Christmas Carol* in a most enjoyable though short program. The Society is looking forward to the Lenten Drama *Calvary* to be presented shortly before Easter.

Our long-dreamed-of hopes of three years were realized on the first of February, the night of our Junior Promenade! Our president, Elinor Elcock, petite in blue satin leading Junior one-half of the class down the broad stairs of the Promenade Copley Plaza Ballroom, was followed by Mary Denning, Miss Elcock's successor as Junior president, attired in black crepe with heavy silver beading. Margaret Mackin, the Promenade chairman, in black taffeta with pink coin dots, led the other half of the class. To the rhythmic strains of Vin Gary's Orchestra the dancers mingled in a kaleidoscope of swishing taffetas, filmy chiffons and flowing satins ranging from pastel tints to the more vivid dashing shades. Tiny seed pearl evening bags and silver cravat pins were received as mementos of occasion.

Contributing to the success of the evening was an able committee consisting of: Kathryn Barry, Virginia Bixby, Alice Burke, Frances Carr, Eleanor Fallon, Claire Hamilton, Mary Healy, Gertrude Larkin, Helen Lyons, Anne Quinlan, and Elinor Elcock.

The Foreign Mission Society has been very active during the past semester. A fashion show in October was its first undertaking, and it met with splendid success. The Senior Foreign Mission members knitted caps, scarfs and mittens for Society the Indian children of the Missions in South Dakota. Activities of second semester began with the presentation of "Glimpes of Emmanuel" on Wednesday, February 13. The work of the Society deserves very special commendation, and the zeal of its members is praiseworthy.

A most enjoyable meeting of the Spanish Club was held Monday, February 4, at three forty. Yolanda Lodi sang *La Paloma* and *O Sole Mio* to a most appreciative audience. Anne O'Neill discussed Becquer, a Spanish poet of the nineteenth century, and touched upon his life and works. She also interpreted several lyrics. The meeting closed with a guessing game involving the names of Spanish cities. Appropriate prizes were awarded the winners.

During its period of formation, the activities of the German Club have been placed under the direction of the four senior students of the German course. These executive members are: German Mary Lukazek, Elizabeth McNamara, Mary Stanton, Club and Mary Vaas.

On November 14, the German Club had the pleasure of presenting to its members Mr. W. F. Higgin, of Cambridge, England. Present-day conditions in Germany and especially the Saar question were discussed.

Reverend Carol L. Bernhardt, S.J., of Weston College and the Boston College Graduate School was the guest speaker at the German Club meeting, February seventh. Before a very appreciative audience Father Bernhardt spoke of the cultural value of the German language.

The essay contest sponsored by the Boston Chapter of Kappa Gamma Pi is of particular interest at a time when a too easy sympathy with Communistic principles is becoming more widespread. It is the purpose of the members of the chapter to acquaint the Catholic college girls of Boston with the nature of their work—since there are undoubtedly future members of Kappa Gamma Pi among these students—and to further Catholic Action, to which the organization is pledged to devote itself. Both Emmanuel and Regis College students are invited to compete, and there is a prize for the best essay in each group.

The rules which the writers must follow have been explained and posted. No definite title has been assigned, that being left to choice. However, the subject matter is suggested by the following thesis which is to be defended:

“The solution of the social evils which Communism points out and which it pretends to eliminate could be more surely effected by national and individual adherence to the principles of Catholic ethics.”

It is particularly gratifying that the Reverend Jones I. Corrigan, S.J., known to all of us an authority in the field of economics and sociology, will be one of the judges. Others reviewing the essays submitted include members of our own faculty and that of Regis College, Mrs. Rose Willett of the class of 1928 of Saint Mary's, Notre Dame, Indiana, and Catherine Maguire, D'Youville, 1930. The last two named are members of the Boston Chapter of Kappa Gamma Pi.

Let us hope that the students of Emmanuel will show an active interest in the contest. Do not delay. Submit your essay as soon as possible. The closing date of the contest is April 1.

ALUMNAE NOTES

The annual Alumnae dinner dance was held at the Copley Plaza on Friday, November second. A large and colorful gathering was present and enjoyed dancing to the delightful music of Jack Marshard and his orchestra. Mrs. Henry Foley (Catharine Sullivan, '29) was chairman. Assisted by her committee, she managed everything in a most efficient manner, and gave to all who attended a very enjoyable evening.

The Rhode Island Chapter of the Alumnae gave a luncheon for the undergraduate members on December 29, at the Providence Biltmore Hotel. Each of the guests received a shoulder corsage as a souvenir of the occasion and was introduced to the graduate members of the chapter. The affair was in charge of Catherine M. Cooney, '32, and Isabelle Powers, '33. A short business meeting was held after the luncheon when plans were discussed for a bridge and tea to be given for the benefit of the chapter. The President, Elizabeth M. Kelley, '29, appointed Helène Scanlon, '34, chairman of the event which is to occur on Saturday, February 18, at the Plantations Club in Providence.

CLASS OF 1930

Helen G. Agbay is teaching Spanish at Emmanuel College.

Katharine C. Flynn is doing Social Service work.

Alice Grandison is working in the office of the McDonald Insurance Company.

CLASS OF 1932

Catherine M. Cooney is doing Social Service work for the state in Rhode Island.

Dorothy F. Mullin has a position as social secretary to Mary Curley.

CLASS OF 1934

Agnes McHugh has a permanent position teaching in the Everett Junior High School.

Helène Scanlon is doing Social Service work in Providence, Rhode Island.

EMMANUEL LEAGUE

The Emmanuel League had an unusually large company at the November meeting when the entertainment was furnished by Miss Rosemary Stanford, singer, and Miss Agnes McHugh, harpist, graduates of the College. The guests included many of the students accompanied by their mothers, several of whom joined the League. Tea was served as usual.

Rev. Michael J. Ahern, S.J., gave an interesting and instructive talk on his radio broadcasting experiences at the December meeting, and in January the program was made up of groups of songs by the E. R. A. chorus under the direction of Mr. Frederick Lamb.

The League's largest activities of the year, the Penny Sale in November and the Holiday Bridge, were very successful, the students showing a wonderful co-operation. The first of the monthly bridge parties in the College Auditorium was held in January and inaugurated the series most auspiciously. They are held at the College on the third Tuesday of each month and the Bridge Committee hopes for a large patronage among the members as well as from those who do not belong.

MARRIAGES

Geraldine Berrigan, '26, to Edward Keane.

Rita Kellett, '27, to William J. Hanlon.

Gertrude Riley, '29, to Dr. Norbert F. Gough.

Helen Cox, '33, to Dr. Horace F. McCarthy.

ENGAGEMENTS

Mary K. Bradley, '31, to Cadet James M. Donohue, of West Point, New York.

CONGRATULATIONS

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Roberts, Jr. (Margaret Dyson, '27) on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. William Arthur Reilly (Kathryn McElroy, '28) on the birth of a son.

Dr. and Mrs. George R. Murphy (Eileen Skeffington, '26) on the birth of a son.

IN CHRISTO QUIESCENTES

Maria Frances Whalen, daughter of Gertrude O'Toole Whalen, '23.

Mr. Ernest Perry, father of Lucy Perry, '31.

Mr. Joseph B. Hatch, father of Dorothy Hatch, '33.

Mrs. William Theriault, mother of Mrs. Frederick Stone (Louise Theriault, '33).

Mr. Michael F. Groden, father of Eleanor Groden, '28, Dorothy Groden, '31, and Mary Groden, '35.

RELIGIOUS LIFE

Four Emmanuel graduates were professed at Waltham on January 30. They were: Sister Patricia (Ethel Morris, '28), Sister Ann Cyril (Mary Delaney, '30), Sister Claire Frances (Susan Brennan, '31), and Sister Julia Louise (Kathleen Sullivan, '32).

Another Emmanuel graduate, Marion Buckley, '34, took the habit in February and received the name in religion of Sister Miriam Julie.

Sister Thérèse of the Infant Jesus (Florence K. McCourt, '24) made her profession at the monastery of the Discalced Carmelites in Newport, Rhode Island.

Mother McCourt (Gertrude McCourt, '28) was professed at the Cenacle in Brighton.

Mary Thomas, '34, has entered with the Sisters of Mercy order in Rhode Island.

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THANKS TO HORACE

HELEN M. ATTRIDGE '35

Celebrating birthdays is a common pastime—but to celebrate one that took place two thousand years ago is something of a novelty. Sixty-five years before the Christian era, in a village of Southern Italy, the poet-philosopher Horace was born. This year the world takes pleasure in observing the bimillennium of that event.

So many of the characters of ancient civilization are unreal to us. Caesar seems nothing more than a legendary hero; Cleopatra, a story-book enchantress; Nero a comic opera villain. In contrast, Horace is amazingly human. No other author has so deeply impressed upon his writings his own personality and character. The Odes reveal Horace in his moments of inspiration; the Epistles in his thoughtful moods; the Satires in his daily contact with his fellow man. It is this personal element that has made the poetry of Horace universally beloved. Twenty centuries of readers have known him as intimately and enjoyed his friendship as fully as did Maecenas or Augustus.

The works of Horace present a vivid picture of Roman life in its political, economic, and social aspects. Yet even a cursory reading of them brings the surprising realization that the conditions and problems of the world today are little different from those of antiquity. The poet condemns the accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few (Odes II, 15) and sighs for the former days when individual fortunes were small and most of the capital was in the hands of the government. We are lamenting the same situation today. It is inevitable that in the near future some scheme will be adopted for breaking up excessive individual fortunes—although we can hardly expect to see the installation of a program as fantastic as the widely-publicized Share-the-Wealth Plan.

Horace was a believer in preparedness for war. His words, "In peace, as a wise man, he should make suitable preparations for war," are echoed in the speech of President Washington to Congress on January 8, 1790, in which he uttered the thought that has become proverbial, "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace." At the present time the rulers of Europe are taking to heart very seriously the words of Horace and Washington. Down through the centuries man ever has the prospect of war before him.

That universal temptation of mankind to bewail the attitude and antics of the younger generation was not resisted by Horace. He wrote that each succeeding generation was becoming more and more degraded. These sentiments are painfully familiar to us now but in a few years we shall echo them ourselves with sanctimonious sincerity. There were more serious social evils in Rome at the time which Horace found worthy of his pen. We may read his bitter denunciations of the immorality of the day. The standards of decency were lowered immeasurably; home life had lost its sacredness; the prevalence of divorces was alarming. The situation was not unlike that of the present.

We pride ourselves on our progress but a careful analysis fails to show any fundamental advancement. We build skyscrapers a quarter of a mile high—then leave them empty—great monuments to bankruptcy. We devise machines to do the work of men—then dole out relief to these men who are starving for want of work. Can we call this progress? The fact remains that there are the same moral, social, and economic evils today as there were when Horace wrote.

It is interesting then to see how Horace met the problems of life in the midst of conditions similar to ours. Philosophic indifference to the material, as expressed in his *Nil admirari* and the doctrine of moderation in all things offered him the solution of life and brought him the contentment he sought. The poet closes a letter to his friend Numicius in which he has set forth some of these principles with the words, "If you know of anything better than this, be a good fellow and tell me; if not, then practise this with me." Horace could not know that when something better came it would be brought by a young Jewish Carpenter.

There is no need to discuss the vast influence of Horace upon the literary men of all countries. There is scarcely a poet in whose works the Horatian influence may not be detected. Many have interested themselves in lyrical translations of the Latin, among whom are Cowper, Dobson, Dryden, Pope, Herrick, Lord Melcombe and many more. Amusing parodies have been composed by Thackeray, Louis Untermeyer, and Eugene and Roswell Field. No other ode has been more often paraphrased than the famous *Integer vitae* addressed to Aristius Fuscus. One of the most interesting versions of this poem is one found in the *Stars and Stripes*, the paper of the A. E. F. in France during the World War. Apparently an unknown doughboy beguiled the time between shots by imitating Horace. The result is a clever parody written in a good imitation of the original metre. As an example of originality under difficult circumstances, part of it deserves to be quoted:

Freddie, old kid, take it from me—
I know this world and what it's made of—
One on the square has naught to be
Afraid of.

The German guns and bayonets? Nope
Such trifling things do not alarm him—
Not even all this poison dope
Can harm him.

* * * * *

Once in my trench when things grew hot
I sang though none was there to hear me.
A rat came in and he did not
Come near me.

So of my smiling Jane I'll sing
Wherever fate may chance to drop me,
And nobody nor anything
Shall stop me.

The influence of Horace, however, is not confined to poets or would-be poets. That brevity of expression which is among his outstanding characteristics has made him one of the most quotable of litterateurs. We come upon his phrases in magazine articles, newspaper editorials, speeches; we find them used as mottoes on the

coats-of-arms of families, clubs, and business houses; we even discover them in popular speech. Often we are unaware of their authorship. Most of us have forgotten that it was Horace who wrote, "A picture is a poem without words"; "Even the worthy Homer sometimes nods"; "Endurance lightens what 'tis wrong to change"; "The hungry stomach seldom scorns plain food"—the list could be extended indefinitely. Many of the Horatian quotations are words of sound wisdom, such as; "A word once uttered flies away and can never be recalled"; "Rule your passions or they will rule you."

Many of the phrases culled from the poet are best preserved in the original language. How often have we heard "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*"; "*Vitiis nemo sine nascitur*," or the somewhat similar, "*Nihil est ab omni parte beatum*." More frequently quoted is the philosophical observation, "*Pulvis et umbra sumus*." Expressed in the familiar, "*Non, si male nunc, et olim sic erit*," is the prosperity-is-just-around-the-corner idea. An adequate list of the phrases from Horace that have become proverbial would include several hundred. Although he wrote, "It is difficult to speak the commonplace effectively," he was a master of that art.

Horace's poetry is a liberal source of mottoes. Those most commonly used include, "*Carpe diem*"; "*Nil desperandum*"; "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*" (incidentally this is seen on the coat-of-arms of the Hampden family). Our colloquialism, "from soup to nuts" is the modern equivalent of Horace's "from eggs to apples"—the only difference being that dinner menus have changed considerably in the last two thousand years. The poet also originated the popular phrase, "a gentleman to the finger tips." The expressions, "with wings clipped," "the ship of state," "the purple patch," "the whetstone of criticism," and many more are found in his works. To Horace then the ordinary man is indebted more than he realizes.

In observing the bimillennium of the Sabine poet we are in a measure fulfilling his own prophecy. His proud, "*non omnis moriar*," has proved more than an idle boast. He realized that his poetry had the qualities that would make it survive. Its mature artistry, its felicity of expression, its universality of theme, have made it and its author deathless. We honor Horace as a good companion and a pleasing friend. In truth did he build himself a "*monumentum aere perennius*."

THE WINTER ROSE

CORNELIA SHEEHAN, '36

ALAN HUNTER attacked his breakfast cereal with gusto, and between mouthfuls he talked. Alan talked incessantly these days, always on the same subject, the new rose which he would produce shortly. The rose was the fruit of much patient grafting and he hoped a great deal from it.

"Ma, I tell you it'll be a wonder! It's got to be, why with that color combination——"

"Now, son, never mind that rose now. I think just as much of it as you do, but your breakfast is getting cold and besides it's getting late."

Alan grinned boyishly, finished his cereal with energy and dispatch, planted a kiss on his mother's ear and was off, bound for his little greenhouse and shop. The deposit of snow in February had become the quota of slush for March, but Alan trudged along, slipping a little, splashing the cuffs of his trousers and once, even the suede jacket which he wore. He smiled unconsciously as he thought of his rose, the "Winter Rose" he called it. By dint of careful work he had just reported to the Horticultural Society a new strain, a white Killarney base crossed with a pink Killarney in such a way that the result was a white rose with the veins on the outer side of each petal glowing delicately as if with life-blood, while the inner side was tinted a beautiful blush pink. It was truly breath-taking in its beauty. The Winter Rose, Alan considered, had really named itself. It was white on the outside but the warm life-color was on the inside, just as snow blanketed the earth while life was dormant beneath it. Musing, whistling a little, he arrived at "Hunter's Greenhouse." His long-legged assistant, "Ike," lounged behind a counter.

"Hello, Ike, busy day ahead. Did you fill those funeral orders?"

"Yes, fixed them up last night before I left."

"That's fine. Say, listen, Ike, I'm expecting Mr. Wilcox of the Horticultural Society today. Going to look over my 'Winter Rose.' Hope he likes it. I'm planning on exhibiting it at the spring show."

"Why, Alan, what do you mean? Old Wilcox will never let you exhibit that rose. Freaks he calls them."

"Maybe yes, maybe no. I think he'll like that rose. You know it's sort of appealing. Of course, it would mean a great deal if he recognized it. Why, he's an authority——"

"An authority? Listen, Alan, he's the last word. If he gives his O. K. you're all set,—that rose will be a national sensation."

"Wish I had more of them, Ike. I have several fairly good buds but only one that's opened enough, but that one is perfect,—form, color—everything."

"Say, Alan, aren't you taking a chance? Suppose it wilts before he gets here?"

"It won't, Ike. I'm taking extra special care of it. Well, I must have a look at it now."

Alan pushed open the sliding door and disappeared into the sunny glass house beyond. Always, when he entered his greenhouse suddenly he had to stop to savor the richness of the perfume and coloring it had to offer. At such times, he found it hard to believe that it was his very own, that here he was free to satiate his beauty-loving soul. He went at once to the spot where his "Winter Rose" was blooming in splendor. He gazed at it pensively. It was beautiful, too beautiful, he thought a bit ruefully. It cut him to his sensitive soul to find anything extraordinarily beautiful, for it made death seem doubly hard. Carefully, almost reverently, he loosened the soil about its roots, added a little fertilizer, watered it, sprayed its dull green leaves against blight. He watched the temperature, kept feverishly active throughout the morning, scarcely daring to admit even to himself how much Mr. Wilcox's opinion would mean to him. Just before noon, Ike wandered in and stood gazing at the rose, whistling speculatively.

"Nice rose, Alan."

"Yup."

"Too bad there's only one, still it's a good one. Say, Alan, High School must be out from that noise. Sam will be here any minute, then we can go home for dinner."

"Yup. Say, Ike, Sam certainly feels important tending the shop noontimes. I have to chuckle the way he's bubbling over when we get back."

"He sure loves to tinker around. Well, here he is now, let's go."

Ike moved toward the door on eager feet and Alan followed slowly, pausing to glance back at his "Winter Rose."

Sam was in full command of things out front, his algebra, history and English books carefully concealed under the counter.

"You can get along all right, Sam," said Alan a bit absently. "If anything comes in that you can attend to, go right ahead and do it, but don't attempt anything too big."

"O. K., Mr. Hunter, I'll get along, don't you worry."

Ike was impatient, at the door,—

"Come on, Alan, I'm starving."

* * * * *

Mrs. Hunter, passing frequently between dinner table and stove, cast surreptitiously anxious glances at her son as she served the meal. Now and again she essayed a remark only to receive an entirely irrelevant answer minutes later.

"Alan," she spoke sharply, "what ails you? I declare you're too quiet to be natural. Everything all right?"

"Me? Oh, yes, ma, of course. You see, Mr. Wilcox of the Horticultural Society is coming to look at that rose this afternoon and I'm sort of worried."

"Worried? Land sakes, what about?"

"I don't know, ma,—honest. I just feel funny."

"You're excited, son, that's all. Try to eat more of that good dinner I cooked for you. I declare I hate to see good food wasted—you're not going so soon? Why, you barely tasted that rice pudding. It's a sin and a shame to waste it. Well, good-bye, son!"

Her last words floated down the stairs after Alan's retreating figure.

The warmer sun of March had caused a general thaw and walking was difficult. Great slippery patches of ice gleamed dully under deceptive coverings of water, and large puddles yawned in all crosswalks. Alan's feet were thoroughly wet by the time he reached

the greenhouse, but he didn't know it, didn't even know that he had reached his destination until his feet carried him to the door and his hand opened it in some unaccountable manner. Sam was immediately upon him, eager to tell how he had run the business and all by himself, too.

"Oh, Mr. Hunter, I did it all by myself. Imagine, a corsage for Miss Ann Devereux and I—I made it!"

Alan smiled tolerantly, half-listening while he idly watched Ike returning, still far up the street, his long legs carrying him safely across the largest puddles. Sam's excited words penetrated slowly——

——"Oh, I did a wonderful job. I found one beautiful white 'n' pink rose in the greenhouse and I used it alone on a sheaf of maiden-hair ferns and——"

Alan reeled. "You did what?" He gasped and without waiting for a reply rushed to his greenhouse. It was true, Sam had used the one perfect "Winter Rose" for a corsage, only the unopened buds remained. In a sort of stupor he touched the place where the rose had been, unwilling to accept the evidence of his eyes, but only the stem, roughened by the shears, met his touch. Sam, frightened now, moved guiltily away from the door as Ike entered. Alan could hear his hurried words and still more hurried departure. The front door slammed, and Ike came slowly into the greenhouse.

"That kid——" he began and stopped at sight of Alan's white, stricken face.

"What time's old Wilcox coming?" he asked finally.

"I don't know," shrugged Alan. "What difference does it make now, anyway?"

"Well, you might be able to get it back before he comes. Sam said the corsage was for Ann Devereux. If you explained, she might give it back to you. Seems to me I read in the paper that her folks are giving her a coming-out party this afternoon. Chances are she'll have so many flowers she won't know what to do with them and she'll be glad to get rid of some——"

"By George, Ike, I'll try it! Where does she live?"

"It's two streets down on the right——"

* * * * *

Ann Devereux surveyed herself in the hall mirror. Her perfectly cut, imported gown fell in enchanting folds about her tiny

self. She had just pinned a single pink and white rose and its garniture of maidenhair fern to the bosom of her gown. She was lovely as she stood there, refreshingly pretty, with a faint, healthy flush in her smooth cheeks, and blonde hair curling naturally around her ears.

"I hate you," she whispered in sudden vehemence to her image in the mirror. "Ann Devereux, I thought you were made of sterner stuff," she continued scornfully. "I thought you said you'd never act a lie and look what you're going to do this afternoon? You're going to stand up there and receive an army of people you never even have seen and tell them you're charmed to make their acquaintance. You know that isn't the truth! Mother wants it, does she? Ann Devereux, you're acting a lie and you know it!"

The doorbell interrupted her tirade.

"Never mind, Martha, I'll answer it——"

"Does Miss Ann—Oh, my rose!—you—my rose!"

"What about the rose?" demanded Ann a bit tartly.

"I'm sorry, really. I'm Alan Hunter, the florist and could I,—please could I have that rose back? You see, Sam, that's my assistant, well, he—please, could I have it back right away, quick?"

Ann smiled encouragingly. "What do you want with this rose?"

"I—well,—I grew that rose, grafted it and developed it and today Mr. Wilcox, he's from the Horticultural Society, you know, and he was going to look at it to see if it could be exhibited, and,—well,—I only had one rose in full bloom and Sam—that's my assistant, he made it into a corsage by mistake."

"I—see," said Ann slowly. "And you want to get the rose back before Mr. Wilcox arrives, is that it?"

"Yes, could I please——?"

"Wait a minute." Ann's blue eyes were frankly calculating, a hint of mischief lurked in their depths.

"Do you know, what, Mr. Hunter? I think heaven sent you, and just when I needed you! Wait a minute."

Alan fidgeted on the doorstep, but in a few moments she returned wearing a coat.

"Come on," she urged, closing the door hastily. "My car is just around here."

Alan went, but his native intelligence was beginning to return.

"See here, Miss Devereux, you can't leave your party! Your mother——"

"I have left the party, Mr. Hunter," said Ann, triumphantly. "Now, where is your shop?"

"Two streets up. But listen——"

"Two streets up? Why, we're here already, and look, is that your Mr. Wilcox?"

Ike had the door open before they reached it. "Here he is, Mr. Wilcox. Alan, Mr. Wilcox has been waiting."

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Wilcox. I——"

"Never mind that," growled the old gentleman. "I came here to see a rose, now, where is it?"

Ann slipped off the heavy coat.

"Here it is, Mr. Wilcox, see, here in this corsage."

She loosened it carefully and gave it to him that he might examine it more closely.

"This is Miss Ann Devereux, Mr. Wilcox," Alan put in hastily.

"Yes, I know it's Ann Devereux. Looks like her mother."

"Oh, do you know mother, Mr. Wilcox?"

"Yes, I—why, Hunter, that rose is—well, it's perfect! How did you do it? The Royal Horticultural Society has been trying to do it for years! I say, my boy, you've got something!"

"I have your approval, Mr. Wilcox?"

"Of course. I'll see that you get full recognition for this. You have brains, too, my boy. Not many florists would think of procuring a lovely model for their offering. And, of course, anything of which the Devereux family approves will always be worthy of my approval."

"Thank you, sir," began Alan, but Ann's agile little brain was at work again:

"Why don't you come up with me and visit with mother, Mr. Wilcox?" she asked sweetly.

"I'd be delighted, my dear. My car is at the curb."

Ann, slipping into her coat, managed a message for Alan.

"That was an inspiration. I didn't know how I was going to get into the house again, but now I have an excuse. I'll send for the car later, or you may drive it up if you wish."

"I'll drive it up," said Alan, promptly.

THE ABBEY THEATRE

ANNE DRINAN '35

THE Irish National Drama today holds an important place in the literary world. It has been written and developed by such masters as George Moore, John Synge, William Butler Yeats, George Bernard Shaw, Sean O'Casey and Lord Dunsany. These names are known to many readers, yet the fact remains that their talents were given direction, their ability given opportunity by the efforts of two brothers, W. G. and Frank J. Fay.

The Fay Brothers had organized the Ormond Dramatic Society and produced old time farces for many years in various halls in and around the city of Dublin. In 1901 they conceived the plan of creating an Irish Theatre for Ireland. For their first attempt they were fortunate to secure George Russell's *Deidre*, an Irish myth, and *Cathleen Ni Houlihan*, by William Butler Yeats. These two plays produced in April, 1902, caused a sensation and encouraged the producers to aim higher. They presented many plays during the next two years, with moderate success.

The greatest difficulty in those early days was in securing suitable halls for staging the plays. The company was well-trained, they had an excellent repertoire, and yet they knew it was imperative to acquire a theatre in order to secure and hold sufficient patronage to enable them to carry on. And in 1904, Miss A. E. Horniman, a lover of the theatre, leased and repaired a little theatre in Dublin and gave it to the Irish Players free of charge for six years. They have made it their home ever since and it is now the oldest theatre in Dublin.

In 1907 a play was staged whose history is so connected with that of the Abbey Theatre that it well deserves special comment. This was *The Playboy of the Western World*, by John Millington Synge.

Synge was born in Dublin in 1871, graduated from Trinity College. He first attracted attention with *In the Shadow of the Glen*, 1903, which was derided as a travesty of Irish character, although *Riders to the Sea*, a drama of the highest quality, was received with praise in 1904. But his *Playboy of the Western World*, which represented Irish peasants as glorifying a parricide came as a brutal shock to Irish playgoers who had become accustomed to the drama of the last fifty years, to the deification of Irish characters by such dramatists as O'Grady and Whitbred. Synge grew up in the school of those great realists Zola and Ibsen. He did not try to make his characters typical Irishmen; he was wholly concerned with the effect of external forces on his men and women. He was not at all concerned with types of people. But notwithstanding the disgust and displeasure with which it was received, it finally and decisively established the position of the Abbey Theatre in the world of the drama, a position which it has maintained to this day. Another important effect was to attract the patronage of the ordinary theatregoer who up to that time had shunned the theatre as too high-brow.

Thus was laid the foundation for the enormous success the Abbey Theatre has enjoyed in the thirty years of its existence. In 1908 the Fays severed connections with the theatre. Since then the work has been carried on mainly through the efforts of W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory.

In 1910 the Players produced Lord Dunsany's *Glittering Gate*, the first of his brilliant plays. Dunsany has attracted attention as a poet, and his dramatic works have the same fairy-like and fantastic qualities. In this same year the actors presented several plays at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. A few months later they made their first trip to Boston, opening at the Plymouth Theatre with *The Playboy of the Western World*. Needless to say the play caused its usual furore. Many of the plays chosen by this group have been met with opposition, especially the works of Synge and those of Sean O'Casey.

Sean O'Casey was a Dublin laborer and a member of a labor union. He wrote a play for this organization which was so successful that he was urged to send it to the Abbey Theatre. With a new title, *The Shadow of a Gunman*, it was an immediate success and its author was hailed as a genius.

Juno and the Paycock, presented in 1924, was the most outstanding success in the history of the theatre. This work made O'Casey famous and the little theatre in Dublin became the center of attention of the literati. It depicts the hopelessness of life in the tenements and emphasizes the contrast in the peasant character living in the slums to the peasant of the country. O'Casey departs from the old-fashioned peasant play of Yeats, Russell, and Pearse, to see himself shine in the light of modernism. The play is a harsh and brutal criticism of the period, because life was hard and bitter in the time of the Rebellion. O'Casey is like Synge in that he, himself, has no religious creed, consequently, he has little regard for religion, or for the vital place it holds in the heart of the Irishman. Ireland has been Christianized for fifteen centuries, hence the effect of Christianity cannot be thrust aside as the superstition and ignorance of the Irish peasant. Sacrifice and martyrdom in Ireland have more than a religious meaning; they are essential elements in the struggle for Irish nationality. Because O'Casey's work was such a radical departure from previous plays he was accepted and lionized by the playgoers like any fad that appeals to the public fancy. When the tumult and the shouting around the new literary idol had died down, the question arose as to whether his work was really art or not. It is unfortunate that the audience of the Abbey Theatre should witness drama that is not art. As further proof of this question we have William Butler Yeats' controversy with O'Casey. A few well-meaning critics, favoring O'Casey, interpret this dissension as a discrepancy between the artistic creeds, "interesting because it marks the old and the new tradition in Irish drama." Rather than the old and the new as a line of demarcation, it is art and sensationalism.

Padraic Pearse's *The Singer* cannot ever be excelled as most representative of the ideals and self-sacrifice of the Irish patriot during the Rebellion. Pearse was a leader in the Easter Week Rebellion in 1916 and was executed by the English government for his part in the uprising. *The Singer* is the last outcry of a man about to be martyred and trying to express the cause of his behavior. It is a patriotic drama and as such would receive a sneer and a disparaging smile from the modernist. To anyone who appreciates the drama as art, Padraic Pearse's plays are imbued with the thought of a nation inheriting an anathema of slavery for whose

redemption the death of one man is a necessity; "one man can free a nation as One Man redeemed the world," says MacDara in *The Singer*. "I will take no pike, I will go into the battle with bare hands, I will stand up before the Gall as Christ hung naked before men upon the tree."

And the mother says: "My son, MacDara, is the Singer that has quickened the dead years and all the quiet dust."

The success of this venture in the theatrical world has been proven, this effort which started the Little Theatre Movement continues to entertain and educate in Dublin and in many of the large cities of the world. It might be well to remember that the Abbey Players will fill an engagement in Boston in May.

THE HERALD OF SPRING

Helen A. Lyons '36

I heard the winds among the eaves
A-whispering soft and low,
That soon the spring would deck the meads
And make the woodlands glow.
Her work will be to transform all
With colors bright and gay,
To breathe away the wintry pall
By introducing May.
She'll bid the birds to sing aloud
In full melodious song;
She'll dot the heavens with fleecy clouds
That swirl and dance along.
With graceful step, she'll enter in
To waken brooding earth.
Her joyful task she's sure to win
Because her weapon's mirth.
And since I heard the message bright
New warmth is in my heart tonight.

THE CLASSICAL AGE OF GERMAN LITERATURE

MARY O. VAAS '35

GERMANY came into its literary heritage later than any other nation of western Europe. The causes of this backwardness are to be found chiefly in the circumstances which had governed German political and social life since the time of the Thirty Years War.

The sixteenth century was for Germany a century of splendid promise in which it lagged behind its neighbors neither intellectually nor artistically. Humanism had met with an enthusiastic reception at the hand of German scholars who eagerly responded to its new ideals of life and art. At this time Albrecht Dürer and Adam Krafft proved their literary talent. The popular element is at its best in the *Volkslied*, which appeared in the first quarter of the seventeenth century. Although a certain genius was evident during these years a more definite direction to a high ideal was needed which circumstances did not allow.

For the next hundred years, Germany was split into two hostile camps, Catholic and Protestant. The outcome of this division was the Thirty Years War which completely disintegrated German life and art. It is true that from some wars nations have emerged strengthened, but the Thirty Years War brought nothing but shameful humiliation. The condition of Germany at the Peace of Westphalia was heartrending and Grimmelshausen's *Simplicissimus* illustrates vividly this pitiful state of post war conditions. French influence was apparent everywhere.

In the works of Opitz and Gottsched there was an attempt to reform German literature but it was due to the genius of Friedrich Klopstock that German poetry was given a truly national trend for he introduced patriotism as an inspiring theme in his works. His epoch-making work, *Die Messiade*, is familiar to many today as the setting of Handel's oratorio the *Messiah*.

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing appears as the next great influence in the restoration of a pure German literature. He helped to bring this about by his *Minna von Barnhelm*, a model of comedy and his *Emilia Galotti*, a model of tragedy. It was in Lessing's *Hamburgische Dramaturgie* that the canons of German literature, which have since been followed, were first authoritatively stated.

Lessing's works are regarded as the culmination of the first half of the eighteenth century and for the next fifty years, Herder, as founder of the literary movement of the *Sturm und Drang*, became one of the great forces in German literature. Herder's works reflected truly German civilization. He met Goethe at Strasbourg and this meeting was the beginning of a warm friendship. In his autobiography, Goethe acknowledges his debt to Herder. The immediate literary outcome of this friendship was a publication, *Von deutscher Art und Kunst*. One of Herder's important works, *Briefe zu Beförderung der Humanität*, defines his political creed. In this he calls upon his fellow-countrymen to work for a Germany worthy of its great traditions. Herder's most important influence is felt in the great ideal he constantly set before mankind: "the development and progress of the human race to an ever greater perfection to true humanity, an ideal which can only be realized by the united efforts of all nations led by the choicest spirits."

When Goethe, who followed immediately in Herder's path, came under the influence of Herder, he had not progressed very far beyond the general intellectual movement of the day. He was at once attracted by Herder's strong personality and his original outlook. During the few weeks he was with Goethe, an entire change in his intellectual viewpoint was wrought. While still quite young he wrote *Götz von Berlichingen*, a drama written without any consideration of the laws of art, and *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers* (1774), a book which did its part in bringing about a movement in life and letters. After the publication of these works, Goethe was the poet of the hour. Karl August, the heir apparent to the principedom of Saxony, invited Goethe to his court and this period has been immortalized in his famous drama, *Torquato Tasso*. In this drama is shown the longing of Goethe to be at one and the same time a poet and a statesman. That these two are incompatible is proved by Tasso's (Goethe's) own words,

"Es bildet sich ein Talent in der Stille,
Ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt."

Subjectivity is the keynote of this work as well as most of Goethe's works. In *Herman und Dorothea* and *Iphigenie auf Tauris* he visualized his own soul struggles again. The variety and completeness of his expression make Goethe the greatest genius of his time. His dramatic works alone would earn for him this title.

When Goethe had returned from a trip to Italy in 1787 it was with a feeling of dismay that he found Schiller established as a literary "free lancer" in his own vicinity. To him Schiller was still the author of *Die Räuber*, the representative of the revolutionary spirit. Schiller was repelled by Goethe's aloofness and envious of his elder's good fortune. It was not until after Schiller's marriage in 1790 that he entered into friendly intercourse with Goethe which culminated in a literary affinity of the highest value for the poetic world.

Schiller was preeminently an historical dramatist. One of his greatest works was the tragedy of *Wallenstein*, a fate drama. His great interest in the sufferings of Mary Stuart formed the occasion of his *Maria Stuart*. After much consideration Schiller wrote *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*. The absolute disregard of historical truth which annoys many in *Maria Stuart* is here still more evident. Under the influence of the Romantic School then rising, Schiller entitled his play *Eine Romantische Tragödie*. Yet it seems that in spite of its external appearances of Romanticism, *Die Jungfrau von Orleans* of all his dramas is the most classical in style.

Of his dramas all but one are on historical subjects. *Die Braut von Messina* he declared to be entirely of his own invention. In contrast to this in his last drama to be completed, he turns to an historical source, that of *Wilhelm Tell*. *Wilhelm Tell* is the most popular of Schiller's dramas and has been accounted by many as his greatest work.

Through Schiller the moral world-order became infused with a new life, and the idealistic tendencies of German literature have been disseminated by the popularity of Schiller's dramas. To the German public, brought up as it is on Schiller's school, he is still *the* poet, while Goethe "stands aloof on Olympian heights" and it seems as if the "German people in their present calamities were turning once more to Schiller's idealism of the Classical Age of German literature for consolation and strength."

A HAPPY LIFE

MARY E. T. CURRAN '36

It was early summer. Jim Hardy dozed on Mrs. Bradley's sun porch. When he felt anything at all, it was only a dim resentment at being there. The order annoyed him. Each of the prim chairs covered with subdued cretonne, set at the proper angle, seemed a testimony of its owner's belief in the saying that—

"There was a place for everything and everything should be in its place."

He would rather have been left alone, but Alvira Bradley felt it her right to care for her sick cousin, and she was bent on carrying out her Christian duty. Jim missed his old home, where no one cared if his tobacco spilled on the floor, or if the newspapers were piled high in untidy heaps beside his chair. And it was comfortable dozing off when he felt like it without being harassed by Alvira, who came out every twenty minutes to see if he was following the doctor's orders.

"Drat it! must she be on the dot?" grunted Jim as Mrs. Bradley rushed out with a thermometer and a bottle of medicine.

The sun was warm and it was not long before Jim's eyes closed wearily, and he was off in another world.

"It's up to you, Jim," the doctor's voice seemed to come from a great distance. "All that I can do won't be worth a thing if you don't put up a fight for it."

A smile played on the man's lips for a second, and then he said—

"I don't care—What's the use?" he stopped as Mrs. Bradley cheerily hustled in with,

"Doesn't he look good, Doctor?"

Jim closed his lips in a stubborn line, and let Alvira and the doctor discuss his condition. It was time for him to die anyhow, he

figured. It would be a relief to take the mask off and act naturally again, because as Jim said—

“It’s no use trying to fool the Lord, He’d know anyhow.”

The voices became fainter, and Jim was having a hard time to keep all the scenes in his mind straightened out. Why! after all these years of success in keeping Sally’s picture out of his mind, did she have to reappear like this now? It wasn’t fair, Jim thought, when he was too weary to fight off her memory.

* * * * *

“I’m going to be married, Jim—Aren’t you going to congratulate me?”

“Why—er—why, yes, Sally, I wish you the best of happiness in this world.”

“Thank you, Jim——” oh, why was she behaving this way—she must pretend, yes, only pretend that she was happy. “I must carry it off well—put that light touch in, although my heart is heavy. I can’t let him know,” she said as she clenched her hands. Jim didn’t know this—all he remembered was the few conventional phrases that helped him through the trying half hour. Married! Sally married. For a long time Jim lived over that moment. Yes; he could never let her know how he felt—and from that moment on Jim Hardy was famous for his smile—a peculiar smile. It was defined so aptly by Mrs. Hondes who said:

“It was as if he knew something he didn’t want to tell us—something too precious for outsiders to know.”

After that Jim lived in practically every South American country, where he tried to seize happiness and make it his own.

“Yes,” he reflected, “it was hard all those years, happiness was hard to find, and an empty life was difficult to face”—still he succeeded in building up a new set of ideas and thus his life went by.

* * * * *

“Yes,” droned the voice of Doctor Orduay, “I guess it’s the end.”

“End!—end of what?” said Jim, catching the last words of the doctor.

"I'm afraid you're going to die, Jim."

Die—oh, yes, but where was he—Sally? That's right, he was remembering again. She died a few years before he came home, they said.

"Do you think he understood, doctor?"

"He doesn't seem to care, Alvira."

"I don't see why not—a good home, care, and all that a man could wish for—"

Jim, struggling up from those overpowering depths, wondered what it was that a man could wish for. Alvira wouldn't know.

"He's smiling again, doctor."

"Sally," Jim whispered, "wait for me—wait," and the rest was an indistinct mumble.

"What did he say?"

"I don't know, Alvira, I couldn't hear."

* * * * *

"I always said that Jim Hardy was the happiest man around these parts, and it was only natural that he should die with a smile on his lips."

"Well, I guess you were right, but it seems too bad that he never married."

"I guess he was just as well off," said Tom Baker. "He never had any cares, just looked out for himself—"

"That's true, a lovely ending to a beautiful life," sighed the town's idealist.

And so Jim Hardy's life was reviewed by his friends.

PREFACE FOR HAPPINESS

RITA DE LEO '36

MARGOT hung up the receiver and walked slowly away from the telephone. She stopped before the mirror to place and adjust her fur scarf in which nestled a gardenia not more exquisitely delicate than the face above it. She opened the door of her bedroom and went downstairs conscious of a sense of weariness that made every step an effort.

She wondered dully why the message she had received should have been such a blow. She had really known from the first that some day she would hear this thing. Yet she had illogically allowed herself to drift in to a dependence upon his companionship. Lately she had noticed with sickening heart his attentive attitude toward Frances Spaulding and had tried to discount it merely as a flirtation. But when she had heard his happy voice over the telephone, she realized that she had only been blinding herself to the inevitability of his marriage. She recalled the accident that had made her realize that she loved Mark, who had for years been her friend. She could never think back to it without seeing his unconscious form bent over the wheel, without remembering what an eternity had elapsed before help came and her terror for him in that while. She shuddered involuntarily.

When she reached the living room she went over to the desk to write a note.

"I'm having tea with Mark, mother," she wrote. "He tells me he has what he hopes I'll think glorious news. I'll be back for dinner." She signed her name.

Margot walked toward the Common. She wanted to exercise the lethargy from her body and gain a more healthy glow for her

cheeks before meeting Mark. She felt better when she reached the Copley. Sitting down in the lobby, she watched the hotel guests and tried not to concentrate on anything but her surroundings while waiting for Mark.

At five Mark came striding. He was very big. With his great height and breadth he would have seemed clumsy had there not been a certain strength and dignity about him. He stood over her and grinned. "Hungry?" he asked. Margot smiled up at him, though her hand was clenched so tightly under her handbag that her nails bit into her flesh.

"Quite," she said. He placed his hand under her arm and they went into the dining room.

Mark ordered a huge tea for both, and they spoke scarcely at all until they had finished. Had she not known him, Margot would have thought him shy.

He lighted a cigarette, then looked searchingly at her, while some of his suppressed exuberance seemed ebbing away.

"Aren't you feeling well, Margot?" Margot looked up with a bright smile.

"I'm feeling fine. Why? Do I look funny?" she asked as she began to fumble in her bag for a compact, bringing it out and pretending to examine herself.

Mark laughed. "Vanity of vanities," he quoted mockingly. "No, I just thought you seemed quiet."

Margot thought she could not stand more of this tension, so she brought out somewhat jerkily:

"What about your big news, Mark?"

He shifted around in his chair, then leaned across the table to search her eyes. He nervously quenched his cigarette and began to speak quickly. "I hope it will make you happy, Margot." He paused.

"You know," he said, "I can't seem to get at you; you seem very far away this afternoon."

Margot gave a short laugh.

"I still can't tell you, like this," he said. "Let's get out of here."

Margot nodded and they threaded their way out of the room.

"Walk?" he asked when they came outside. She nodded again. They walked in silence for awhile.

"Well, Mark," Margot said, half turning toward him, "the big news should be about due."

Mark was about to speak when a voice hailed them from behind. They turned to find Barbara Welch, a friend of Margot's, hurrying upon them. She greeted them both, then turned to Margot.

"I just called at your house," she said. "Nobody was at home." She glanced up at Mark. "Were you going anywhere?"

Margot answered, "Mark was just walking me home." She smiled.

Barbara continued, "I've something to tell you," she said. "Do you mind if I walk with you?" They both acquiesced, so Barbara accompanied them. When they were in front of the house Margot turned to Mark, "I guess it'll have to wait, Mark." She turned her gaze humorously to Barbara who was on the steps.

"Why not write it?" she suggested.

Mark nodded and pressed her hand. "I'll send it to you tonight."

Margot ran up the stairs, blessing Barbara for having spared her from hearing the news, while she was facing him, for she feared her courage would have collapsed and she would have shown him her secret, when she did not want to mar his happiness in any way.

When Barbara had gone, Margot left her mother reading in the living room and went to her room. She lay down on her bed, without turning on the lights. After a time she heard the doorbell ring, but she paid no attention until she heard her mother outside the door.

She switched on the lights and sat up. Her mother came in with a letter in her hand.

"Were you asleep, Margot?" she asked. Margot nodded.

"A letter for you," her mother handed the letter. "It's a special delivery."

"From Mark," Margot said, tiredly. Mrs. Bradley sighed and left the room.

Margot looked at the letter dully for a minute then opened it. "Margot, darling," it began. Margot sat up and read the letter fully.

"You seemed so strange this afternoon, I could not say what I have been wanting to say for a long time. Surely you must know. I love you. I have never hoped to have you feel the same way toward me until Frances said she was sure you did. I am taking the chance at the risk of losing our old friendship to ask you. Do you love me? Darling, I'm waiting anxiously for your answer. Please phone me as soon as you read this letter.

All my love,

Your Mark."

Margot hugged the letter happily and rushed to the telephone.

TULIPS

Cornelia Sheehan '36

Tulips growing in a plot,
Holding lovely heads on high,
Burnished by the sun's last glow,
You seem to whisper, seem to sigh.
Silently your petals close,
Do you think to thus enfold,
Clasping fast against your heart
A stolen beam of mellow gold?

Tulips growing in a plot,
See, the dawn disturbs the sky,
Now the earth with fingers cool
Seems to offer you on high,
Sunlight glowing in your heart,
Fragrant with the dew of night,
Atonement and a sacrifice,
Tribute to the God of Light.

THE JADE NECKLACE

WINIFRED MARIE BURDICK '35

It was August in the year 1919.

The star-enchanted darkness of an Oriental night slid caressingly over the lighted decks of the "S.S. Makong" as she swung majestically through the black waters of the China Sea. Above, the white sheen of a crescent moon had disappeared behind a thick veil of cloud vapor, while a revivifying wind had replaced the enervating warmth of the southern trades. Two people in evening attire stood in a secluded corner of the saloon deck, observing the sea. Presently, however, Kenneth Aldington turned and gazed with admiration at his companion. Mrs. Philip Wesley Sherrill of San Francisco, wife of an American diplomat to China, leaned wearily against the deck-railing. One of the most beautiful women of the Foreign Embassy, she was clad tonight in a shimmering gown of ice-green satin, the undulating waves of her hair caught back by an emerald clip. From the distance came the sound of the ship's orchestra playing the Toreador Song from *Carmen*, and as the martial melody swept through the night, she spoke slowly.

"Kenneth, this evening I intend to ask Philip if I may return to the opera."

"Do you think he will consent?" asked Kenneth, quietly.

"I am not—sure," she paused, "but if he refuses me—!" She shrugged and as he remained silent, she continued, "I have thought of it incessantly since we left Okayama. I can almost see the Opera House in Paris, the glare of the footlights. Philip will—let me return, Kenneth. He has been so kind through all the years."

"And what about Adrienne?"

"Philip can take care of her easily enough. He could perhaps engage a French governess for her. There was a Mademoiselle Marillné in Shanghai who was looking for just such a position. Adrienne should know French as well as English and Chinese. My sister-in-law hardly approved of her learning Chinese, but then

Roberta felt she quite owned Adrienne. She even selected the school she thought Adrienne should attend in San Francisco."

"Was Roberta unkind to you, Natalie?"

"Not exactly. She was jealous of my operatic career. She seemed to forget that I met Philip at a consular ball in Washington."

"If Philip consents, it will seem like old times booking engagements for you, Natalie."

"You always were my favorite manager, Ken."

As she spoke her fingers absent-mindedly touched the jade necklace that encircled her white throat. Kenneth, riveting his eyes upon the green stones, asked:

"Why do you always wear it, Natalie?"

"It is my lucky talisman. Philip bought it for me two years ago in Nanking Road, Shanghai. It is genuine Ch'ien-lung jade. It was originally a very long string, so I had it divided and a necklace made for Adrienne. Roberta thought it was quite too ridiculous for a child, but I feel it will play a large part in our destinies. I want Adrienne to wear it always. I do not think we shall be together very long. I can almost feel a shadow between us already, as if someone else might some day take my place."

Kenneth did not reply, but he and Natalie realized that the stars had completely disappeared, and that rain was beginning to fall with staccato emphasis upon the roof of the deck.

"Captain Cary said there was a typhoon heading this way from the northeast. The mercury has dropped steadily for the last hour. We were hoping to make Hong-Kong in time, but I doubt if we shall succeed now." He took her arm. "I think we had better leave."

"Very well."

They hurried along the deck toward the lounge. Terrifying streaks of lightning flashed out of the black heights, and lay like golden spears momentarily upon the foaming waves. Thunder rattled ominously on ethereal cliffs, and slid with crashing din through space. Natalie reached the threshold of the lounge in time to see a bizarre flash illumine the shining deck, and the jewel-like spray that was washing in from the sea. Simultaneously, the "Mekong" shook from bow to stern, and a sound arose that closely resembled the breaking of iron. Natalie was thrown against the door with dizzying impact, but even as she swayed she heard the din of fren-

zied voices, and the sharp tones of the ship's officers commanding attention. They said quite definitely that the ship had been struck, that at any moment she would begin to sink. Natalie, thinking of Adrienne and the Chinese maid peacefully slumbering in their state-room, emitted a strangling cry, and precipitated herself into the rushing crowd. Frantically she pushed her way toward the state-room, but in the corridor she met Philip who had aroused Adrienne and the maid.

"Oh, Philip," she cried with relief, "you—have them."

"Yes, Natalie——"

He slipped his arm around her quietly, and they returned with difficulty to the crowded deck where women and children were being thrust into every available lifeboat, without regard to family ties. Natalie stood with Philip as far back as possible from the fury of the typhoon. She felt weak and ill, and tears were glistening in her eyes. She could only glance thankfully at Adrienne. The child still wore the jade necklace. The sight of it strangely comforted Natalie, as if it were indeed, a talisman. Kenneth meanwhile had come forward, wan and haggard. Two of the ship's officers followed him. Natalie became suddenly aware of a lifeboat swinging from the deck three-fourths filled with shouting passengers.

"There are two more places, madam," said the first officer addressing Natalie.

Natalie turned to Philip. "Come," she cried, but he shook his head and answered:

"Ken will take care of you. I must look out for Adrienne."

"No, no," screamed Natalie, "I sha'n't go without both of you."

At this point the officer intervened, and Natalie was separated from her husband. The next moment she was thrust with Kenneth into the swaying lifeboat, and they were lowered into the turbulent sea where a terrific battle began with the heavy swells and the howling wind. For hours Natalie crouched sobbing beneath her velvet evening wrap. It was drenched with spray, and foamy drops glistened on the stones of her necklace. All through the night Kenneth helped two other Americans propel the frail craft through the raging seas, and at last in the light of a gray dawn they were sighted by the steamer "Tonkin" and taken aboard. They reached Hong-Kong that night, when Kenneth immediately hired a riksha, and conveyed Natalie to the Catholic missionary convent. Here she lay in a daze

for three weeks, murmuring the names of Philip and Adrienne. Kenneth called every day to inquire about her condition, and always received the same answer. She continued in a semi-coma, enumerating the events that had taken place that last night on the "Mekong." At last she regained full consciousness, and in two weeks the infirmarian allowed her to sit in a cushioned bamboo chair beneath the shade of giant palms. She was clad in a flowing white dress that seemed to make her face paler and thinner than it really was. Kenneth, advancing toward her, was conscious of a queer ache in his throat. Was this frail creature the resplendent Natalie Sherrill of the Opera? When she perceived him her cheeks flushed, as Kenneth leaned over and asked solicitously:

"How are you feeling today, Natalie?"

She managed a pitiful smile.

"I am perfectly well now," she said, but as they gazed at each other her eyes filled with tears, and covering her face with her hands she groaned, "Oh, Kenneth, wasn't it all too—ghastly?"

A shudder swept over her slight form, and Kenneth said gently:

"Try and not think of it, Natalie. Everything will be—all right."

She raised her eyes, and he saw a gleam of hope shining through her tears.

"You have—located them?"

He shook his head and took her trembling hand to steady her.

"No, Natalie," he replied softly, "they are among the few who failed to report."

"Kenneth, it can't be—true?"

"I'm afraid it is, Natalie, but you know, dear," he continued swiftly, "they might have been picked up by an obscure little trading steamer, and taken to Singapore or one of the more distant ports."

Natalie stared into space.

"They may not have escaped from the 'Mekong.' They may have—gone down."

"No, Natalie, I received news only two days ago that all the passengers and crew were taken from the liner. Captain Cary himself was rescued."

"Oh, Kenneth," she moaned, "it is my punishment for wanting to leave them even for a few months. It is the judgment of God."

Roberta was right. I am a selfish woman." She was silent, and then raising her eyes to the distant harbor she said, "Kenneth, I can't believe they are gone. You must search every corner of the globe. You must bring them to me. I shall wait here in China."

"Very well, Natalie. I will do everything I can to bring you happiness. I would give my life to return Philip and Adrienne to you. Philip was my dearest friend."

"I believe you, Kenneth, and—thank you." From the pocket of her dress she drew forth the necklace, and handed it to him with trembling fingers. "Take this, Kenneth, it will perhaps help you to find Adrienne, if not Philip. She will be wearing the other half of it if—she is alive."

He stood up and smiled down at her brightly.

"I shall begin my search immediately, and now—good-bye."

Three years elapsed, and meanwhile Natalie waited patiently. Kenneth wrote to her continually, but he did not return to the Far East. She leased a tiny villa overlooking the harbor, and every morning after Mass she stood on the hill and watched the liners sail in from the ports of the world, and depart beneath the orange glow of twilight. She was, perhaps, the loneliest woman in China, and if it had not been for the encouragement of the nuns in the nearby convent, the consolation of the chapel and the visits of the ladies from the Embassy, it is doubtful if she could have endured life. At last one rose-colored morning the world cruiser "Elrania," upward bound from Singapore, brought Kenneth Aldington once more to China. He was ushered in by the servant, Tai Ming, and Natalie met him in the drawing-room that was ornate with red lacquer cabinets and Chinese jardinières. She came forward smiling, but the smile faded as Kenneth replied to her inevitable question.

"Yes, Natalie, I have—located him. The lifeboat was picked up by a fishing vessel, and landed in an obscure Mediterranean port. Philip found his way to Morocco, where he caught fever and—died."

"And Adrienne," she managed to ask with bloodless lips, "what about—Adrienne?"

"She has disappeared. I searched—everywhere for her, but I was unable to—find her."

He stared at her silently, her blanched face, her hopeless eyes.

"Natalie," he said, "if you only knew how desolate I am for you. There doesn't seem—to be anything—to say."

"I know, Kenneth," she replied, gently, "you have done all you could. Believe me when I say that I am grateful."

"Of course, dear Natalie."

For the next two weeks Kenneth remained as Natalie's guest, and then one morning at breakfast he quietly informed her that he was again leaving China.

"I am returning to Paris, Natalie."

"I trust you will find—happiness."

She walked listlessly to the window and gazed over the flowering slopes of the city to the sea, where black and green fruit junks flew onward toward Macao from Canton, their dragon hulls sketched dimly against the sky.

Kenneth asked suddenly:

"Natalie, why don't you return to the States?"

"You are asking me to go back to San Francisco without Philip and Adrienne? No, Kenneth, I prefer to remain in the part of the world where I lost them. The East may yet give me recompense, and besides I do not think I could face the sea again. It has done something cruel to me that I shall never forget."

"Natalie," he said a moment later, "I have not returned the necklace because my search has not ended. It has only begun, and it will last through all the years."

"Oh, Kenneth, you have been so very kind. I don't know how I could have gone on without you."

"Then it is good-bye, Natalie?"

"Yes, Kenneth."

He raised her hand to his lips, and walked slowly to the door. They remained gazing at each other for a moment, Kenneth on the threshold, and Natalie with her white face and forlorn eyes, looking at him across a vista of tabourettes, and blue vases filled with gold chrysanthemums.

When he had gone, she donned a shaded hat and went to the convent where Kenneth had taken her after the wreck. She was admitted by one of the nuns who had taken care of her during her illness.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Sherrill. How are you feeling today?"

"I am very well, thank you, Sister, although I am rather lonely. Mr. Aldington has just left for Paris." She handed the nun a bouquet of calla lilies. "These are for the altar."

"Thank you, Mrs. Sherrill."

"May I go right in to the chapel?"

"Surely."

Natalie followed her through the coolness of the marble corridor, and as she advanced she was greeted by several of the nuns. They all knew and admired this charming young widow whose life had been so tragic. She had indeed devoted her time lavishly to the convent. She had beautified the chapel and grounds, given financial aid for the missionary work, and sent luxuriant bouquets every day for the altar. Only that morning had come dozens of calla lilies for the following day which was Easter. Meanwhile, Natalie prayed fervently before the high altar for the repose of the soul of Philip. A great loneliness had assailed her with the departure of Kenneth, and she bent her head disconsolately in her hands. Above, the sunlight poured in through the stained glass windows, and edged the lilies before the marble statue of the Blessed Virgin with gold. Natalie raised her streaming eyes, and tightly clasped her amethyst rosary. Disillusion, defeat, broken ideals seemed falling tumultuously upon her soul. What had she done to deserve such suffering? And then in her darkness she thought of Christ in Gethsemane, and seemed to hear the words, "Oh, Father, if it be Thy will let this chalice pass from me." Then came the picture of Calvary, and a moment later a glorious dawn and—Resurrection.

"Oh, God," prayed Natalie, "please, please lift this cross some time, and send Adrienne back. I know she is not dead. Let Kenneth find her, let her be happy, and out of my darkness give to her—the light."

And as she prayed it was as if someone stilled the wild conflict of her heart, and a voice like an echo of Philip's whispered, "Fear not, Natalie. Adrienne is well and happy. The time has not yet come for her to return."

And she rose and went forth from the fragrant stillness, her heart more peaceful than it had been for many months. And meanwhile at sea, Kenneth raised his eyes to the stars, and tried not to think of the phantom-like countenance of the woman whose grief he was unable to assuage.

* * * * *

It was the opening night at the opera in Paris. Ladies elaborately gowned had long since arrived with stalwart escorts, from

dinner parties in the gay hotels overlooking gleaming boulevards. Kenneth Aldington with a group of critics and producers observed the titled and jewelled audience with the indifference of long practice, and waited impatiently for the curtain to rise. He supposed, wearily, that he would receive his usual disappointment when the new prima donna finally made her appearance as Marguerite. "Faust" had always intrigued him, but the name of Adrienne De Vaclair, gleaming over the Bois, had drawn him with a magnetism that was almost supernatural. He turned to his companion, and as nonchalantly as possible asked:

"Who is this young singer? I have not heard of her before."

His friend gazed at him wonderingly, and replied:

"She is the daughter of Madame De Vaclair. She lived as a child in Morocco, and later she was educated in France and Switzerland. She generally vacationed on the Riviera. Her mother is very ambitious," he paused. "Wait, Ken, there is Madame De Vaclair now. She is just entering her loge. She is beautiful, is she not, but her daughter does not resemble her."

Kenneth was silent, but he stared fixedly at Yvonne De Vaclair until the curtain rose. She, utterly unconscious of his scrutiny, gazed raptly at the stage. What would Philip Sherrill think if he could see his daughter tonight! Ah! the years had flown swiftly since three benevolent sailors had conveyed him from the tiny storm-tossed fishing vessel, that he might die amid the luxury of her home in Morocco. It was then that he had forced from her lips the promise that, in the event of Adrienne's mother not being found, she and Pierre De Vaclair would accept the responsibility of Adrienne's future. He had died that night calling in delirium upon Natalie, and in that moment Yvonne had vowed that Adrienne would be hers alone. Through the succeeding years she had remained faithful to two of her promises. She had had Adrienne brought up as a devout Catholic, and had seen that she kept the jade necklace which Philip had said would be her talisman even as it was Natalie's. The third promise concerning Natalie she forgot. As far as she was concerned Natalie Sherrill was dead, and thus she persuaded her husband to legally adopt Adrienne. So it was that the child grew up as Adrienne De Vaclair, dominated by the jealous love of this woman whom she regarded as her mother.

As the opera commenced, two people with wildly beating hearts gazed with admiration at the young prima donna. Yvonne observed her with triumph, and Kenneth with the tumult of conflicting emotions springing from doubt and incredulity. For indeed it seemed to him as if Natalie herself stood on the shadowy stage, flinging her glorious voice, as she had done so many times, through the great opera. This new prima donna was the image of Natalie, before the China Sea had broken her heart, and suddenly as Adrienne launched into the "Jewel Aria," it dawned on him what this discovery would mean, if Adrienne De Vauclair proved to be really Adrienne Sherrill. When the opera was finished he heard with delight the comments of the audience declaring that Adrienne was an artist. He turned to his friend.

"I should like to meet her," he said.

"I will introduce you."

A short time later outside her dressing-room that overflowed with congratulatory bouquets, Kenneth met Adrienne De Vauclair. He glanced at her swiftly, at her green satin gown, her dark hair, her flashing brown eyes, and suddenly his stupefied gaze fell upon the necklace of jade that she wore around her throat. In that moment his brain reeled for he knew that he was looking at—Adrienne Sherrill. Somehow he stammered a compliment, his face white, his head whirling. In a daze he accepted Madame De Vauclair's invitation to join their supper-party. Yvonne had shrewdly recognized him as a power in the operatic world, and considered his friendship advantageous for Adrienne. She did not know that for the remainder of her life she would regret her impulsive invitation. As for Adrienne she could only stare at him with a slight tremor. Somewhere, sometime, she had seen this man, and a feeling of friendliness toward him engulfed her. She sat next to him in the brilliant café forgetful that she was a celebrity, and that everyone was staring at her. Instead, she was deeply engrossed in hearing Kenneth's descriptions of the Far East.

"I should love to travel there, China, Japan, India."

"Perhaps you will," said Kenneth glancing at her. Adrienne's face paled, and she was glad when Jean asked her to dance.

While they were dancing, Kenneth asked Yvonne:

"I understand you lived in Morocco?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you never heard of a man named Philip Sherrill? His wife, Natalie, was also an opera star."

Yvonne's face whitened perceptibly.

"I—don't understand."

"They had a daughter named Adrienne who mysteriously disappeared after her parents were separated by a wreck at sea."

"Truly, Mr. Aldington," said Yvonne, trembling, "I do not understand how I should know these people."

Kenneth continued inexorably.

"I'm afraid you do understand, madame. You see I happen to know that Mademoiselle is really that same Adrienne who was lost." He drew forth the other half of the necklace, and as Yvonne started anxiously, he said, "This belongs to Natalie Sherrill. Mademoiselle is wearing the duplicate this evening, which proves, I think, quite conclusively, that you have no further right to another woman's child."

At the mention of Natalie, Yvonne's eyes flashed with jealousy.

"You can't take her, she is mine. I have educated her, lavished wealth upon her. It is because of me that she is famous tonight." Her lips trembled. "Oh, Mr. Aldington, I beseech you, do not take her away from me. She is all—I have. I want her so."

"Yes," said Kenneth, "Natalie wants her, too. Through all the years, while you have been enjoying her, Natalie has lived in China like a recluse, hoping, praying, that one day Adrienne would be returned to her."

"Say no more," cried Yvonne, and then, softly, "I can't bear it."

Kenneth put his hand on hers.

"Madame, will you tell Adrienne the truth about her identity? You owe it to Adrienne, even though you don't think you owe it to her mother."

She raised her head slowly.

"Very well, I shall see that—she knows her true mother."

"Thank you, madame, you are being—very brave."

* * * * *

It was again Easter, and Natalie Sherrill with a heart overflowing with gratitude, knelt in the twilight glow at Benediction, and once more gave thanks for the telegram that three months before had restored to her her life. The calla lilies, white as the Host in

the gleaming monstrosity, waved gently in the incense-tinged atmosphere as she thought that in tomorrow's dawning would come the resurrection of her suffering, for tomorrow Kenneth and Adrienne would arrive in China. She thought, too, of that other Easter so many years before, when she had received the first glimmer of hope, that hope that tomorrow would be fulfilled.

Early the next morning after High Mass, she went into her garden that was gorgeous with flaming mimosas, banyans, palms, towering above pink and yellow roses. Natalie sat on the terrace, and gazed toward the harbor, listening meanwhile to the chattering of the coolies in the street. At last a steamer appeared on the horizon like a white bird, came gradually nearer, and presently sailed down the harbor. Natalie rushed to the garden-wall with a choking cry. It was the "Empress of Canada," the ship on which Adrienne and Kenneth had embarked. Involuntarily she sank to her knees on the soft Chinese soil.

"Oh, God," she prayed, "oh, God, I thank you."

Two hours later a riksha drew up to her front entrance. Natalie rushed to her heavily-draped windows and pulled the hangings aside. Then she gave a soft laugh of delight. Outside stood Kenneth and a slim, tall, dark-haired girl in a green sports suit with a jade necklace around her neck. Natalie stared. Was this beautiful young celebrity her five-year-old Adrienne? She could only wait unbelievably as Tai-Ming flung open the door and announced "Miss Sherrill" and "Mr. Aldington." But Adrienne did not wait for him to finish the announcement. She flung herself upon Natalie.

"Oh, my mother—my long lost mother!"

"Adrienne," cried Natalie, "oh, darling, is it really you?"

"Yes," said Adrienne when she was calm enough to speak, "and I shall remain with you always."

They both turned to Kenneth.

"Oh, Kenneth," said Natalie, "you have brought her back. What can I ever say?"

He flashed her a smile.

"Natalie, you look marvelous. What do you think of your daughter? She is a second edition of you. Adrienne is famous."

"Never mind that now," said Adrienne, "it is all over, because mother and I are going home to San Francisco, aren't we, mother?"

"But, Adrienne, your career——"

"You are my career now," said Adrienne, and Natalie could only glance at her tremblingly.

That afternoon before Benediction, Natalie introduced Adrienne to the nuns who had been so kind to her. The next two weeks were spent in sight-seeing tours for Adrienne's benefit. Kenneth and Natalie showed her the narrow streets of the Chinese Quarter, and pagodas, where beautiful Chinese ladies with ivory fans sang ancient oriental melodies accompanied by queer instruments. They even visited Macao, "The Monte Carlo" of the East. Two weeks later, Natalie and Adrienne heard their last Mass at the convent, and affectionately bade farewell to the nuns. At sunset they sailed on the "S.S. President Coolidge" for San Francisco where they were to meet Yvonne. With Kenneth they stood on deck, and while the ship's orchestra played Bizet's suite "L'Arlesienne," they glanced at China for the last time. The sun was setting in memorable shades of rose and amber behind the purple mountains of Hong-Kong, and as they sailed down the harbor that was ornate with junks and sampans, the stars came out and the ocean breeze whipped the color into Natalie's pale cheeks. At last Hong-Kong was left behind and Natalie, raising her eyes to the starlit heavens, gave a cry of joy.

"Look, Kenneth and Adrienne," she exclaimed, and looking, both emitted a joyful laugh. Moonbeams, like a silver waterfall, were gleaming over the China Sea.

BLESSED MOTHER JULIA

Cornelia E. Sheehan, '36

God chose a maiden strong in faith
And tempered her with trial,
He showed her how to do His will,
To suffer and to smile.

She learned the lesson which He taught,
The ecstasy of pain,
And suffered for a cause beloved
His blessing to attain.

God chose a maiden strong in love
And dowered her with grace,
That she in suffering might find
The glory of His face.

A CONTRAST

ODA McCLURE '35

THE exhibition of paintings by the Independent French Artists of the nineteenth century being held at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is both interesting and instructive:—two adjectives which do not necessarily combine, unfortunately!

The group of paintings now on display includes many canvases worthy of special mention, among them "The Rag Man" and "The Railroad" by Manet, whose vivid psychological studies are indeed remarkable; "The Ballet Dancers" and "Après le bain" by Degas; "The Laundress" by Daumier; "Boats at Argenteuil" by Monet; "Boulevard Montmartre, matin d'hiver" by Pissaro; "Place du Parvis" by Raffaelli, and several others.

But it is to one of Renoir's lovely landscapes that I give my vote of sincerest appreciation. "La Seine à Chatou" is the simple and inexpressive title of the chosen canvas,—I say "inexpressive" because the word in no way conveys a true idea of the refreshing charm of the picture.

Renoir has captured and exquisitely represented the very spirit of a country scene on a cheerful spring day. The Seine flows gently along, mirroring in its greenish waters the delicate beauty of a flowering cherry tree. Faintly visible in the tall marsh grass along the banks of the river is traced a narrow path worn by the lagging feet of happily dreaming lovers. And over this peaceful scene there smiles a kindly sky, of that particularly unnameable blue peculiar to France.

The artist has admirably accomplished his purpose, which he holds in common with the other impressionists: that of evoking objects or persons through the effect which they produce. The precision of detail is sacrificed only to enhance the expressive value of

the whole. Thus it is not each blade of grass, nor each individual bloom which draws the spectator, but rather the atmosphere which pervades the entire scene:—one of warm, caressing quiet which refreshes even as it lulls and soothes.

One of the chief merits of the picture lies in the colorful radiance of the various tints of green and pink, of which hues the picture is almost exclusively composed. The utter lack of play between lights and shadows sheds over the whole a sort of cheerful brightness which dazzles and bewilders. To achieve the final harmonious effect, Renoir uses that characteristic process of the impressionists known as "divisionism": the separation of each color into its different pigments and the application of them individually to obtain the desired tone. This results in a splotchy surface when viewed at close range, but when appreciated from a distance, the ensemble is most delightful. Our senses are most pleasantly stimulated, and a sigh escapes us, because fate prevents us from lolling dreamily in a boat,—or preferably a canoe,—and drifting lazily down the "Seine à Chatou."

However, if, to use the time-worn phrase, we turn "from the sublime to the ridiculous," let us consider one of Toulouse-Lautrec's caricatures. This artist is renowned for his ironic, not to say sardonic characterizations. Whatever may be his satirical abilities, the result can in no way merit the name of beauty.

A fine example of his technique can be found in "L'homme Canon-Caudieux, dans sa loge." The subject matter is by no means destined to elevate the thought nor to edify. There stands in all his glory a middle-aged man, with the proverbial paunch, attired in red shorts, occupied in the questionable art of shaving before a none-too-perfect mirror. What a subject for art! Then, too, the exaggeration of line and the flashing, garish colors shock most disagreeably. If we get any enjoyment at all from the picture, it is of the same quality that would be derived from a clever cartoon. But practically every rule of aesthetics is therein violated, so that if art is synonymous with beauty, this production of Toulouse-Lautrec cannot be dignified by the name "art."

Despite the very evident difference of purpose and of inspiration revealed by the work of these artists, they nevertheless share certain ideals which distinguish them from both the Classic and the Romantic schools, and which label them as belonging to the Impres-

sionist group. Indeed, their common ambition was to effect a complete severance from the prevailing formalism, and to forsake the realms of idealism, in order to direct their attention to the everyday phases of life. It was, in reality, a reaction toward realism in the field of art, parallel to that taking place in the field of literature.

So it is that Renoir, who is described as "ivre de soleil," and Toulouse-Lautrec, the bitter satirist, work in sympathetic union for the common cause of revolutionizing the art of painting, and it must be admitted that each in his own individual way has done much in putting into execution the theories propounded by the French independents of the nineteenth century.

E A S T E R

Mary Rafferty '36

From seeming death to life
So runs the course of seasons.
Winter—
The death of all the beauty in the woods;
A time of waiting, watching, hoping,
Then Spring!
The birth of all the beauty in the woods;
Beauty of life and color
From seeming barrenness has come.

So pass the seasons of the soul
Lent—
A time of musing for the soul
Waiting—longing, hoping,
A time of deep regret,
Of sorrows and of tears;
Easter!
The birth of hope and light;
The dawn of all the beauty
Fostered in the soul
Through weeks of seeming barrenness.

CHAPEL ETCHINGS

MID-MORNING

CORNELIA SHEEHAN '36

A faint odor of incense pervades the chapel even at this hour. Several students are present, some kneeling pensively, their faces sobered with reflection, their rosaries slipping between their fingers. Two others make the Way of the Cross, carefully tiptoeing their round in reverence. The sun has not yet reached its zenith and its glow turns the southern windows to flaming glory, sharply defining their design, turning their amber background to gold. The more brilliant colors, brought out in fullest beauty, are reflected in softer more indistinct motifs on the marble floor. Now and again the two making the Way of the Cross pass beneath the softened beam, and well known features become wondrously transformed, cheek, hair, and eye touched with a glory that is unearthly. The altar with its slender spire stands revealed in all its quiet dignity, the gold of its adornments glinting in subdued splendor. High up in the organ loft, a student begins to practise a Requiem Mass, and the tender pathos of melody seems to blend and become part of the glory pouring through the southern windows. Through the muted melody comes the clear, sweet chime of a clock announcing the hour; the sacristan arranges great sheaves of calla lilies in tall gold vases on either side of the altar. The picture is complete. Soon the sun moves on, the music ceases, the flowers become vague shadows in the flickering light of a little lamp, but the worshipers remain in adoration.

LATE AFTERNOON

MARY RAFFERTY '36

Benediction is over. The priest has left the altar. Only a few moments for quiet reflection remain. The chapel is in semi-gloom,—

the stained-glass windows that so gloriously reflect the sun's sparkle early in the day now are only darkly glowing. The red and blue vigils from the side altars gleam like rare jewels in the kindly gloom. The altar is a symphony of white and gold. The statue of Mary, chastely white, is softened and tinted with mellow candleglow that illuminates the golden crown so majestically poised on her head. The main altar is aglow with lights—waxen white candles tipped with golden fire.

Silence reigns for a few unparalleled seconds; then the rich tones of the organ break the spell, and soon the appealing strains ring out, haunting the twilight hour. "Good night, sweet Jesus." Heads that have been bowed in silent adoration are raised for a moment of attention, then bowed again as if to re-echo the prayer in their hearts. The golden voice continues:

"Grant that each day
Of our lives mortal
Thus pass away."

Would that they might—that this mood of quiet and perfect peace could last—that this golden voice could sing on forever, seeming like a faint echo of heavenly choirs—such moments are so rare. Here, away from all care and worry, from petty exactions—only peace, serenity, and an exquisite feeling of the reality of the Divine Jesus steals over one, filling the heart with hopes and thoughts too intangible for expression. Prayer, here, is not a matter of words, but a feeling, intense and real, with the soul echoing the beauty of the hymn.

High resolves are born in the soul, for now self-denial and sacrifice seem easy, face to face in an exquisite intimacy with the Divine Heart. Then the last words fading away on the ever-darkening space—

"Good night, sweet Jesus,
Good night, good night."

Lights flash on. Chapel is soon emptied. The everyday business of life is on again—gathering books, running for buses—the mood is gone—but its memory is still in the heart and the fruit of those blissful moments will not soon perish.

DUSK

HELEN ANNE LYONS '36

Twilight throws its veil of dusk and shadow over the college shrouding all in a gray mist. Dots of light glimmer faintly from the nearby building like fireflies on a summer night.

Particularly in the chapel is this shade effective. In the semi-darkness there is a mysterious yet irresistible vagueness, a sort of magical enchantment. The pews are merely long shadows heightened at various intervals by a kneeling figure intent on prayer. The pale glow of the vigil light adds the one touch of vivid color to the scene. Before the other shrines candles flicker unceasingly, vibrating like a human heart. Feeble gleams of light pierce the stained glassed windows imparting to them an ethereal haziness and only etching the outline of the chapel. Now and then the perfect stillness is broken by the intermittent opening and closing of the door when some Sister enters quietly to pray. The jingle of beads relieves the calm and quietness. Often a student comes in to pay a last visit before returning home. A few moments passed in adoration and thanksgiving and then a whispered good-bye to the Eternal Watcher, the Prisoner of Love. Here is perfect solitude, humanly speaking yet perfect friendship and understanding, spiritually considered.

The shadows lengthen and gradually envelop all with an impenetrable covering. The flame within the red globe is like the color of the Precious Blood, its little ray accentuated and marked by the lowering darkness. Finally, a few lights go on, dispelling the gloom before it becomes oppressive, and sending abroad a cheerful brightness but at the same time taking away that elusive charm of twilight. With the added illumination, seems to come movement and sound. Footsteps are heard, the slight swishing of skirts, and, in general, an indication of activity which is pronounced after the too short yet most peaceful period of dusk. Twilight has merged into night and thus passes that precious time when our chapel mysteriously breathes forth the true spirit of Emmanuel, God With Us.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

CANTABRIGIANA

MARTHA BOWERS DOHERTY '35

“Know old Cambridge?
Hope you do.
Born there? Don't say so!
I was, too.”

At last, opportunity knocks, and cognizant of the adage, I clutch at the possibility of an audience—interested or uninterested, I know not—to which I can point out the historical points of New-towne (better known as Cambridge) per media of my ancestors. (Ah! even as I utter the terrible word, I feel many of you hastily closing the *ETHOS* with a shudder and grasping a worn copy of the *Anabasis* rather than undergo the torture of listening for the *n*th time to the genealogy of my family tree.)

I'll be pleased to meet you on the Common at nine o'clock some sunny spring morning. Wear comfortable brogues; swing a walking stick; and come equipped with a note-book and an open mind. But while you are waiting for me, be careful where you step—keep to the walks, please—for years ago the Porter family, the most belligerent of my ancestors (of revolutionary, real estate, beefsteak, memorial square, and railway terminal—but not red-cap—fame) used this acreage for bovine pasture-land. George Washington trod its paths in a minute but proud review of his patriotic minute-men in the days of '76 after Paul Revere's friend had hung the two burning lamps in the belfrey of the Old North Church.

If you will care to step across Garden Street for a moment I'll take you into Christ Church and point out our first President's pew which he regularly occupied during his generalship of the Continental Army. The convert, Dr. Spaulding, was once pastor here. Coming out and proceeding up Garden Street we shall see the site of the Washington Elm—the tree which stood one hundred and fifty

years ago, proud of the protection it had given the father of the United States on the day he assumed the position of commander-in-chief of the troops. Here again you are going to be besieged by the spirits of my ancestors, for my grand-dad's greatest moments of personal pride were those in which he could tell of his position as head of the parks and horticultural department of the city when he chose to protect, as his private charge, the graceful New England elm in its last years. About ten years ago a thunderstorm caused its long-threatened fall, and pieces of its wood were sent to the forty-eight state legislatures. A scion now grows on the Common. We will pass the marble slab indicating its former growing place and stroll down Mason to Brattle Street, where my grandmother was born.

And here I hardly know where to begin—for nearly every house on this winding road has a thrilling history, nearly every chimney top tells the political persuasion of its Revolutionary owner. Those with the yellow chimneys were the brave rebels; those with the white and black were the British Tories. On the left at the corner of Hawthorne is that rambling yellow home of the Vassals whose family story is read on the plaque outside.

Diagonally across Brattle Street is the most visited, most pictured home in America, known as Craigie House. In 1837 the poet Longfellow established himself in Cambridge as a professor at Harvard and found quarters in the historic house where Washington's headquarters had been during the siege of Boston. At the time it was owned and occupied by Mrs. Andrew Craigie, widow of the distinguished Revolutionary veteran who bore the rank of Apothecary-General. The poet at his marriage became the owner of the estate through the gift of his father-in-law, and from then on it became the principal point of interest in Greater Boston.

Next door to Craigie House lived the Richard Henry Danas—family of the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*—whose son married Edith with golden hair, and whose daughter, Mrs. Henrietta Dana Skinner, embraced the Catholic faith and wrote such sweet stories as *Espiritu Sancto* and *Echoes From Parnassus*. Laughing Allegra also married a neighbor and occupied the beautiful house next to the Danas.

Hurrying along and crossing Sparks Street (named for Jared Sparks, the foundling who became president of Harvard) we shall

pause before the colonial mansion whose stately Georgian doors locked within the charming Lady Riedesal—a prisoner of war—whose message of distress written on the window with her diamond ring makes a romantic tale.

A few steps more and we reach the quaintest home on the street—the Nichols House—built in 1660. It is a large, oblong, picturesque dwelling-place which claims the distinction of being Brattle Street's first home.

I know you are going to be reluctant to leave our lovely old street and I am sorry I cannot take you to more of the homes there—as, to Scudder's, the historian, whose house is now owned by a Trinity A.B., Emmanuel A.M., or to the dwelling of the late President Charles Eliot of Harvard, eminent educator, or to the Village Smithy under the spreading chestnut tree. But we must see where Henry Lee Higginson and Oliver Wendell Holmes lived and wrote, and the estate of James Russell Lowell (earlier belonging to Elbridge Gerry the second vice-president of the United States) with whose lines from the *Vision of Sir Launfal* we are inclined to agree: "What is so rare as a day in June," if we know Lowell Memorial Park in June. Then, there is the oldest landmark in America on the banks of the Charles—the legendary, perhaps (though many Cantabrigians would be indignant if they heard me say that) landing point of Lief Ericson in the year 1000.

Since you are to be a visitor to Cambridge, I know you'll ask to see the glass flowers at the Agassiz Museum—and they really are treasures. But if I begin to point out Harvard's thousands of antiquities which she has collected since her establishment in 1636 twenty-four years before my first forefathers came to Cambridge (Oh! you thought that I had forgotten that obsession?) then you would have to spend a few weeks with me. I should really like that, but possibly you would not, for I still can ramble on about porter-house steaks, and the Bowers family's deeds of heroism in the Revolutionary and Civil Wars—why, my great grand-dad was captain of the guns on Old Ironsides, figured meritoriously in the battle of Bull Run, achieved triumphs in the stirring days of '34, and—oh, I'm sorry—this is a tour of Cambridge, isn't it?

As a Catholic I am proud of my parish church, too—St. Peter's on Observatory Hill—the first Catholic church in the vicinity of Cambridge, Somerville, Belmont, Arlington, and Lexington. It was

built almost one hundred years ago and its parishioners came weekly in their little carriages from as great distances as fifteen miles to their Sunday Mass. Only a few steps from St. Peter's, those who wish may visit the mausoleum in Mount Auburn placed over the famous Mary Baker Eddy.

But it will be growing dark after so many peripatetic hours and perhaps you'll hunger for a porterhouse steak? Sorry, but I shall not have time to touch on the family skeletons, though doubtlessly in years to come my name will be uttered in a horrified whisper as the cause of all the egoism in the then living twig—the most terrible of all the bones. Such is fame! Such is the religion of the Hindus!

A BITTER SWEET REVERIE

AGNES HANDRAHAN '35

Inlaid upon the brilliantly jewelled mosaic or history-making New England are subdued squares of softly gleaming gold. Quaint and familiar scenes rise up phantom-like from their serene depths—puddingstones like giant raisin cakes, endlessly twisting cow paths long since graduated into avenues of utter sophistication, swiftly swirling herring runs, straggling dry walls meandering casually through green velvet meadows—all integral parts of our fascinating cross-section of the country. And everything pulsates with vibrant reminiscences! Under their memory-evoking influence, strange, unaccountable fancies have a way of cascading down upon you with a startling intensity and an overwhelming onrush that leaves you a trifle breathless.

This odd sensation swept over me the very moment I glimpsed a tiny Quaker cemetery through the protecting foliage of a staid old countryside. As my fingers lifted the rusty, creaking latch with deferential hesitancy, the unseen gate of dear forgotten days swung open, and memory after memory came tripping down the long vista of the years. From the hidden archives of time, the shadowy throng took shape in the radiant glory of a sunshiny afternoon.

Guided by these dim visions of a swiftly fading century, I felt like a mighty magician conjuring up a world of tremulous shadows.

The Meeting House, standing before me, which had, in true traditional manner, meekly accepted the severe buffetings of all weathers since 1706, began to echo the low, fluty voices of demure and decorous Friends. Up and down the narrow aisles of the adjoining burial ground trailed sombre grey figures in sober procession. With unobtrusive tread I followed in their wake, surreptitiously joining them in sorrowful tribute to their dearly cherished departed. In my prayerful pauses before moss-silkened graves, tragic semi-pictures were finely etched. On one small white marble slab was indelibly carved,

Pythagorus H.
Son of
James and Hannah B. West.
Died 10 month, 7, 1843
Age 2 years, 6 months, 8 days.

Leaving poor little Pythagorus, I ventured on, encountering the verdure-fringed resting place of James West and his two wives, James being a rather long-lived member of the West clan. On his right lies Hannah, who died at the age of 77 and on his left is entombed

Melinda
2nd wife of James West
and sister of Hannah his 1st wife
departed this life .
9 month, 8, 1881
Aged 77 years, 4 months, 8 days

Around me feathery ambassadors of peace fluttered drowsily but protectively. Ignoring their faintly resentful glances and their black beady eyes clouded with reproach I continued my ramblings.

And still farther on, under soil recently touched by the cool green skirts of Lady Spring reposes

Sophia Shepherd
died 2 month, 18, 1816
aged 20 years, 7 months
and infant daughter.

A lightning-like illumination of my presumptuousness abruptly checked further dreamy wanderings. What right had I to snatch away ruthlessly the misty veil which separated me from an earlier era, and mercilessly probe the pathetic secrets of these silent men and women. A wave of guilty remorse submerged me, and, repenting my thoughtless intrusion upon their quiet sleep, I resolved to creep softly away. Simultaneously with my sudden decision, there drifted down from the overhanging eaves of the Meeting House a gentle murmur, followed by deep penetrating stillness. The ever-watchful doves—faithful guardians that they were—nestled sleek little heads under warm eiderdown wings and slipped off into sweet slumbers once again.

COMING

Dorothea Gardner '36

Coming? The spring is coming!
The robins and bluebirds are here;
But the March wind blows,
And I hear crows
Cawing and clamoring near.

Coming? The flowers are coming!
The tulips have burst the ground,
And all in the woods
The arbutus buds
Peeping out from dead leaves are found.

Coming? Ah! what is coming?
The future we may not tell;
We never know
When the violets blow
Or the buds begin to swell,

Whether the summer that's coming
Shall bring to us joy or pain
If the fruit should start
With a worm at its heart,
The blossom had died in vain.

SPRING

MARY E. T. CURRAN '36

Spring has come to Emmanuel. A spirit of drowsiness invades the place and even the more energetic of the Freshmen have succumbed to the lethargizing influence. The annual back-to-Nature drive has begun—the cafeteria and the gym have been deserted for the “steps” and the campus. Libraries are vacated and studying (if any) is done under the open sky. What matter if an army of insects insist on walking across the very passage that you are trying to memorize, or is some light-hearted bird determined to distract you? The sun is in the heavens and that is all that matters.

How harmoniously the yellow of the forsythia blends with the green. No need to turn to the poets for descriptive scenes now. Spring has brought her treasures to us and unfolds them daily before our watchful eyes. Breathlessly we watch the sun cast its rays over the shimmering leaves of the poplars, turning the green to silver and the silver to a shower of sparkles. The air is filled with music and if we listen closely, melodic strains will beguile us with their charm. We hear it in the robin’s message; we feel it in the whispering winds. How aptly it is all summed up by the poet:

“If eyes were made for seeing
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.”

Classes have to be attended in all seasons and we leave the colors and the music for awhile and wonder again at their beauty when seen later. Spring is transient but the beauty and wonder of it is never ending.

E. C. ECHOES

In the college auditorium on Sunday, February twenty-fourth, the members of Le Cercle Louis Veuillot had the great pleasure of hearing Rev. Leonard Feeney, S.J., of Boston College, lecture on the subject of poetry. Father Feeney portrayed the poet distinctively as a workman, an interested participant in the affairs of everyday life, definitely unlike the flaring Byronic type that is usually associated with a poet. Father Feeney read several of his own poems, and the audience particularly appreciated the selection entitled, "The Donkey." Additional enjoyment was derived from once more hearing the beautiful voice of Margaret O'Connell, '32, in Italian, French, English and German selections. The songs rendered by this versatile singer were "Care Selve," "J'ai Pleuré en Rêve," "Since I First Met Thee," and "Allmächt'ge Jungfrau" from the opera, "Tannhäuser." We congratulate Le Cercle Louis Veuillot upon the success of this social function, and look forward with delight to the French play which will soon be presented by talented members of the Club.

The third meeting of the Literary Society was held February eighteenth when Mary Stanton, the President, cordially welcomed the new Freshmen members. Helen Attridge, '35, and Agnes Handrahan, '35, read very humorous and picturesque lists of expressions selected from contemporary authors. Evangeline Mercier, '35, contributed an excellent criticism of *Moor Born*, a play centering around the life and home of the Bronte Sisters. Agatha Maguire, '35, also gave an interesting summary and criticism of *The First Legion*, the successful play about the Jesuits by Emmett Lavery.

On Monday, March eighteenth, the last and most important meeting of the Society was held, at which the members had the

privilege of hearing Rev. Joseph F. Sullivan, S.J., Dean of Holy Cross College, give an eloquent discourse on *Catholic Emergence in Literature*. Father Sullivan's lecture was most illuminating, and was a fitting summary for the Literary Society's most memorable year.

During the scholastic season of 1934-35, the Musical Society has contributed in a most illustrious manner to the social functions of the college. During the Education Week Concert, November seventh, the Orpheus Club made a successful début under the direction of Elizabeth McNamara, '35, who rhythmically wielded her baton in the selection entitled, "Over the Waves." A vocal selection, "Down in the Forest," was sung by Mary Shannon, '36, accompanied by Gertrude Larkin, '36. Holzel's "Serenade" for clarinet, trumpet, saxophone, and piano were played by Catherine Flaherty, '36, Kathryn Barry, '36, Eleanor Fogerty, '36, and Gertrude Collins, '38.

At the Presentation Concert, November twenty-first, the beautiful selection, "In a Monastery Garden," was sung by Cornelia Sheehan, '36, with a violin obligato by Elizabeth McNamara, '35, and Anna Murphy, '37. "Sarabande-Handel," a 'cello solo was also played by Eleanor Fogerty, '36, accompanied by Mary Shannon, '36.

On Saturday, November twenty-fourth, the outstanding musical event of the year took place with the presentation of the operetta, *Ichabod Crane*. Playing to a record audience, the Glee Club transported us to the days of Little Old New York, when Washington Irving's Headless Horseman roamed the countryside. The title rôle was played by Katherine Flatley, '36, whose convincing portrayal of the eccentric Dutch schoolmaster will ever remain in our memory, as will also the character of Katrina, played with charming grace by Mary Salmon, '35. Brom Bones, Katrina's stalwart lover, was romantically portrayed by Gertrude Larkin, '36, while the rôle of Hendrick was eloquently enacted by Helen Goodwin, '36. The character of Wilhelmina was daintily interpreted by Mary Shannon, '36, while stern Mynheer Van Tassel was realistically depicted by Helen O'Connor, '38. Easy-going Vrou, conniving Aunt Hilda,

and obsequious David were excellently portrayed by Yolanda Lodie, '37, Alice Petteruti, '38, and Dorothy Fell, '38. There were several dance ensembles, including the Lords and Ladies of the Minuet, garbed in Revolutionary costumes of white and cerise, the Villagers in gay yellow and green, and the school-children in demure pink and blue. The dances were directed by Winifred M. Burdick, '35. The operetta itself was produced under the expert direction of Miss Jane Holland. The Orpheus Club, directed by Elizabeth McNamara, '35, furnished the incidental music.

On December sixteenth, the Glee Club was directed by Margaret Flanigan, '35, in a group of Christmas Carols for the entertainment of the Emmanuel League. Soloists were Mary Salmon, '35, Mary Horgan, '35, Rosemary McLaughlin, '38, and Esther Farrington, '38, accompanied by Margaret Flood, '38. Agnes McHugh, one of our talented alumnae, offered a harp selection entitled "Light From Heaven," while "Gesu Bambino" was sung by Mary Shannon, '36, with a violin obligato by Elizabeth McNamara, '35, Mary Connelly, '36, and Winifred Burdick, '35. During the Christmas season members of the Glee Club also sang carols in the play *A Love Christmas*, and the Liturgical Music Class sang the Gregorian Chant for a monastery scene in *The King's Jongleur*. Between the acts a trio selection was offered by Elizabeth McNamara, '35, Eleanor Fogerty, '36, and Gertrude Collins, '38.

During the Retreat in January, further selections were heard in the Gregorian Chant, sung by the choir.

On March seventh, at the concert in honor of Saint Thomas Aquinas, the Liturgical Music Class sang the hymn "Adoro Te," once more in the Gregorian Chant. Elizabeth McNamara, '35, played "Meditation," a violin composition by Massenet, accompanied by Anna Murphy, '37.

On March 20, Reverend Father Martin Harney, S. J., of Boston College presented an illustrated lecture to the members of the German Club. His subject was St. Peter Canisius. Some very interesting and instructive pictures were shown depicting the boy Canisius, the man Canisius, and the Saint Canisius. Father Harney extolled the work of Peter Canisius, who labored for forty years unceasingly in

the task of reclaiming heretics in Germany. He explained how the Saint composed a celebrated catechism on Christian Doctrine and how more than once he refuted the adversaries of the faith in public controversy. Father Harney said that just as Saint Boniface was the first Apostle of Germany, Saint Peter Canisius was the second, it seems as though Cardinal Vaulhaber will be its third.

Because of the coming canonization of Blessed Thomas More and Blessed John Fisher, this year they shared in the Saint Thomas Aquinas feast day program. Mary Rafferty, '36, The Sodality of read an original essay entitled "Blessed Thomas the Blessed Virgin More"; Mari-Elizabeth McCarthy, '36, recited her poem on "Saint Thomas Aquinas," and Elizabeth McNamara, '35, gave a violin solo.

We were a bit previous in honoring Saint Patrick, when on March 15, with the assistance of girls from the Dramatic and Musical Societies, a most pleasant program of Irish poetry and music was given. Two folk songs were played by an instrumental quintet, a "Song to Saint Patrick" by Mary Rose Connors, '30, was read by Mary Dunn, '37; Esther Farrington, '38, accompanied by Gertrude Larkin, '36, sang "The Low-Backed Car"; a selected story, "Robert Emmet," was read by Anastasia Kirby, '35; and "Londonderry Air" was played by a trio composed of Kathryn Barry, '36, Eleanor Fogarty, '36, and Winifred Burdick, '35.

The members of the Catholic Interest Committee, under the chairmanship of Agatha Maguire, '35, and assisted by the Catholic Literature Committee, of which Mary O'Brien, '35, is chairman, distributed over three hundred issues of *The Catholic Worker* to the students. The interest in the publication is very gratifying and the Catholics Action Groups are pleased to realize that they have been the means of introducing *The Catholic Worker* and its staff to so many students.

Through the suggestion of some Seniors, the Feast of Blessed Mother Julia began with Holy Mass, celebrated by the Reverend John J. Lynch, S.T.L., Sodality chaplain. An appropriate program of music, poetry and prose was presented at assembly. A survey of the life of Blessed Julie Billiart was given by Martha Doherty, '35; an instrumental quartet, composed of Eleanor Fogarty, '36.

Mary Connolly, '36, Kathryn Devane, '37, and Elizabeth McNamara, '35, played "Meditation"; Elinore Wallace, '35, read a poem by Mary Barrow, '33; "The Cross at Compiegne" was sung by a group of Seniors; and Cornelia Sheehan, '36, read her original poem on "Mere Julie."

On Monday, April eighth, a meeting of the Classical Society was held at three-forty. Senior members presented a dramatic reading of the comedy, *The Menaechmi* written by Plautus, and the source of Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*. Those taking part were: Margaret McBrien, Helen Kelleher, Dorothea McDonald, Helen Attridge, Ethel Kelleher, Helen Syran, Anne McMurrer, Anna G. McCarthy, Mary Lukaszek, and Helen McGettrick. The play, directed by Sister Wilfrid, presented a picture of the colloquial language of the day in Rome.

On Monday, April first, the Foreign Mission Society, conducted a "cruise" on the S.S. Emmanuella. The crew consisted of members of the Freshman Class, while the passenger list included the upper classes. Many countries were visited, among them Ireland, Italy, Spain, and France. The S.S. Emmanuella returned on the same day without a single case of seasickness. It was pronounced a most successful undertaking of the Foreign Mission Society and congratulations are due the Freshmen for a delightful voyage.

The last meeting of the Athletic Association was held on March twenty-seventh, and took the form of a ping-pong contest between Phyllis Drew and Mary Stanton. The girls played three sets, according to the tennis rules, and Mary Stanton was the winner. Have you ever watched a ball fly back and forth across a table—especially a red ball? It has rather a dizzying effect, but except for that, and the "almost" calamity when Mary fell—it was great fun.

The Historical Society held another meeting early in March. The feature of the meeting was a spirited debate in which Senior members participated. The subject of the debate was, Resolved: that the annual federal subsidy should be granted to secondary education. The affirmative was upheld by Marguerite Carr, Mary Stanton, and Eleanor O'Brien; the negative by Helen Attridge, Winifred Burdick, and Mary Castelli. The officers of the Society, Frances Reardon, Grace Doherty, and Ida Donovan, were the judges and awarded the decision to the affirmative. All the debaters received E. C. arm bands while Miss Castelli, adjudged the best speaker, was honored with a special award of an Emmanuel banner.

Notable among the activities of the Historical Society was the visit to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The members were eager to avail themselves of the opportunity of viewing and appreciating the beautiful Egyptian art treasures. As we go to press the Society is looking forward to a lecture to be given on April tenth, by the Reverend Robert Lord, vice-rector of Saint John's Seminary, Brighton, on the subject, "Some Leaders of the Catholic Reformation."

The Spanish Club held its meeting on Wednesday, April third. Mary Rafferty presented an interesting report of Agnes Repplier's book, *Fray Junipero Serro*. Two Spanish folk songs, *La Galandrina* and *La Violetera*, were offered by Yolanda Lodi. All members of the club joined in playing games consisting of the matching up of famous Spanish names. Appropriate prizes were awarded the winners.

The Dramatic Society presented its Lenten drama, *Calvary*, by William Lamers, on Saturday, April sixth, to a capacity audience from the junior and senior high schools, and on Sunday, April seventh, to the parents and friends of the students. The cast included Anastasia Kirby, '35, Evangeline Mercier, '35, Martha Doherty, '35, Dorothea McDonald, '35, Marguerite Carr, '35, Mary

Vaas, '35, Helen Goodwin, '36, Rita Guthrie, '36, Frances Carr, '36, Martha Buckley, '37, Mary Dunn, '37, Alice Quartz, '37, Mary Farrell, '37, Gertrude Healey, '37, Ruth Gallagher, '37, Helen O'Connor, '38, Esther Farrington, '38, and Dorothy Cummings, '38. A group from the Liturgical Music Class, and a quintet from the Orpheus Club offered their talent for the musical effects.

The play was excellently and reverently presented before large and appreciative audiences. Through this success the Emmanuel College Dramatic Society has completed its scholarship! We congratulate the society and Miss Holland on their work.

The Emmanuel League held its annual Coffee Party in the College gymnasium in mid-March. It was very successful due to the efforts of Mrs. James W. Carr, her assistants, The Emmanuel Mrs. Frederic J. Crosby and Mrs. John J. O'Neill, League and a large committee and members of the Senior class, the latter having decorated the gymnasium very tastefully for the occasion. The E. R. A. Symphony Orchestra furnished the entertainment at the regular March meeting, while the Fordham Glee Club made a tremendous success the following month.

All the tables were taken for the luncheon and bridge at the Colonial Cooking Club on Easter Tuesday and the committee in charge is hoping to have another large company in the gymnasium on the thirteenth of May when the monthly bridge will be on the lines of the recent coffee party. Mrs. D. J. Langlois of Dorchester is chairman of the committee in charge.

The annual Communion breakfast will take place at the College on May nineteenth, and efforts are being made to interest a large number, especially mothers and relatives of the students. Mrs. John J. Attridge is in charge with Mrs. Walter Doherty, vice chairman. Miss Marie J. McKey will be toastmistress.

ALUMNAE NOTES

CLASS OF 1930

Eileen Meany was recently appointed head of the application department at the Joy Street offices of the E. R. A. in Boston.

CLASS OF 1932

Ruth Ellis is teaching at the Glenwood School in Malden.

MARRIAGES

Mary McMahon, '28, to Mr. George Bowker.

Lucy Perry, '31, to Mr. James Jordan.

CONGRATULATIONS

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Delay (Mary McInnis, '26) on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Bourgeois (Juliette Marin, '27) on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Breen (Etheldreda McKenna, '27) on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Culley (Florence Dures, '29) on the birth of a son.

Most gratifying news has recently been announced to the Alumnae Association by our President, Mrs. Daniel Sheehan (Marion McDonald, '25). At a recent meeting we learned that the Alumnae Association of the Notre Dame Academy, Roxbury, has this year established at Emmanuel a full scholarship fund of six thousand dollars. The meeting unanimously adopted a resolution of thanks to the Roxbury Alumnae for their generosity and devotion to Emmanuel and to Catholic Education.

The annual day of recollection for all Alumnae was held at the college on Sunday, March 10. Elinor Rich, '31, was chairman for the day, and the speaker at the conferences was Reverend Charles O'Brien, S.J., of Boston College.

On Mother's Day, May 12, the Alumnae Association will present the distinguished, internationally known lecturer, Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., in the auditorium of the college. This happy combination of date and speaker should inspire all Emmanuel girls to register a firm resolve not to miss the opportunity of hearing Monsignor Sheen during this, his only appearance in Boston this year.

IN CHRISTO QUIESCENTES

Mrs. Martha G. Gardner, mother of Dorothea Gardner, '36.

Thomas Dalton, brother of Olive Dalton, '36.

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Baccalaureate Sermon

Our Catholic Philosophy of Life

Reverend John J. Lynch
M.A., S.T.L., J. C.L.

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice. St. Luke xii, 31.

The closing days of a college career are memorable days, not only for those who are receiving the merited honor of the baccalaureate degree, but also for the parents, friends, and teachers who have helped them through the years. We shall remember these days as days of congratulation for work well done; days of gratitude for hopes fulfilled; days bright with promise for the years to come.

In this season of academic commencements, joy and gratitude and the elation of success are in the hearts of hundreds of young men and women who are bidding farewell to college halls. For graduates of a Catholic college like Emmanuel, the cup of joy and gratitude and humble triumph should be full to overflowing. They have received and they possess not only an education equal to the best, but also an education inspired by the Catholic philosophy of life and hallowed by that God-given religion which has been for twenty centuries the teacher of the millions.

Have we ever given due attention to the fact that for thousands of people in the world around us, human life is a puzzle, a hopeless puzzle which seems to baffle understanding? What is the meaning and purpose of life? Why am I here? What is my destiny? Because they have not found the answer to these unavoidable questions, thousands every year seek to end a troubled existence by self-destruction; while other thousands follow the easy but fatal maxim: Eat, drink, and indulge the senses to the utmost, for tomorrow we shall die and shall be no more. With no vision of immortality or eternity, they try to make time pay to the uttermost. But what it pays for proves to be bitter. Is it any wonder that the world in spite of its progress, science and learning, is amazingly troubled and dissatisfied?

Although we Catholics live and move and die in such a world, we are different from the puzzled multitude. We have a divinely simple philosophy of life which makes our existence on earth as

simple and clear as a straight line. By sheer logic we put first things first. It was the Divine Teacher of mankind who said: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice." This is the briefest possible statement of our Catholic philosophy of life, the philosophy which inspires and directs and necessitates Catholic education.

Most of us are acquainted with many in that multitude of people around us who are so busy with the interests and pleasures of passing life that they have no time for God or for the conscious service of God through the practice of religion, justice and charity. Their energies are devoted entirely to seeking the things of this world.

But do not we likewise seek the desirable things of life? We Catholics know that there are many precious things in the world. We know that we are free to seek them, work for them, compete for them. But at the same time we know that the one most precious thing in the world for each of us is our immortal soul. The first and most important business of life is to secure the happiness of that soul for eternity. No matter what my place in life may be, no matter what may befall me, no matter what may happen in the world, my immortal soul must attain its eternal destiny. This is the core of our philosophy. It is the very reason for religion. It is the explanation of life itself.

Hence, in all things, in all the ramifications of life, we try to seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice. This is the higher law of self-preservation. Although it is self-seeking, it is not selfish. When a questioner asked Our Divine Lord what he must do to attain his eternal destiny, Jesus answered: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." We are, then, to attain our personal destiny through service of others; service of God through the practice of religion; service of others through the practice of justice and charity.

Our Catholic philosophy of life is, therefore, a philosophy of service to others. It inspires action. When the Sovereign Pontiff in recent times called upon us for Catholic Action, it was a call to service, service of others by spreading in a troubled world religion, justice and charity.

During these recent years, when millions have been suffering from the great plague of unemployment, the policies of our national government have corresponded most surprisingly with the ideals of

Christian justice, charity, and human welfare. This is a fact that cannot be denied, whatever be our economics or our politics. It is also a new and notable manifestation in our national life. The Catholic body in this country need no longer suffer from a minority complex. Catholic Action in behalf of the principles of social justice proclaimed by Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI, is evidently in tune with the spirit of the times, at least in our country. These principles which Catholic Action stands for are more alive and operative here today than ever before.

However, there is one department of our national life where the Christian philosophy of life is strangely undervalued and even ignored. That is the field of education. For Catholics, education does not mean merely knowledge and culture and efficiency for life. It means something additional and even more important. It means a peculiar cultivation of character and ideals. It means developing moral fibre and fidelity to conscience. It means growth in appreciation of our responsibilities to our fellowmen and to the God who gave us life. These things are of supreme value. They cannot be inculcated successfully except under the aegis of religion. Religion alone offers a compelling sanction for right living. Religion is the only power in existence which can reach down into the innermost conscience of a human being and out beyond the bounds of time and death to reward or punish.

This is why the Church of Christ has the duty of watching over the education of her children. Secular education was powerless to save the Rome of the Caesars, which was also the cultured Rome of Cicero, Horace and Virgil. Mere culture could not perpetuate the glory of Athens. Something more is necessary. If our nation is to endure, its youth must be taught accountability to God. They must recognize in God's commandments their directing compass for the voyage of life. They must learn and practise that Christian justice and charity which see in other human beings not mere competitors in the struggle for existence, but human souls redeemed by the Divine Savior of men. These things, so fundamental and so precious to us, no longer have place in the curriculum of purely secular education. Therefore the Church of Christ is forced to carry on the expensive task of providing education inspired and directed by the Catholic philosophy of life.

The Christian higher education that is yours, is something for which you owe supreme gratitude. It is only a truism to say that

the Sisters of Notre Dame who have taught you are recognized today in America no less than in Europe, as unsurpassed in their field of education. All the gratitude and devotion and loyalty that you can give them will not begin to pay your debt to them. Their service to you is beyond price and beyond reward.

The education which they have given you is a precious possession, but it is also one which places on you burdens and responsibilities which do not fall on the multitude. The world expects a great deal from the woman who is a graduate of a Catholic college. The world will be quick and bitter in criticism if one does not live up to high ideals, especially the Christian ideal of service of others.

No one can acquire high position or wealth or superior learning without the help and cooperation of others. Only the incurable egotist is vain enough to proclaim himself self-made. Only such a one considers himself free to live for his own interests and his own pleasure without regard to the welfare of others. As we have received, so should we give. Service of others, not only our own people, but also the many others we shall meet who are in need of our kindness, our teaching, our leadership, our cooperation—this is the highest law for those who possess the riches of higher education. Service of others in these ways is part of the law of charity, and charity is the supreme law.

All this we have learned during the years now ended. Henceforth we have only to persevere along these lines by our own efforts. Perseverance is a power forever. More especially is it necessary that in the present earlier stages of our career, the stream of life should forge ahead with the fearless, energetic perseverance of the mountain current which refuses sturdily to be blocked or slowed down or turned aside from the channel it is cutting.

Let us face our life tasks as characters, strong, constant and ready; who act from conscientious conviction and determined will; who are ready to make high and generous resolutions and able to persevere in them. The fact that perseverance and life itself may be hard does not daunt us. Armed with our Catholic philosophy of life, we are ready for whatever lies before us. No obstructing rocks or shoals shall be allowed to block or slow down our life stream. But we shall move onward with steady, constant perseverance until we shall come to the river's end, to the crossing of the bar, and pass out into the ocean of eternity.

SAINT THOMAS MORE

MARY CASTELLI '35

THE year 1935, among other anniversaries, marks the fourth centenary of the martyrdom of Thomas More, Chancellor of England. It would seem that God in His holy Providence had designed to have the canonization of this great English Catholic layman brought to a triumphant close during the month of May. For many reasons this is most fitting as May is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary; and Thomas More had a special devotion to her, as did everyone else in England,—so much so that Britain was known as “Mary’s Dower.”

Thomas More may well be a model for the Catholic layman of today. There is so much materialism rampant in modern life, so much corruption in law and politics and so few who have the attributes of More that he may be “the saint of the day.” Thomas More was born in London about 1478, the son of John More, a lawyer. At an early age he went to the household of Cardinal Morton, “To learn how to be great by being apprenticed to greatness.” Once, at a dinner, the old Cardinal turned to the notables that sat about his table, and remarked: “This child, waiting at the table, whoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvelous man.” He did not know the truth of his words.

After spending two years at Oxford, where he distinguished himself in Latin and Greek, he went to London, and studied law at New Inn. His rise was rapid until in 1518 he was appointed Privy Councillor, and because of his increasing duties, he was forced to abandon the practice of law.

In his earlier life, he had been uncertain of his vocation, but he soon settled his mind by marrying Jane Colt. He had paid court to her younger sister but, when he saw the pain he caused Jane, he sympathized, and gave her his affection. After six happy years she died, leaving four small children but More settled this diffi-

culty by marrying a widow, Alice Middleton. There was some criticism because of the rapidity with which he acquired another wife, but when we realize that his children needed a mother, it is evident that such an act was expedient. According to all reports, however, his home life was happy and peaceful.

At court, More's rise was rapid, until in 1529, Henry VIII made him Lord Chancellor of the realm. It was a troubled time: Henry wanted to divorce Catherine in order to marry Anne Boleyn; there was delay at Rome, and when the answer came it was unfavorable. For such a man as More it must have been trying, yet he managed to continue in office until 1532, when he resigned because of ill health. After his refusal to recognize Henry VIII as head of the Church in England in 1534, he was martyred the following year.

In his day, Thomas More was outstanding as a lawyer, statesman, and scholar. It is not surprising that he was so successful at law for he was gifted with a remarkably brilliant intellect, a logical mind, and a ready wit. The people of London loved More, and readily took cognizance of his justice and honesty. In fact, the merchants of the city esteemed him so highly, that when they had difficulties with Flanders, they begged the king to send him to arbitrate their differences: they trusted him implicitly. One author remarks that at the last trial, the judges feared their prisoner, More, the lawyer.

During the twelve years of his state service, he discharged his duties conscientiously. Early, the king had recognized his qualities, and had earnestly begged Cardinal Wolsey to secure his talent for the country. Once, he was sent on a diplomatic mission to France and one of the parties wanted to obtain inside information, so he invited More to his home for dinner. Much to the foreigner's surprise, More managed to avoid successfully all questioning. When the Master called he was able to give an account of his stewardship—though he could be steward no longer.

Further, More was prominent as a scholar. At Oxford, he was most proficient in Latin and Greek. This love of the classics he carried through life, and imparted it in a large measure to his daughter, Margaret Roper. Thomas More studied because he loved to study—perhaps that is why he was so successful.

And yet for such a busy man, he had delightful human qualities. He is noted everywhere for his wit. Many a near catastrophe he prevented with his quick thinking. On one occasion, his wife much harassed and troubled, wrote to him that the barn burned, and he answered, "Be merry in God." More could afford to be merry and jest because his conscience was clear. As he went to death, the ladder was unsteady, and More told the executioner to hold the ladder while he mounted but that he would shift for himself coming down. It is said he had a capacity for friendship that was unusual. He loved his enemies as well as his friends, and bore malice toward none.

To us Catholics, although all these points are of interest, his most noteworthy quality is his spirituality. In the first place he was a practical Catholic. By his life he exemplified what he preached. He assisted at Mass daily; he fasted and abstained; and always before any important event he received Holy Communion. He spent Fridays in meditation and prayer on the Passion. And finally, like many another Englishman, he went on pilgrimages. He defended his Faith against heretics, and especially the new Protestant sects.

Thomas More had the right perspective and a sense of reflective values. He knew that the king was not the most important thing in his life, and he never hesitated to let the king know it. When he was assisting at Mass, the king sent for him, but More refused to leave the Mass. The king sent again for him, and a third time, but he did not leave until Mass was over. One of the courtiers rebuked him and told him that the king desired him on most urgent business; More replied that he was paying court to a greater and better Lord, and must perform that duty first. Accordingly he never lived to regret his allegiance, as Wolsey did: "If I had served my God, as I have my king, he would not have forsaken me in my hour of need." Though he was in the world, and dealt with the world, his outlook was above the world. He appreciated his success, but all things were only a means to an end—not an end in themselves. All was going to gain his end, or it was not. Whatever aided him to gain heaven was to be accepted, but whatever was contrary to that, he fled. He practised this principle all through life—that of putting God, and His kingdom before the world—and in his last hour, God gave him the grace of perseverance.

And above all, he was not compromising. Today people try to compromise their principles with those of the world. More did not go out seeking the king, but when he was summoned to take the oath, he refused to acknowledge Henry VIII as head of the Church in England. There was no flinching, nor hedging. More knew there was one answer and only one answer, and he did not hesitate to make that answer. Apparently everyone else took the oath—incidentally his beloved daughter, and the judges intimated that he was a fool. He could afford to be a fool, and I think the judges rather envied his courage, and piety, and faith.

Thomas More was great from the point of the world, and certainly he is a great saint in heaven. "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his immortal soul?" That was a pertinent question to More, and he answered it as the Catholic layman should. It will be to his everlasting credit that he acknowledged and confessed his faith in his Lord and his God.

TO A JAPANESE LILY

Cornelia Sheehan '36

Empress of flowerdom, queen of the garden
What brings the blush to your satin-smooth cheek?
Can it be modesty bids it change color,
Teaching proud beauty the way to be meek?
Or is it anger-bright color which glows there
Fretful of alien land and rude gaze?
Can it be fever-bright token of anguish,
Orient lily in Occident maze?
Rose-colored flower, bright queen of the garden
Was it the fiery sun in its might
Kissed your pale cheek in tempestuous ardor
Tingeing with color its virginal white?

SAINT JOHN FISHER

WINIFRED MARIE BURDICK '35

OUT of the poignant drama of the Middle Ages came an echo, on the nineteenth of May, that was truly redolent of that period when the pageant of Europe progressed in colorful pomp across the stage of history. I refer, of course, to the canonization of Blessed John Fisher which took place last month in the magnificent cathedral of Saint Peter's in Rome. The world had long awaited this remarkable demonstration which testified so eloquently to the Church's esteem for the English martyrs. Four hundred years had elapsed since the name of an Englishman had been enrolled among the annals of the saints, an unusual proceeding inasmuch as every other nation had contributed during these years, illustrious names to the assemblage of Heaven's elite. From the glorious epoch of the Roman persecutions, through the shadowed arches of the Dark Ages into the effulgence of the Renaissance they came along the flaming pathway, and finally emerged in the persons of Jogues and Breboeuf in the forests of North America. If imperial Rome had her Agnes and Cecilia, Spain her Ignatius and Theresa, France her Jeanne d'Arc, and Peru her Rose of Lima, why should not England have her Thomas More and John Fisher? We are honored in living in the century that has at last answered this long-debated question, and gratified, that it was during the pontificate of the reigning pontiff that this event took place. His Holiness, Pius XI, in speaking recently of these two martyrs, said:

"To Us is given the great grace of being the instrument for their supreme elevation to the honours of the Altar; supreme, because already preceded by their first elevation, an elevation made by the voice of the people, which at times is verily the voice of God, in the cult with which their two glorious tombs were honoured." The cult mentioned here means the "Beatification by Our illustrious predecessor, Leo XIII, of the two heroes and fifty-two other martyrs slain in the same cause."

John Fisher began his life amid the darkness of civil war, and ended it on the scaffold. He was born in Beverly, East Riding, Yorkshire, in 1459 during the reign of Henry the Seventh, and was the eldest son of Robert and Agnes Fisher. His father was a merchant, but he died while John was still very young, and soon after this event his mother re-married. As a boy, John Fisher was wearied rather than exhilarated by the adventure of the age in which he lived. He was saddened by the internal dissension in the ranks of the Christian princes which facilitated the inroads of the Mohammedans into Western Europe, and ironically enough, did not remain to witness the defense of Malta, and the victory of Spain's galleons at Lepanto, where Cervantes, the poet of the South, fought with the flower of Spanish knighthood, to repel effectively the Turk's advance into Christendom. John Fisher was, however, profoundly interested in the discovery of fabulous lands in far-off western seas, and he hailed with enthusiasm the advent of Columbus and Saint Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies. During this period he was extremely happy in the home of his step-father, and he entertained great affection for his step-sister, Elizabeth White, who later became a nun in the Dominican monastery of Dartford, and for whom he wrote two treatises while in prison.

His education began in the grammar school of Beverly, and as it was not unusual to enter the universities at the age of fourteen or fifteen, he was sent to Cambridge while he was yet hardly more than a child. Here he spent his first years under the guardianship of William de Melton, fellow of Michael House. In 1481, John Fisher became Bachelor of Arts, and three years later he took his degree of Master. In 1491 he was ordained priest, "at which period," says Bayly, "the almond-tree began to bud." All the arts and sciences were but his tools, but this his occupation." In Cambridge he was noted for his learning, humility, and piety which won for him the esteem and love of "fellows, masters, and students, and there he remained until the university's highest honors were conferred, or rather, imposed upon him."

In 1494 one of the most charming friendships in history began when John Fisher met Margaret Beaufort, the mother of Henry the Seventh. It was due to this lady's intervention that the Wars of the Roses were brought to a peaceful conclusion when her son, Henry, Earl of Richmond, married Elizabeth of York, daughter of

Edward the Fourth. In 1495 the friendship between the young priest and the king's mother ripened considerably when, having been chosen senior proctor, he went on business for the university to the Court at Greenwich. In the Proctor's Book was found in his own handwriting, in Latin, these words written after his journey.

"For the hire of two horses for eleven days, seven shillings; for breakfast before passing to Greenwich, three pence; boat-hire, four pence; I dined with the lady, mother of the king. I supped with the chancellor," and so forth.

In 1497, Fisher took the place of Doctor Melton as Master of Michael House. In 1501 he began his studies for Doctor of Divinity, and in July of the same year, was chosen Vice-Chancellor of the university. In 1502 he became the confessor and almoner of the Countess of Richmond, and from then on the royal family were "for years governed by his wisdom and discretion." He urged his wealthy penitent to practice charity, such as redeeming unfortunate individuals from slavery, promoting marriages of poor maidens by presenting them with financial gifts, and repairing bridges to facilitate travel for the lower classes.

Meanwhile he concentrated his attention upon the advance of learning. In 1501 he had received his degree of Doctor of Divinity, and aided by the generosity of the Countess of Richmond, he founded Saint John's and Christ's Colleges in Cambridge. He invited the preeminent scholars of Europe to take up their residence in the universities of England, among whom the most illustrious was Erasmus. Dean Hook wrote in fervent admiration,

"Fisher appointed Erasmus to the chair of the Margaret professorship, and so great was his zeal in the cultivation of Greek literature, that in his old age he desired to place himself under Erasmus as a student of that language."

Later Hook added,

"With the generous assistance of the king's grandmother, he did more than any other man in England to promote the cause of learning. Such was the man whom Puritans generally loved to defame, because he would not fall down with the costly sacrifice of an upright conscience before King Henry."

In October, 1504, he was advanced to the Bishopric of Rochester, and in April 1505, he met for the first time the man who was to send him to the scaffold. The King, while on a pilgrimage to Our

Lady of Walsingham, brought Henry, Prince of Wales, to Cambridge. Bishop Fisher, who meanwhile had been elected president of Queen's College, conducted the king to his lodgings, and later showed him the chancel that had been adorned with the escutcheons of the Knights of Saint George. From then on Henry the Seventh took an even more active interest in Doctor Fisher's work, and supported more intensely his mother's philanthropic projects. Meanwhile the Bishop was appointed as tutor to Henry the Eighth.

Upon the death of the Countess of Richmond and her son, the Bishop was asked to deliver the funeral orations. He then continued to work indefatigably for the university, and the prosperity of the kingdom under the new monarch. It was John Fisher who was considered the true author of the royal treatise against Luther, that won for Henry the Eighth the title of "Defender of the Faith." When the question of divorce arose between Henry and the Spanish princess, Catherine of Aragon, the Bishop was the chief supporter of Queen Catherine, and appeared in court declaring that he was ready to die on behalf of the indissolubility of marriage. He spoke thus to the bishops who were gradually falling under the influence of Cranmer and the king,

"Beware that you leap not out of Peter's ship to be drowned in the waves of all heresies, sects, schisms and divisions. We cannot grant this unto the king without renouncing our unity with the See of Rome."

Bayly said of this synod,

"After Doctor Fisher uttered these and many other such words to this effect, with such gravity as well became him, they all seemed to be astonished, by their silence; and the lord cardinal's state did not seem to become him."

Cardinal Pole described his demeanor in glowing terms, when after he had been summoned before the king for a rebuke, he affirmed his previous statements so clearly and so boldly, the king could only reply,

"My good lord of Rochester, use more conciliatory language in future. Harsh words never mend a quarrel," and he was thereby dismissed.

In 1529 when he warned Parliament that such conduct on the part of a king would only end in the destruction of the Church, he

was thrown into prison where he spent the next few months, thus giving Henry an opportunity to become the head of the Established Church. After his release, Fisher preached publicly against the divorce, and was again arrested to prevent opposition to the divorce that Cranmer pronounced in May. One week after the coronation of Anne Boleyn, Fisher was again set free but new proceedings were inaugurated against him in connection with Elizabeth Barton, the Holy Maid of Kent. He adopted the same attitude concerning the revelations of the nun, that he had employed regarding the preachings of Jerome Savonarola whom he considered as an honest and upright man. He quoted Scripture as an answer to Archbishop Warham when the latter interrogated him on the subject of Elizabeth Barton,

“The Lord God doeth nothing without revealing His secrets to His servants, the prophets.”

Because of his staunch attitude concerning the Maid of Kent, he forfeited his palace at Rochester, and when he refused to take the oath regarding the Act of Succession, he was confined in the Tower, April, 1533, where severe tortures were inflicted upon him. When Paul IV created Fisher Cardinal Priest of St. Vitalis, Henry forbade the cardinal's hat to be brought to England, declaring that instead he would send the head to Rome for it. When Fisher had left for the Tower, Lord Cromwell's agents searched the palace at Rochester. A monk named Jacob Lee who professed Reformation principles, discovered an iron box concealed in one of the apartments, and thinking it was hidden treasure cried, “Gold, gold for the Roman Antichrist! Down with the Pope!” but the box contained only a hair shirt and two whips with which the Bishop was wont to inflict punishment on himself. The gold cup presented to Fisher by Henry's own mother, and memorials of the Countess of Richmond were confiscated at this time.

After his imprisonment of one year in the Tower he was placed on trial, 1534, before Sir Thomas Audley and High Commissioners in the Court of King's Bench. He came attired in a black gown in the custody of the lieutenant of the Tower, and was so weakened from torture he was hardly able to support himself against the bar. We can imagine the feelings of this friendly, lovable and saintly man in that moment when he stood deserted and alone, and pleaded “Not Guilty” to the indictment. The verdict of “Guilty,” however,

was brought in that same day, and Tyburn was fixed by Sir Thomas Audley as the place of execution, which place was later changed because of the state of his health. When he had been conveyed back to the Tower he thanked his guards for their treatment of him, and spent the next four days in prayer. On the day of his execution, he exchanged joking remarks with his guard, and asked that breakfast should be served to him, but when the lieutenant arrived to escort him to his final destination, he was so weak he had to be carried to Tower Hill. When he had left the dungeon where he had spent so many cruel months, he took as his only possession a copy of the New Testament, which he opened at the foot of the scaffold, after uttering this prayer,

“O Lord, this is the last time that ever I shall open this book, let some comfortable place now chance unto me whereby I, Thy poor servant, may glorify Thee in this my last hour.”

And when he had read he said,

“Here is even learning enough for me to my life’s end.”

At ten o’clock he was on the scaffold with a handkerchief about his eyes. Silence enveloped the surging crowd for a moment, and presently the axe fell, and John Fisher had gone to his last reward. That night the corpse was thrown by order of Henry into the churchyard of All Hallows, but the head was “spiked” on London Bridge along with the heads of fifteen martyred Carthusians. His remains were later secured by a group of Catholics, and buried with those of Sir Thomas More in the Church of Saint Peter ad Vincula.

Thus ended the heroic career of the English martyr who perished at the beginning of our modern era, and waited four hundred years for canonization. His love for the poor who gathered at the gates of his palace, his simplicity, his honesty, his wisdom, have at last elevated him to the highest of all ranks. As we leave him standing in his rightful place before the eyes of the world, we carry with us one last picture of him, a picture that portrays a venerable figure in brilliant ecclesiastical robes, kneeling at the latticed window of a medieval monastery, the glimmering rays of the sun falling in a cascade of gold upon his bowed head. Words re-echo through the mists of the centuries, and as we listen we repeat them before the throne of the saint, “Our Father Who art in heaven hallowed be Thy Name,” and still more faintly, “O Lord, remember Thou me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.”

POETRY FOR HER

AGNES HANDRAHAN '35

NAN was young, sixteen to be exact—a fact which perhaps explained her utter credulity. Ten years later she might have been a little more skeptical, a little harder to convince. But then, Nan was Nan and only sixteen, too.

As she lightly tripped up the stairs a dozen thoughts ran through her mind; Rhoda's dance had been nice, that is, it had been nice after Peter's miraculous appearance had saved her from the ordeal of going in to dinner without a partner. Peter was a darling, and nicest of all, Peter was taking her home. She was glad she had worn her fuchsia dress. He had said it reminded him of "evening shadows falling." How poetic! Perhaps on the way home he would again recite his poetry to her. Peter had said she inspired him to rhyme on the spur of the moment. Nan felt a little thrill of pleasure pass through her, to think that she had even inspired anybody! It was simply marvelous, that honor was usually given to heroines in novels.

Nan rounded the curved staircase and dashed down the hall, her taffeta slip swishing softly around her ankles. Like the "rustling of leaves" Peter had said. If she hurried she would have time to listen to more of Peter's poetry, his dear love rhymes. It was half-past eleven now, and no tea dance Saturday unless she was in by twelve o'clock. Rhoda's room was at the end of the hall. No one was in it, thank goodness for that. She could get away then without listening to Jane or Clare say superciliously, "Have to be in bed by midnight?" Well, let them talk! She had Peter, and what is more, Peter's poetry too.

From the high-stacked pile of fur-trimmed wraps she extricated her own black velvet. It wasn't quite so smart as the other girls' she admitted, but just the same Sis had been a dear to give it to her. As she whirled around, Rhoda's full length mirror caught her full

length reflection. Nan uttered an involuntary gasp at her own unwonted loveliness. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shining like stars. She twirled around, the purple chiffon flaring in misty clouds. Oh, surely, Peter would think of the most beautiful things to say to her on the way home.

She leaned forward, the rosy lamp glow falling on her face and the wide loose waves of her hair. She had never before sparkled like this, perfect but for those freckles! Nan raised a minute swansdown puff to hide the childhood trade mark. Her hand stopped half-poised in the air. What was it Peter had said about her freckles? A sprinkling of gold? Hastily she brushed away all traces of powder. Peter always said things in such a delightful way. Some day he'd write a book of poetry but he wouldn't include her poems. They were for her alone, he had said. Not for the rest of the world. How sweet of him! She liked that one best about his heart being full of thoughts of her, and of her laughing lips and glowing cheeks.

Over her shoulder Nan caught sight of Sue, her face puckered in an enormous grin, entering behind her. Nan didn't feel quite so ill at ease with Sue. She never acted so grown-up and so sophisticated as the others did.

"What's the joke?" asked Nan in an effort to be polite.

"You'd laugh, too, if you had been there," gurgled Sue between bursts of laughter. "Rhoda's cornered on the balcony, listening to some would-be poet recite love lyrics to her. He's rhapsodizing on her eyes and teeth. It's too funny for words."

"I don't see anything funny in that," stammered Nan, trying hard to swallow that awful lump in her throat.

"Well, I haven't finished yet. Rhoda's the third girl tonight that young Robert Browning has tried to charm with his poetry, and what poetry! It all begins the same way something like this, "My heart is filled with thoughts of you."

Mentally Nan finished the verse, "Your laughing lips and eyes of blue."

Nan went slowly down the stairs. She was still sixteen, but oh, how old she felt. The wisdom of the ages seemed to dwell within her little-girl heart. With all the dignity at her command, her freckled nose held high, she gathered up her flowing skirt and swished into the night.

HALF A MOON

CORNELIA E. SHEEHAN '36

A STAR, the first star of evening, twinkled experimentally, then glowed with a steady, silver-white flame. Michael was watching for it from the low door of his cottage, his tanned face relaxed, and his prematurely grey hair thrown back from his scholar's brow. Sunday night—the first star glowing—it was time to start the long, lazy walk that he might spend an hour with Alicia—an hour alternately filled with delight as her fingers wooed music from the ivory keys, and filled also with despair lest he should never win her. He whistled, and Qinnie, his Irish terrier, came obediently trotting to his side, ears alert, his whole body taut with suppressed energy. They moved slowly on, Qinnie in the lead, investigating a rabbit burrow beneath a stone wall, leaving with the utmost reluctance as Michael, totally absorbed, walked on. Michael was not inclined to play with Qinnie tonight. He felt, somehow, older, lonelier, more inclined to dream. It was fifteen years now since he had first walked up to Alicia's to spend an ecstatic hour in her company. For twelve of those years she had worn his ring, a slender, gold setting with a softly glowing pearl instead of a diamond. Alicia's beauty suggested nothing of the brittle brilliance of a diamond. She was by nature gentle, alluring, softly glowing with an inner fire—her passionate devotion to her art. For fifteen years he had been waiting, and every time he asked, she had begged for a little more time,—“Just a little longer, Michael. People have so little beauty in their lives, let me bring it to them.” And he was stilled before her pleas, thankful for a small share of her time and a place in her regard.

Qinnie romped ahead, expertly snapping at sleepy bumble bees, pausing to cock a velvet ear as a cricket chirped defiantly to be answered by the throaty melody of a frog. Life was very inter-

esting for Qinnie and his puppy legs struggled nobly to investigate every strange scent which came to his cool, black nose. A partridge, surprised by his approach, took to the air with a sharp crackling sound. Qinnie jumped into the air after it, as far as his short legs would permit. This was great sport, he looked behind to see if his adored master were not enjoying it too, but Michael was standing on the little knoll which was the half-way mark. He looked back over the twisted path he traveled and, ever the idealist, raised his eyes heavenwards. Qinnie snuggled companionably against his knee. It was peaceful up there, or was it? Of course it was—the moon was glowing peacefully.

“Only half a moon tonight, Qinnie, lad,” he observed somberly and thought suddenly of Alicia. A tiny pain tugged insistently at his heart——

“Well, Qinnie, lad, I suppose half a moon is better than no moon at all. Qinnie wagged his tail tempestuously and pranced around to show his good will. Michael smiled——

“Well, come on, lad, Alicia will be expecting us.”

* * * * *

“Michael, you’re late tonight and that’s not like you at all,” Alicia teased from the doorway, an undercurrent of laughter in her voice. “And is that Qinnie with you? Bring him in!”

“He won’t come, Alicia, Qinnie’s very particular. He knows his own home, and scorns all others.”

Alicia flushed to the roots of her fair hair, but Michael, his troubled eyes on the dog, didn’t see.

“I’ll only be an hour, Qinnie, you stay here by the door,” and the red dog obediently curled himself upon the door mat.

“Michael, you’ll have to train him to know this home, too.”

“You like Qinnie, Alicia?”

“Of course, he’s yours, isn’t he?”

Michael felt the consoling peace of her presence stealing over him, but something was missing. Music—that was it! Alicia always went to the piano as if drawn by an irresistible force. There was something about her tonight which puzzled him.

“Why don’t you play for me, Alicia?”

She went obediently to the piano, and her long, slim fingers moved gently over the keys. Michael gazed at her—her ash-blonde

hair was even lighter than he remembered—was that a hollow in her cheek, or was it a shadow from the candle which flickered beyond her? Yes, it was a shadow—it had frightened him for a moment. He wondered, idly, if all his fears were but shadows. What was she playing? It was strange, disorganized, the cry of a spirit in pain! Abruptly she stopped and then closed the piano.

“Michael, I’m tired, can’t you see I’m tired?” she begged.

“I’ll go now, dear, I didn’t know——”

“No! No! Michael, why must you be so blind? I’m tired of this life, I’m—I’m tired of being an artist!”

A little silence grew between them. She stared at him defiantly.

“You don’t believe me, Michael? I know it’s hard. Look——”

She held out both hands and he saw with a start that she was no longer wearing his ring.

“It broke, Michael. After all these years it wore out, I guess. I miss it so. Michael—are you going to make me say it all? Aren’t you going to help me? Oh, Michael, I’ll never play again! I’ll never have to. I played as long as I felt they needed me, needed the consolation of my music, but now—Michael, I heard my sister’s child, Ruth, play this morning and I know that my work is done.”

There were tears in her eyes and her cheeks were wet. She held out her hands and Michael clasped them eagerly in his.

“You did make me say it all,” she chided, “you didn’t help me one bit.”

“Alicia, dear, I’ve been saying it for you these fifteen years,” he returned as he carefully stowed away the broken ring.

“I think,” he continued shyly, “we’d better take your piano along, too, when we go down the knoll for good. You’ll play for me won’t you, Alicia?”

“I’ll play for you—and Qinnie,” she added as a faint patter of paws was heard on the porch. “Make him come in, Michael.”

Michael closed the door as he stepped out after Qinnie. The moon was more brilliant now. He considered it a moment, remembering. Qinnie whined at his feet, and as he stooped to pick him up——

“Yes, Qinnie, lad, half a moon is better than none, but the full moon is best of all, and, Qinnie, lad, ’twill soon be full moon for us.”

COMMUNISM and CATHOLIC ETHICS

HELEN SYRAN, '35

THE social evils which Communism points out and pretends to eliminate could be more effectively cured by adherence to the principles of Catholic ethics. Without wasting any time in a long discussion of the possible meanings of the term, "Communism," it will be used here to mean the theories of Karl Marx, of his friend Engels, of Lenin and the Communist International.

By ethics we may understand that science which is concerned with the moral rectitude of human acts. Special or Applied Ethics, the branch with which we are most concerned, considers man as an individual, and as a social being; as an individual, man has duties to God and to himself; as a social being he has both duties and rights regarding others as individuals.

The original sin and source of all evils, according to Karl Marx is the exploitation of one class by another. Branching off from this tree of capitalistic exploitation are poverty, inequality, neglect of social justice, avarice and lust of power. And Bolshevism, a so-called "new religion," has promised to save the world and redeem mankind by certain political and economic measures.

In the course of this essay it will be our pleasant duty to show wherein Communism has defaulted on its promises and how Christianity offers the only possible cure for the ills of society. We shall prove that Communism has missed the bull's-eye of justice, disinterestedness and equality at which the drawn bow of Sovietism aimed. No amount of materialistic communism can prompt man to overcome his inborn egotism. Only Christ with His teachings and example can prompt us to sacrifice ourselves for other men.

The social evils we mentioned, as having been pointed out by Marxian philosophy, are all too self-evident, too well-known to demand any lengthy description. These economic and social ills are attacking the very vitals of society. In the course of years, sug-

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gested cures have been brought forward, remedies that promise to bring about the recovery of society; but in the very first step, the diagnosis of the disease, the doctors argue and differ among themselves. They do not know the root cause of this general social and economic upset. How then is the patient to be helped when the diagnosticians cannot come to any agreement? The timid conservative medico says, "It is a slight attack; let nature take its course." But the more liberal-minded surgeon suggests, "The disease is too virulent. Let us cut this part out; let us cut and graft till we remake this whole economic and social system. This process alone can cure its ills." The Catholic physician disagrees with both these opinions; with the conservative, for the social and economic ills are too serious to admit of any passivity; with the ultra liberal view, for he sees where such a cure might be worse than the disease itself. As we shall see, the "golden mean" is a more rational solution; certainly a more reasonable one.

First let us consider how the ultra liberals or Communists effect a cure. At a glance it would seem that the U. S. S. R. had done away with unemployment. Everyone has a job; apparently this is an ideal state, where there is no marked idleness, no army of unemployed. But not quite satisfied with appearances, we question further and find that the man at the machine is perhaps a professor by training, and by election; the workman with the steam shovel has been practising medicine; and the man in the office is a mechanic, but the Soviet state has put them into these positions and it is not their place to question the U. S. S. R.

Human beings regardless of their free will are formed into any project that the state thinks important to its advancement. Stalin disregards individual qualifications; his state has first consideration instead of the beings who make up the state, and without whom the state would be a meaningless word. Communism has not remedied this evil of unemployment, it has added to the ills of society, for it has destroyed individual initiative, it has checked natural ambition.

Communism claims to do away with poverty and inequality. In the periodicals of recent months we read of increased shipments of wheat from Russia. Russia is solving her economic ills under her five year plan. If the Soviets believe this, the world at large cannot accept it, when it is a known fact that millions have starved there in the past twelve months for want of food. The poor peasant must

contribute his share of grain, even if it means sacrificing his own individual supply; he must starve while the state ships his grain to foreign ports. Stalin is quite right, there is no poverty in the U. S. S. R.; there is starvation; there is no mere raggedness; there is nakedness and death.

Can we conceive of individual equality in Russia, where the Soviet Union is supreme, and men are just its puppets? "Russia is no longer a Communism, nor a democratic Socialism—it is a state of Capitalism." The irony of connecting capitalism with the state that vowed its destruction! But what better way can we characterize the governmental machine of Stalin, that so recently put numbers of men out of existence without so much as an opportunity to clear themselves? Perhaps he feels as he did in 1931, when questioned by Lady Astor as to how long he intended to continue this wholesale butchery, and he answered, "As long as it is necessary." The state has first consideration; the individual's right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" is of minor importance.

How are we to judge Karl Marx's solution of the social evils? If we are to judge it by conditions in Russia today, which we *are* certainly justified in doing, we must admit that he fell far short of attaining his end. His theories have failed miserably to solve the social problems.

The question naturally arises, what actual immediate power has Christianity to remedy the abuses of the modern world, now that the unchristian attempts, characterized by some form of force or violence, have failed? Well, Communism regards the Christian religion as one of our chief evils, "the opium of the people," used by capitalism to stupefy the worker, and thus exploit the people. Even if this generalization were correct, it would nevertheless be guilty of confusing religion and the use made of religion by some unscrupulous people, a use which Pope Pius XI denounced four years ago. But Communists have a definite reason for wanting to link up Capitalism and Catholicism. The latter has always been an obstacle in the way of those who wish absolute control over a state. History is replete with examples of clashes between the Church and political absolutism. Communism could not stand her opposition; no more could Lenin have her for an ally on account of his materialistic philosophy of life. Consequently Communism depicts the Church as the subjugator and oppressor of the workingman. How

vehemently, yet how inconsistently, these followers of Karl Marx denounce the social evils, which have sprung from the very materialism which they have elevated into a philosophy of life!

It is Christianity's special right to direct the masses of people. Its founder, Jesus Christ, not only loved the poor, but chose poverty for His own lot. His apostles were simple working men, for the most part unpolished and illiterate. And we notice in the Gospels how often He spoke in parables out of consideration for the simple folk who attached themselves to Him, and whom He loved much. Thus it is that Christian Ethics is eminently fitted to remind man of his rights and duties, rights which are inherent in him, as a human being; and duties which are incumbent upon him to respect the rights of his fellow man. Christianity teaches the only true equality, that which is founded upon charity for one's neighbor. When man so forgets his duties as to crush the rights of other individuals, he offends against this charity. The Nazarene has given us the only key to social justice, *charity*, the cure-all for that greed which is the source of all our social ills.

Unfortunately, there are many people who do not know that Christianity has any guidance, any special teaching to offer outside the sphere of individual conduct. There are even some who are bold enough to accuse Christianity, and especially the Church, of shirking its duty to mankind. Socialists believe they woke the Catholic Church up to its responsibilities. Who attacked the "laissez faire" economics in France thirty years before the "Communist Manifesto" was published, but the Catholic social reformers? Who led the fight in Germany for better social conditions but Bishop von Ketteler? Why, fifteen hundred years ago St. Augustine, St. Basil, and St. Jerome taught and fought the poor man's battle. Their doctrine was repeated seven hundred years ago by the Angelic Doctor. At the end of the nineteenth century we had the encyclical "Rerum Novarum" of Pope Leo XIII, and again in recent times we had his doctrines reiterated in the "Quadragesimo Anno" of 1931. The Church has constantly preached social justice. But her policies are not easy for the greedy world to accept. As Father James Gillis aptly expresses this thought, "She has been found difficult and left untried."

The Church knows poverty and suffering intimately, for her doors are open every hour of the day to the oppressed and careworn.

She holds in her ethics the secret cure for all greed and inequality, but men hold their arms up in holy horror at the thought of the Church interfering in economic matters. "Hands off," they say.

Nevertheless, had men listened to the economic and social philosophy promulgated by the Catholic Church, they would have prevented the social revolutions that have so frequently occurred since the beginning of the industrial era.

We Catholics do not consider the present economic system all perfect, and we do not advocate keeping the capitalistic system in its present form, with all its imperfections and injustices. Our Church is older than Capitalism; she will still be young when Capitalism has become something of the past. Let us consider with what hostility Pope Pius XI regards many features of Capitalism. In the "Quadragesimo Anno" he says: "in our days not alone is wealth accumulated, but immense power and despotic economic domination are concentrated in the hands of a few——" "This power becomes particularly irresistible when exercised by those who, because they hold and control money, are able also to govern credit and determine its allotment—grasping, as it were, in their hands the very soul of production, so that no one dare breathe against their will." "Free competition is dead; economic dictatorship has taken its place—the whole economic life has become hard, cruel and relentless in a ghastly measure."

Yet Catholic ethics does not include in its social program the destruction of the capitalistic system. We see no need for hostility between Capital and Labor, for they are so interdependent that it would be difficult to conceive of the one without the other. Religion is naturally a powerful factor in drawing these supposedly hostile classes together and reminding each class of its duty to the other. Labor must fulfill its part of the contract, employ no force in representing its own cause, or injure Capital. Capital, on the other hand, knows through the teaching of Catholic ethics, that workers are not their slaves, and that they have a duty to regulate employment to render it suitable to their strength, age and sex. The dignity that belongs to every individual must be respected.

We believe that pressure exercised for the sake of gain is contrary to every law both human and divine. That hated spectre of capitalistic pressure Russia has not destroyed, though her claims are to the contrary. She blotted out its name with the disappear-

ance of the Czarist regime, but its policies she has incorporated in the U. S. S. R. And the great plight of the worker today is that he is solely at the mercy of his employer. "A few rich men are able to lay upon the masses a yoke little better than slavery itself."

Conflict between classes must be abolished. This is no easy task. Communists would bring about a classless society by means of a class war. Fighting sometimes is necessary, but it is not very constructive. "Moreover, classes will remain, no matter how we try to eliminate them." Christian ethics has a better and a far more reasonable solution. Pope Pius XI gives us a plan for the "Reconstruction of the Social Order." It is simply the Guild system in modern attire. There was not class oppression when the Guild system functioned in Europe.

We must remember that the Guilds were not another name for our trade unions, but that they included in their membership both Capital and Labor. Employers and employees were members of the same Guild, thus conflict was eliminated. The welfare of every member, moral, social and physical, was the responsibility of the Guild. They worked for the common good.

To accomplish that unity today, labor must work for its proper position as capital's partner. The salary of the worker must be on a graded scale with that of the employer. The return on investments must necessarily be limited. The workingman must get a just share in the profits he made possible.

This would mean economic security for the worker. The Guild would look after the unemployed and the sick, but unemployment would not be common if the Guild regulated the working hours according to the supply and demand.

Call this solution Guild or what you will; it is unimportant. The tremendously important thing is the idea behind it all, namely, to bring about class harmony, so necessary to cure the ills attacking our social system.

The solution of this whole social question depends upon the establishment of peace and harmony between Capital and Labor. The middle class disappeared with the development of industry, so that now there are only two extremes to consider, the rich minority and the poor majority. But what is the reason for this enmity between classes? Well, lack of religion, the spirit of this industrial age can be advanced as a basic reason. Without religion, without a

motive for one's acts, there can be no true charity for one's neighbor. Secondly, unrestricted competition increased the holdings of the wealthy while it crushed the small business man. But machinery itself brought about many of the ills of society; it reduced the costs of production by maltreating the employees with low wages, long hours, female and child labor and by failing to protect the health and life of the workers. In brief, these are some of the reasons for class warfare, some of the diseases attacking our social system.

But we cannot just shift the blame to this industrial era. No more can we place all these social evils at the door of our financial and economic systems. No, it is not the systems, it is man, who is responsible for the universal catastrophe. What the world needs is moral regeneration, not economic reconstruction. The latter is all very fine, but it will never stay without moral regeneration. This is the advantage of our Catholic ethical doctrines on social justice, they recognize the principles of justice and charity. If we adopt those principles we shall be well on the road to an economic and social recovery.

No one can overlook the importance of our Catholic religion in settling the social question. Society cannot endure, much less prosper, which dispenses with moral ideals and moral rules. Without them we have exploitation, greed and class warfare. Christianity teaches the highest morality, and likewise Christianity alone can provide motives adequate to evoke the self-denial which morality involves. The social strains which have arisen in our capitalistic society (owing to this disregard of Christian teaching) arise in even greater degree in an atheist communist society. This is confirmed by our knowledge of Russia today. Materialism cannot offer to the human will motives sufficient to counterbalance its egotism. Communism has tried and failed.

But Christian ethics is far better qualified to solve a question which has its roots in moral and religious error, namely, "in perverse ideas about conscience, the source of human obligation, and the sanction of a future life; doctrines that are in the Church's sole keeping, and of which she is the divinely appointed teacher." Ethics teaches us that the state has a duty not only to safeguard the rights of justice, but also to secure for the worker what equity demands, that is, a due share of the wealth his toil made possible. We advocate labor organizations for the better protection of the worker's

rights. Catholic ethics reminds the state of its duty to protect the individual's rights in economic matters, and suggests the public ownership of the simpler industries, that have to do with the necessities of life. The Church alone can solve the social problem, for its plan improves and ameliorates the condition of the working man. It does its best to enlist the services of all ranks in discussing and meeting in a most practical way the claims of the laborer.

The Utopian promises that would remove all pain and trouble from the poor are most impractical. To begin with, man was never intended to be carefree and trouble free, for ever since the sin of our first parents, men have earned their bread by the sweat of their brow. Poverty does not imply unhappiness. Why should it? Did not Christ bless this state by choosing it for Himself? He sanctified it again in His Beatitudes. But for riches, Christ has only words of warning. It is not because money is evil in itself, but rather because "they that will become rich, fall into temptation, and into the snare of the devil, and into many unprofitable and hurtful desires, which drown men into destruction and perdition. For the desire of money is the root of all evils." The Catholic Church is the Church of the poor. In the words of Father James Gillis, "the Christian religion is by divine warrant, by inheritance, by tradition, and by predilection, the religion of the poor."

The Catholic doctrine of private property is even more startling and more radical (in the good sense) than the rest of her social teachings. Von Ketteler says: "St. Thomas lays down the principle that all creatures and consequently all earthly goods, can, of their very nature, belong only to God. God possesses all rights, man none. Besides this essential and complete right of ownership, which can belong to God alone, St. Thomas recognizes a right of usufruct, and only in regard to this right of using and enjoying them does he concede to men a right to the goods of earth. Hence, when men speak of a natural right of ownership, there can be no question of true and complete proprietorship, but only a right of use and enjoyment . . . The Church can never concede to man the right of using at his pleasure the goods of this world, and when she speaks of private property and protects it, she never loses sight of the fact that the true and complete right of property pertains to God alone and that man's right is restricted to the usufruct." No man owns anything. He is but a steward of his goods; not an owner but an ad-

ministrator. The Catholic doctrine of Social Justice declares that if any man has more than enough of the goods of earth, and another has less than enough, he that has is bound in *justice* to share what he has with the one who has not.

This theory of the "conscription" of wealth is not new; it is as old as the Fathers, as ancient as the Gospels. We teach that wealth must be conscripted not only in times of emergency, but, indeed, at all times, so long as some have too much and others not enough.

Thus, when Socialists and Communists ask us when we took up the worker's cause, we can say that we had his problems at heart long before they got hold of his ear, stirred up his passions and raised false hopes in his heart.

But we can accept this principle of "usufruct," the principle that men do not own anything really, but that all men are privileged to use and enjoy the goods of the earth, only on one condition: the condition that there is a God. Ultimate ownership must be conceded either to God or to man. If we concede it to men or any group of men, we shall not have social justice, for man will always fight man for possession. But if we attribute absolute ownership to God, then man may have peace, justice and happiness.

TALISMAN

Marguerite B. Carr '35

E ver standing true
M id storms and winds that rage,
M ounting high with hope
A nd courage, faith and love,
N ever falter—Rise
U nto the heavens blue,
E mmanuel, forever,
L ead us. We follow you!

WHISPERING POPPIES

AGNES HANDRAHAN '35

*"In Flanders Fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row."*

BROAD fields of crimson velvet poppies, gleaming white crosses, a host of bitter-sweet memories—all these make Flanders Fields today! I strolled there once while the slowly sinking sun was gilding the earth with its last bright beams: it was that peaceful lingering interval which comes just before day melts into night and light surrenders to darkness. As I paused in reverent awe, a fragrant breeze passed by; a nightingale, soaring high above, trilled her sad, sweet song; and the glowing flowers at my feet whispered to themselves in soft, silvery tones.

The musical rustle rose and fell as the zephyrs kissed their scented blossoms and cuddled lovingly around their smooth, glossy petals. It was the sacred, solemn hour in which the poppies share their secrets of the great war. What sorrows they devotedly conceal in their bright chalices!

The blood-red poppies whispered of former battle scenes while the nightingale's notes floated down in sorrowful acquiescence, and even the breeze ceased her carefree capering to mournfully sigh agreement. The murmur continued like the sound of a hidden stream, and gradually the poppy-dotted burial ground faded, replaced by a blood-stained battlefield, covered with wounded, dying soldiers; shells bursting and lighting up the weird blackness of the night with red flashes of light, formed the background of a terrifying scene. All the horrors of war were portrayed on that death bed of countless patriots.

Every poppy told the pathetic tale of the soldier whose life blood had dyed its petals a deep scarlet hue. Vicariously I saw all those soldiers in their last precious moments on earth. I saw untold

suffering and noblest heroism mingled, as pain-racked comrades tried to comfort each other. I saw the unutterable misery of war in one memorable view.

The whispering of the flowers drifted away and the scene was once again the poppy field, radiant in the silver splendor of the rising moon. As I turned to leave this shrine of tender memories, these words were wafted to me through the sudden stillness of the night:

“If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields.”

R I V A L S

Rita Shea '36

In the smooth forest lake,
Three black ducks
Swim on the sunset-tinted water
Towards the horizon.

Curved against the troubled sky,
A cloud swan floats
Straight through the misty cloudbank
Towards the horizon.

DAD'S GIRL

CLARE O'BRIEN '35

Judith was bored, horribly bored. For the first time in her twenty-three years of existence life seemed very empty. She was sick and tired of bridges, teas, dances, golf, riding, everything, and more than anything she was tired of men seeking her money. She wondered if there really was anything new in life that could interest her. Money had brought her everything but still she was not happy.

Listlessly she reached for a paper on the tiny wicker table and scanned the headlines. Her eyes fell upon the line "Help Wanted—Page 15." Suddenly she jumped up, almost scaring to death the fluffy little kitten sleeping on the chaise-longue.

"What an idea!" she exclaimed to herself. "I shall get a position and perhaps that might add a little zest to this game of life."

Once more she seized the paper and turning to page fifteen followed with her finger down the long column.

Nursemaid, no that would be dreadful. Stenographer, but I don't know any shorthand or typewriting. Here's one, though that might be something. While she was talking she hastily tore out the clipping and hurried upstairs. "Jane!" she called.

"Yes, miss," answered an elderly voice.

"Come to my room; I have something to tell you," said Judith.

The faithful old nurse who had cared for Judith like a mother for eighteen years followed Judith into the room.

"Now what madness are you planning?" said Jane, noticing Judith's badly concealed excitement.

"A job, Jane, a job! I am going to look for work," cried Judith.

"Lord save us, miss! Has all your father's money gone?" said Jane, nervously.

"Oh, no, Jane. You don't understand. I am bored with all this," motioning her head around the luxurious bedroom with the blue and silver fittings. "Don't you see for once in my life I want to be independent."

"But your father?" said Jane.

"He won't even miss me, Jane," sighed Judith. "He thinks I am quite worthless and I'd like to prove to him I can do something. You just tell him I have gone to visit Barbara for awhile and I'll write to him."

"But suppose he finds out, miss?" cried Jane.

"Oh, he won't. He won't even care. He is going South next week for a month so he'll never find out. Probably by the time he comes back I'll be tired of working," laughed Judith.

Secretly Jane told herself Mr. Adams would never miss Judith. Well she realized the feeling between father and daughter meant very little. Both were always too busy to have time for each other and gradually they grew so far apart that they saw each other only at dinner and perhaps not then. She had often tried to reason with Judith but to no avail. "It's useless, Janey," Judith would cry. "I can't be friends with him. I just can't."

Jane often thought Mr. Adams regretted the fact Judith was not a boy to whom he could have confided his business troubles, his hobbies and other trusts of men. Judith was so much like him, too, often mused Jane. Very tall in her bearing, with dark skin and dark, luminous eyes. The difference in their appearance was that Mr. Adams' mouth was a bit firmer and more stern than Judith's and where her hair was jet black, his was pure white.

Judith packed a few belongings in a suitcase, put on a well-tailored but simple sport suit, took twenty-five dollars out of her savings bank and left the room. Downstairs she met Jane again and gave her a few last minute instructions. "I shall call you every day, Jane, and take good care of Dad if he will let you," said Judith, grimly.

She had ordered George, the chauffeur, to bring the car around for she wished to be driven to the city and then to start her adventure. George left her at the Grand Central Station for she wished him to think she was visiting her friend Barbara in Connecticut. At first she did not know just what to do. She did not wish to be recognized by any of her father's friends, but as Judith thought it over she realized that the places where she might secure a position would not be where her father's friends were and moreover she was more often away traveling than she was at home.

Judith hailed a taxi outside the station and then timidly asked the driver where there was an inexpensive lodging house.

"I have just the place, miss," grinned the driver. "My girl's mother runs a select boarding house in the Bronx and she won't charge you much."

Sure enough the driver brought her to a rather dingy street and stopped in front of a large, rambling old house. "It looks respectable enough," said Judith to herself.

He carried in her bag and rang the bell. A strong, buxom, somewhat coarse individual opened the door. "Hello, May, where's your mother?" said the driver. "I have another boarder for her."

They were joined by a big, kindly looking woman. "Is this the lady, Jim?" she said, smiling at Judith.

"Come right this way. I have a good room on the third floor, five dollars a week and you have to pay in advance."

The landlady brought her to a room, bare and desolate looking, and when Judith had handed her the five dollars she left. Judith sat down on the bed and looked around. "Some change," she said, laughing. "Perhaps this job idea isn't going to be so good after all." The room was about as large as half her room at home. The walls were bare and on the floor was one small rag rug. She looked out the window and saw a rather squalid back yard and all she could hear were children crying. "If Dad could see me now he might admire me a little," she said at the same time taking out his picture and putting it on the bureau. "Dear Dad," she said to the picture, "if only we could understand each other what pals we could be."

She unpacked her few belongings and sat down to wait for the dinner or was it to be supper bell? At six-thirty she made her way downstairs and entered the dining room. Never, she said afterwards, would she forget that first boarding house meal with everyone literally reaching for the food, eating greedily as though half-starved and between times poking questions at her. She had given her name as Katherine Evans and though the meal began with her being called Miss Evans they ended up calling her Katherine. She didn't say much, she really didn't get a chance. The guests were an elderly couple, a student, a girl artist, a down-and-out professor from his appearance, a stenographer and a few more whom she couldn't classify readily. Rather late in the meal they were joined by a tall good-looking man about thirty. He greeted everyone pleasantly and was introduced to the new boarder Judith.

After dinner Judith hurried up to her room and read the paper she had purchased from a newsboy who had come in downstairs selling papers. She cut out the help wanted column and soon retired to the hard but very clean and white bed.

The next morning she awoke at a loud banging at the door. "Six-thirty!" boomed a voice. Judith jumped up thinking at first it was six-thirty at night and Janey was calling her. Shortly, however, in fact very shortly, she realized where she was and prepared to dress for breakfast and work, she hoped the latter.

About a week later Judith sat in her room tired and discouraged. It seemed impossible to get a job and her money was slowly diminishing. She was told she had had no experience, and was not qualified so many times that she felt she would cry the next time a door was shut in her face. She had called Jane regularly and at Jane's inquiry as to working she always said, "Not yet but I am not discouraged."

Judith decided she would go for a short walk before dinner. As she went out the front door she bumped headlong into Mr. Edgely, the nice young boarder to whom she never said more than "Good morning" or "Good evening."

"Why, Miss Evans, did I hurt you?" he said. "I am so sorry."

"No," she said rather slowly, for her head felt rather queer after the hard bump. "I was just going for a walk."

"May I accompany you?" he asked.

"Why, yes, do," said Judith.

"Pardon me for being inquisitive, but are you working yet?" said Jim Edgely.

"No, but I will be soon," said Judith.

"They need an extra girl on the tie counter in the department store where I work," said Jim. "I'll put in a word for you tomorrow morning if you like."

"Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Edgely. I really have almost given up the hope of finding any work."

The next morning Mr. Edgely went with Judith to the big department store where he worked. He went in first and told Judith the manager would see her. An hour later Judith was installed in the tie counter when Jim Edgely, a floor-walker, passed by and congratulated her.

That evening Jim walked home with her and they laughed together over the different people and experiences they had encountered during the day.

Soon Judith was happier than she had ever been in her life. Her work during the day and the long talks and walks with Jim at night had brought her comfort and happiness. She wrote more often to her father, telling him of Connecticut and what she might have been doing down there. In return she received brief epistles from him. A few times she had been tempted to visit Jane, but she thought she would not go near the house, not because she feared that she would wish to stay but her time was not yet up.

The month had lengthened into two months. Her father had prolonged his vacation to Judith's joy and Judith herself had been promoted to the dress department.

One evening Jim confessed his love for her. Judith was both happy and distressed, for though she loved Jim in return yet she knew that Jim with his high principles of manhood would never submit to marriage with such a wealthy girl. She must wait a day before giving him her answer.

The next evening Judith, having fully decided to tell Jim the truth, slowly descended the stairs to meet him. As she entered the living room it was so dark that she could not clearly make out the figure standing there. She snapped on the lights and the figure turned quickly.

"Dad!" she gasped.

"Judith!" he replied. "Why have you done this? The anxiety you have caused me. I met Barbara in the South and she confessed she hadn't laid eyes on you. I flew to New York immediately and Jane gave me your employment address. Some young man accompanied me here but he wouldn't stay."

"Then he knew," Judith said slowly. Her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, Dad, I care so much for him and I know he will never marry me if he knows of our money."

"Foolish young man!" growled her father. "I liked him, too. Enterprising young fellow. Wish I had known. I'll see what we can do. But come home now."

"I will gladly, Dad, if you will allow me just one more day at the store. You're sure he doesn't know why you came looking for me?" she asked.

"Quite sure," he replied.

The following day was exactly like the preceding ones. That evening Jim escorted Judith home. Both were strangely silent and they separated before supper, after a few simple remarks. During supper Jim focussed his eyes almost continuously upon Judith's pale countenance and once, when their eyes met, her cheeks flushed to a delightful rose color. After the meal he remarked casually:

"Katherine, would you like to attend a movie with me?"

"Why, surely, Jim," she replied.

Late that evening they walked home arm in arm and Jim wondered uneasily why he had received no answer to his proposal. Judith, thinking of her father and Jim and her luxurious home, glanced at him unhappily from time to time. At last Jim spoke:

"Katherine, surely you know my great affection for you. Will you marry me?"

"But, Jim, you don't understand. You see, I——"

"You mean—you don't care?"

"No, Jim, it isn't that. You think, Jim, I am a poor girl. I was just masquerading."

"Masquerading, Katherine?"

"Yes, Jim, I am really the daughter of—oh, well. I was bored with my life and so I decided to find a position—" she faltered helplessly—"as a diversion."

"Oh!" he said.

Jim gazed straight ahead into the darkness and Judith shivered.

"Oh, Jim, please try to understand. You see, I had only my dad for a companion and he was away three-fourths of the time. I was so lonely."

He was silent for a moment and then he spoke.

"I can understand, Katherine. Rich girls are often bored with life. I don't blame you. I think you were very noble about it all, only I cannot ask you now to share your life with a poor man."

"Oh, Jim, you mean——" She bit her lip to keep back the tears.

He turned and took both of her hands.

"Katherine, do you really mean that you care enough about me to give up your wealth, your position?"

She laughed softly and a rich vibrant note crept into her voice: "Of course, Jim. Those things mean nothing. Love means all to me."

EXTRA-CURRICULAR

SEPTEMBER 19, 1931

AGNES L. BIXBY '35

Do you remember a certain lovely morning in September over four years ago? Didn't you for some unknown reason awake ages before your regular hour, with mysterious little shivers of excitement running up and down your back? Was it something pleasant or otherwise that was going to happen today? For several long, foggy minutes you lay trying to puzzle out just why this day should feel any different from any other day of the past summer. Suddenly it dawned on you . . . you were grown up! Today you were to begin those incomparable four years of college life. For the first, last, and only time in those four swift but happy years, you were up and dressed and eating a leisurely breakfast (oh, the luxury of it!) hours before you could possibly start for school.

Didn't it positively seem that every other person who even remotely seemed to approximate your own age was taking the same exciting journey that you were? Has that same trip, taken so many times in these past years, ever seemed so interesting and full of delights as it did that morning? And didn't your heart beat just a little faster and your knees shake just a little harder when you saw a certain red brick building towards which it seemed hundreds of girls were hurrying? Did you go to the stately front door and timidly ring the bell and wait to be admitted or did you happen to come from the direction with the largest crowd and through a sort of herd instinct hit the right entrance?

Didn't you feel unnecessary and dreadfully stupid among so many people who so very plainly knew just what to do and how to do it? Unnecessary and stupid that is until a kind and understanding Junior put you at your ease? Those were the days before Freshman Week, and poor us! Would we ever be able to sort out the girls who were our own classmates? Wasn't there a certain girl in a polo coat or in a green hat who you just knew would make a perfect friend, and didn't the girl in the blue dress look

just like So-and-so who was in your class only three short months ago? And did you suppress a tiny sigh over the fact that she had not chosen your college?

Weren't the Dean and the Sisters who were making out the schedules kind to you? Right away you seemed to belong and they seemed glad to have you with them. You were going to like it here, you told yourself.

Everything went swimmingly until your Junior tried to help you understand that perfect Chinese puzzle that turned out to be the bulletin board. Would you ever be able to figure that foolish thing out for yourself? Didn't you long to be an upper classman just so that you could know what those long numbers after courses meant?

After you had received your locker key from Sister did you blunder into every other locker room before you finally found your own? And when you finally settled the thousand and one details of that momentous day, didn't you go home declaring that college was a perfect place and ever so much more exciting than high school?

THE ROMAN HOUSE

HELEN KELLEHER '35

Not being able to be in Rome to live as the Romans do, we brought Rome to Emmanuel. Of course you remember the Roman House built by the members of the Classical Society? It arrived in a quite unc customary manner, in a large flat box with an imposing book of directions. In due time walls were painted, frescoes colored more or less expertly, mosaic floors laid, and the various rooms fastened together. Over all was placed a movable red roof held open above the peristyle by a square of doric columns. So much for the structure! But what home is without furniture? So with surprising ingenuity, and no little amount of skill, a unique stove and pans appeared in the kitchen; diminutive royal velvet curtains draped arched doorways, and matching cushions adorned tiny cardboard couches. In the peristyle appeared a realistic pool (made from a mirror) its sides hanging with ivy (Easter basket trimming). There was even a stone fountain (modeling clay) in the center. Trees and bushes added to the scene. Needless to say, one's ancestors

must be revered, so a marble bust (Ivory soap) stood in the corner. Eventually all was finished, and the doors flung wide for "open house."

However, as has happened before, pride went before a fall, the latter coming in the form of an earthquake, not quite like a Vesuvian one. Alas! someone fell against the table, and the little house was entirely upset. But it staunchly withstood the ravages of catastrophe, and stood as before, *mirable dictu*, Roman and right on its table foundation, where it hopes to remain forever—until the next earthquake.

AD-HUNTING

HELEN M. ATTRIDGE '35

The *sine qua non* of this publication—as of all others—the science and art of ad-hunting. The necessary equipment—the audacity of a Daniel, stout walking shoes, a supply of dotted lines. The first venture—office of a city official. A checkerboard of desks guarding the inner sanctum—a well-groomed secretary comes forward—"Have you an appointment? . . . He's busy now but if you care to wait . . ." Sitting on a hard bench—watching the clock—listening to the staccato of the keyboards—at last—"Mr. B—— will see you now." Through the wooden gate, across the outer office, heart keeping time with the typewriters, across the threshold, the massive door closes behind. Eleven minutes later—emerging triumphant—a smile on the lips and a check in the pocketbook.

Next—Faneuil Market. Outside, the ceaseless activity of loading and unloading trucks. Inside, comparative quiet. Down the long narrow aisle—between crates of well-scrubbed edibles—past white-frocked clerks. Here is the stall we are looking for—an attendant appears—"The manager? No, he's taking a week's vacation. Come in next Monday." Another prospective advertiser across the aisle. Better luck here. The usual dissertation on the depression but eventually signing for an eighth of a page.

Three more places on the list for today. A State Street office—"Come back next month and maybe we'll advertise." Then down to Atlantic Avenue. The pungent aroma of freshly-roasted coffee impossible to escape. Into a desolate brick structure. Painfully

conscious of the creaking cables of the tiny elevator. "Wish we had walked up." Our prey on the fifth floor. No success. "We have had to eliminate all our advertising." The last on the list—an Essex Street store. A long walk. Getting tired now. Finally there. Empty display windows. Sign on the door: "Moved to our new location—324 Atlantic Avenue." "Oh, we don't want to go hunting any more ads today. We can come in tomorrow at 3:40. And now let's go to the Met."

LOOKING BACK

ANASTASIA KIRBY '35

In a quick backward glance over our four years, certain vivid flashes stand out causing a chuckle here and there. Do you recall, Seniors: The Freshman ice cream party, the evening we decorated the cafeteria for the Junior luncheon?

Preparations for our Senior sisters' Cap and Gown breakfast when we blew up balloons until our cheeks ached? Then serving at the breakfast with the plates of chicken going so too often along some one's shoulder or through our sleeves to the table?

Ushering throughout the year and trying to please everyone in that little matter of ventilation? Finding seats for stragglers at the Spelling Bee? Taking guests through the art museum?

Decorating hoops for our Senior sisters' Class day, having to replenish the fern supply three different times?

May Procession when we were honored with the duty of pinning on the veils of the underclassmen? Other years when we had such a time holding ours on?

Trying to remember the names of the new professors when introducing our freshmen to the faculty at the "Get-acquainted" party? Trying to find your Freshman on the opening day? Your pride if she was one of the shining lights at the Baby Party? and more important still, when you were a freshman yourself looking for your Junior and just a little (?) green?

The delicious food (ahem!) that we received from our Sophomore hostesses at the Freshman-Sophomore picnic? then that sinking feeling when your name was called to "Step forward and——" Next year the very different attitude when *we* told *them* what to do?

Just everyone buying tickets to horse races, circuses, cruises, movies, penny sales, etc., etc., in order to further the purchase of little black babies in the far east? then the redeeming of lost articles with a precious dime to buy rice for these little babies? Members of the dramatic society. The little boy who sat in the front row at last year's Lenten drama with a water pistol? In "Kate and Petruccio" when the servant fell off the stage? the S. S. at the opening tea? passing the spears in the mob scene? those awful dress rehearsals when everyone was starving? the beautiful costumes that returned like bad pennies year after year?

WOULD-BE THESPIANS

ELEANOR J. O'BRIEN '35

Hear ye all! Look ye back to Freshman days! Remember the student hours when each class had to put on an entertainment? Ah! me, well it is written on the pages of your memory—for who could ever forget the grand station master Alice Dolphin made—how well the dignified Alice sold tickets! No one will forget the difficult time Helen Attridge had in purchasing tickets for her "Magnolia," the sweet unassuming child that she was. Of course Magnolia's balloon was the hit of the performance. But the hunting scene—there was a masterpiece—high boots, woolen stockings, terrible plaid lumber jackets, big awkward caps (from where they were obtained no one seems yet to know)—it was great fun being in a forsaken wilderness—Mary Kavanagh had a really rural accent in that play "Hi Hiram." But no prouder were we of dear old '35's dramatic talents that day than we were in days to follow. Our Christmas play, as Sophomores, in conjunction with the new Freshmen, scored another success. Of course it was more learned for our lines were in poetry! We decline saying that our lines in the play were spoken—they were mostly original. On to the Junior plays—the inimitable *Betty* given on Junior Class Day and the two shorter plays *Letty* and *Not Quite Such a Goose*. We remember Clare O'Brien as the heroine and Marguerite Carr as the harem-scarem hoodlum who kept his mother awake nights—Dorothea O'Brien had a wonderful influence on her maiden aunts, Martha Doherty and Stacia Kirby—it was great fun—remember the "chorus" in *Betty*?

Not only did we have a model front line, but we had a specialty dancer—thanks to Mary Salmon. But let's not get sentimental although it is rather sad, isn't it? This doing last things—looking back to first and second things—so let us all say a hearty "Ave Atque Vale!"

THE EVOLUTION OF A FRENCH PLAY

ELIZABETH McNAMARA '35

Comes February—"When's French play, Rose"—"What's it to be?" "Don't know? Oh?"

Comes March—"Begin French play yet?" "When?" Next week!"

"Hello, Doris!" "Try-outs?" "When?" "Where?"

Half an hour later, "The cast posted! Who's in it?"

"Mary—Rita—Helen—Oda—Beta."

"Rehearsal so soon?" "Monday?" "Can't come." "Tuesday?" "Sorry, orchestra." Wednesday?" "No, Glee Club." "Thursday?" "No, Education class." "Well, Friday, then?" "All right, Friday." And so on for two or three weeks.

"Say, rehearsal called for Saturday—Sorry, but I work." Sunday, then?" "No trains." "Where do you live anyway?"

"All here today?" "Fine, let's go to the hall—First act, ready."

A voice from the rear, "Would you mind going somewhere else? The Spelling Bee is to be here today." "Not at all, Sister. Come on, girls—to the Music Hall." "First act—pretty good—look bored—good—now Saint Reault—be satisfied—good—Oh, Bellac—be eloquent—you're a poet."

"Mme. Arriedo, you never think of things until after Mme. de Loudon—go after her——."

Third Act—"You don't get close enough—look right at her—fine—now break."

A strange voice, "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to leave. Mr. Lamb is coming for rehearsal." "Come on, girls—room 25."

Saturday, "Dress rehearsal—I'm worried——"

Sunday "Stage looks good—That hat? Whose? Oh, you don't say. That General—some costume." First act—Second act—Third act—all over—Thank heavens—Flowers—Congratulations—Pictures—French play's over for another year.

MEMOIRS

MARGUERITE B. CARR '35

My great moment has come. Here I am, a freshman, and I am rushing upon the stage to take part in the Lenten Drama.—Was ever such an honor as this given to a mere frosh? To be sure there are fifteen others—Ah, my cue—“Yea, Glaucus! Drink, Glaucus.” I didn’t forget! Did mother see me, I wonder?—

I am a sophomore. This time the Commencement Play has the honor of including me in its cast. Let’s see the program—There it is, I am down as “hunter.” Too bad it couldn’t have been in bigger print! Oh, well, they must have made some mistake—How nervous I am, shaking to be exact, but my five comrades surround me and cover that—I hope I don’t miss my cue! There it is! Oh, what is the opening word of my speech? “Let him race!” I hope no one noticed that pause! Oh, dear, it’s all over! Now to remove make-up—

Junior Year—I have responsibility and it weighs heavily upon me. But I am worthy of it. Now let’s see—I left my other costume on the bench in the gymnasium. I hope no one else takes my helmet! Yes, I must change costumes in this play. I am a Roman citizen and a Roman soldier. (That girl who said that the reason I got those two parts was because no one else would take them was very unkind. I shall ignore the remark.)—At last I am gaining recognition. There are only three of us this time. The other twelve fell by the wayside—poor things. The life of an actress is hard at that, but I shall face it. Oh, my cue! “Kill Him! Kill Him!” A little early in the play but not too upsetting. Perhaps next year—the lead—who knows?

Senior Year—The big day—The Commencement Play has started. Are my whiskers all right? my hair grey enough? Have I enough wrinkles? At last I have a character part—It is very nerve-racking though. Will I be able to walk across the stage? Well, I can try. “A gentleman to see you, sir—Shall I show him up?”—“Very good, sir.” How wearing the life of an actress is—I envy the mob scene!

EDITORIAL

ANNE DRINAN '35

Until now the rapidly mounting figures representing the unemployment situation have been brought to us on the front page of the daily newspaper, or in the current lesson in Economics class. After June the unemployment ranks will be greatly increased by the influx into the working world of the college graduates. Are we going to be like the popular cartoon of the college graduate: armed with her diploma, a self-satisfied smirk on her face, giving indication of the vast learning stored within her small head, going forth to conquer the world, provided she cannot first set it on fire? She meets with rebuffs from the cruel heartless employers who already have their files overflowing with pleas of experienced applicants. Gradually, her smile fades, her attitude begins to be discouraged, the match that was to set the world ablaze, her opinion of herself, is wavering.

We shall meet this condition, Class of 1935, but shall we be disgruntled and disconsolate because we cannot obtain a position worthy of our talents? Will a class with a large percentage of its members candidates for the national honor society rest upon the laurels of their academic achievement and lapse into a state of resigned lethargy because they are afraid to begin at the proverbial bottom of the ladder? The very excellent training we have received in college does not grant a position when it grants a degree, but it serves as the means to an end. The Class of 1935 has attained honors in French, Latin, English, and Mathematics and the Sciences; they have proved their worth in earnest, conscientious study of these subjects; but let us digress before we eulogize, and consider the simplest laws of logic, can we reach the top unless we start at the bottom?

EDITORIAL

MARY RAFFERTY '36

With a feeling of pride tinged with sadness we bid adieu to you, our Senior sisters. The place you have held in college life and in our hearts can never be adequately filled by anyone else. Emmanuel sends you forth armed with the weapons of faith and learning. Yours is the task to bring honor to her name. She has equipped you well. With open minds and hearts you heard her word, cherished it, and are ready to put its tenets in practise when the time comes. Your ambitions are high—we admire this spirit; but the world to which you are going is cold and unsympathetic. Prospects in the business world do not appear too bright. Do not let the adverse conditions break your spirit or lessen your ambitions. Keep your ideals untarnished and your aim in the stars; say ever with Browning:

“What I aspired to be
And was not comforts me.”

We, whom you are leaving, have an arduous task to perform. In our hands rests the honor of Emmanuel. May we cherish this spirit of Emmanuel and by our actions prove our sincere loyalty and love for our college and her ideals. Hers is the Christian spirit so needed in the world today. May we follow your example that we may go forth as you; young and eager to prove our Christian training.

THE ANGRY SEA

Mary Rafferty '36

The peace of the afternoon was gone,
Stormily the sea roared
Threatening and black
Before me—
Tossed its waves
Reared its leering head
In a challenge to me—
So I crept away in dread.

A note struck my ear,
Strangely light and gay
In that realm of fear;
I turned—
I saw a child
Laughing in glee,
Flinging up her hand
Dancing on the sand—
And it startled me.

She saw me, too—
“Are you frightened of it?”
She asked in anxious tones.
“Don’t be.
“It’s just a bad, old sea that’s angry—
This morning it was laughing,
I know, for I saw it so;
Come back tomorrow—
You’ll see how it will smile for me.”

“Oh, for the mind of a child,”
I thought,
“To find in such a dreadful sea
Something so simple;
Haven’t children quaint thoughts”—

Then I turned back to the sea,
And strange as it may be
It didn't seem so angry—
Just spoiled and peevish
Like a little child
Tossing its wavy head,
Stamping its feet on the floor of the sea—
Hurting itself
Wearing out its rage—
In futile anger—
I altered my former charge—
“Haven't children wonderful thoughts!”

P O U R T O U J O U R S—Francois Coppee

Translation by HELEN KELLEHER '35

“Forever yours,” you say, and kiss my brow;
Yet we must sadly part, for death at last
One of us will bind in fetters fast
To lie beneath the yew or willow bough.
Full twenty times or more from flag-decked prow
Stout mooring lines to pier have seamen cast
While old tars, idling, praised the tapering mast
That in a bed of northern ice lies now.

Full twenty seasons through, soft breathing spring
Brought to my roof-tree guests that sweetly sing.
That swallow's nest now empty sways and tips!
The love you pledge, my darling, will ever burn?
Alas! for forcèd flights without return.
How can “Forever” fall from mortal lips?

E. C. ECHOES

At noon, on April twenty-ninth, the annual Arbor Day exercises were held. The Seniors, formally garbed in cap and gown, followed the other classes to the campus where Agnes Bixby, Senior President, assisted by the other class officers, planted the tree of the Class of '35 with the traditional ceremonies, surrounded by a group of Seniors carrying the American flag and the Emmanuel banner. The Arbor Day oration, delivered by Martha Doherty, '35, before the faculty and assembled students, was notable for its clarity and strength. The Seniors sang their Arbor Day Song, composed for the occasion by Marguerite Carr, '35, to the tune of "Roses of Picardy." As a closing sequence, the students united in the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" and the Emmanuel Song.

On Monday, April fifteenth, at three-forty, a particularly enjoyable meeting of Le Cercle Louis Veuillot was held in the music room. The President, Rose Mullin, cordially introduced Mr. Paul Donavon, who favored the members with an eloquent discourse in French on the preeminence of the Italian author, Alessandro Manzoni, in the world of letters. He gave an illuminating sketch of the writer's life, his attitude toward the classics, the effect upon Manzoni of the eighteenth century philosophy and the development of his religious sentiments, particularly Christian resignation. Mr. Donavon stressed the perfection, meditation, and love of fantasy found in all the writings of Manzoni, and the interesting effect upon him of his first visit to Paris, and the reading of Balzac's novel, "Le Curé de Village." At the conclusion of the lecture, Mr. Donavon graciously consented to play a brilliant piano selection by Arenski. Operatic selections were also contributed by Miss Phyllis Joy of the French department, and Yolanda Lodie, '37, accompanied by Gertrude Larkin, '36. Miss Joy sang "Connais-tu le Pays?" from

"Mignon," and Miss Lodie sang "Chant des Fleurs" from "Faust." The "Barcarolle" from "Contes d'Hoffman" was also sung by Miss Joy and Miss Lodie.

On Sunday, May fifth, Le Cercle Louis Veuillot presented their charming play entitled "Le Monde où L'on S'ennuie," in the college auditorium. This year's French contribution to the dramatic program was considered the most finished of all that Le Cercle Louis Veuillot has yet produced. The old, old story of frustrated love, youthful ambition, and inevitable success was the theme of "Le Monde où L'on S'ennuie." The action took place for the first two acts in the luxurious salon of the Countess de Céran at Paris, while the third act had for its setting the conservatory that formed an admirable background for a lovers' rendezvous. Garbed in quaint and picturesque costumes, our collegiate actresses truly made an artistic ensemble. The ambitious and intellectual Countess de Céran was strikingly portrayed by Oda L. McClure, '35; and Lucy Watson, the aloof English heiress secretly in love with a poet, was skillfully depicted by Eileen Glidden, '35. The Duchess de Réville was played by Mary Rita Kavanaugh, '35, with admirable understanding and kindly humor, while Bellac, the object of Lucy's affections, and the professor whose romantic discourses on love held young society belles spellbound, was excellently portrayed by Elizabeth McNamara, '35. Roger de Céran, the handsome young hero who returned to Paris to find that he had always been in love with his ward, the charming Suzanne de Villiers, and whose affection he nearly lost through a misunderstanding about a rose-colored letter, was brilliantly played by versatile Helen O'Connor, '38. The captivating Suzanne hopelessly attached to Roger, was interpreted with singular grace by Helen Murphy, '35. Jeanne Raymond, the young wife who attempted so earnestly to further the success of her husband, was sympathetically played by Fabronia Antos, '36, while Paul, her husband, likewise desirous of gaining a high position in order to make happy Jeanne, with whom he was deeply in love, was played with tender understanding by Margaret Rogers, '36. Lisette, the naive parlor-maid, was played with charm by Helen Kelleher, '35, while Saint Réault, Madame de Laudan, Madame Arriégo, and the Général were played respectively by Katherine Lynch, '35, Catherine Cuttle, '37, Helena Cronan, '37, and Helena Leonard, '37. The play was produced under the direction of Doris L. Donavon, '30, and

the incidental music was furnished by members of the Orpheus Club. As a closing word may we congratulate the Cercle Louis Veuillot upon their outstanding success in the year 1934-35, and upon their play which has lived up so eloquently to the traditions of the Society.

The Musical Society has been greatly honored this year in having the very eminent musician, Mr. Frederick Lamb, render his valuable services to the college, by conducting the Glee Musical Club and the Orchestra. Intensive preparations were made by the members of the Society for the Annual Musical, held this year on June fourth, during Commencement Week. The students and their friends looked forward with delight to attending the concert for which such gala plans had been made. For the outstanding success of the Musical we take pleasure in congratulating the members. We also wish to express appreciation to Mr. Lamb for his inestimable aid, and to the President and Vice-President of the Society, Miss McNamara and Miss Flanigan, for their indefatigable efforts in our behalf.

The Class of '36 will not soon forget its beautiful Class Day, which took place on May 1, 1935. The day was well begun by a Mass and Holy Communion in the College Chapel. At Junior Assembly the Juniors, led by Mary Denning, their Class Day President, and the Junior Week Committee, marched to the inspiring music of the Class Song. The Freshmen later served a tasteful luncheon to their sisters. Closing the day, the Juniors presented their Class play, "*Lady Luck Smiles*," composed by Fabronia Antos, Virginia Bixby, Marie Coyle, Anna Kenney, Rita Koen, Mary Rafferty and Helen Welch. A glorious close to a glorious week was the Junior Dance held at the Beaconsfield on Friday, May 3. Rita Donahue was the Chairman of the successful affair.

The opening event of Commencement Week will be Sheridan's "*Rivals*," presented by the Dramatic Society as its annual

Commencement drama. Those taking part are: Sir Anthony Absolute, Shirley Fay; Captain Absolute, Marguerite Carr; Faulkland, Dorothea McDonald; Acres, Anastasia Kirby; Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Helen Goodwin; Fag, Mary Stanton; David, Mary Vaas; Mrs. Malaprop, Martha Doherty; Lydia Languish, Claire O'Brien; Julia, Mary Salmon; Lucy, Marion Cassidy; Boy, Anne S. McCarthy; Servant, Margaret O'Brien. We look forward to a large and gay audience who we hope will enjoy our play as much as we are enjoying its rehearsals. This is our last event of this year and our Senior members wish next year's society and officers every success possible.

On Sunday, the twenty-sixth, the students and alumnae of Emmanuel College again paid tribute to Our Blessed Lady by holding their annual May Procession. The ceremony was May most impressive, and the Seniors will long cherish the Procession memory of their last procession, followed by Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament in the chapel, that was artistically ornamented with flickering candles and variegated flowers. The American Flag was carried by Eleanor O'Brien, '35, attended by Doris Murphy, '35, and Anna G. McCarthy, '35. The Queen of Faith was Ida Donavon, '36; the Queen of Hope, Mary Barnwell, '36; the Queen of Charity, Kathryn Flaherty, '36. Each was attended by four Freshmen. Our Lady of Good Counsel was Margaret Flanigan, '35; the Queen of the Rosary, Katherine Lynch, '35; the Queen of Pentecost, Winifred Burdick, '35. Each was attended by four Sophomores. The Queen of Grapes was Anne S. McCarthy, '35; the Queen of Wheat, Agatha Maguire, '35; and the Queen of the Chalice, Mary O'Brien, '35. These girls were attended by Juniors. The Queen of May and the Queen of the Blessed Sacrament were Martha Doherty, '35, and Evangeline Mercier, '35, the President and Vice-President of the Sodality. The Litter on which reposed the statue of the Blessed Virgin was carried by eight Seniors, Frances Reardon, Phyllis Drew, Kathryn Coyle, Ethel Kelleher, Rose Mullin, Dorothea Leonard, Mary Stanton and Eleanor Wallace. The Flag of Christ the King was carried by Mary Vaas, '35, attended by Margaret Mackin, '36, and Eleanor Barry, '36. The Emmanuel Flag was carried by the President of the Alumnae.

In keeping with a national celebration this year, of the Tercentenary of the American Chemical Industries, the Chemical Society sponsored an exhibition March 13—March 18, commemorating the development and progress of several important industries during the past three centuries.

A very fine exhibit of coal tar products was sent from Indianapolis, Indiana, by Mr. Reilly, of the Reilly Coal Tar Company. The Shell Refining Company furnished a complete display of petroleum products. Valuable charts and pictures accompanied both these exhibits.

Another outstanding exhibit was that of textiles which included, among others, displays showing the various steps in the manufacture of wool, linen, and cotton, from the raw materials to the finished products. The Botany Worsted Mills of Passaic, N. J., contributed the woolen exhibit, and the Hughes Fawcett Company of New York, the linen. The Waltham Bleachery and Dye Company sent additional interesting material.

Through the courtesy of the Converse and Firestone Rubber Companies, the making of rubber from the crude material and the uses of the finished materials were demonstrated. In connection with the rubber exhibit, reference was made to the work of the Reverend Father Julius Nieuwland, C.S.C., Professor of Organic Chemistry at the University of Notre Dame. Father Nieuwland has recently received the Nichols Medal at the American Chemical Industries Tercentenary in New York for his researches leading to the production of "Du Prene," a synthetic rubber now being manufactured by the DuPont Company.

Cellulose products and synthetic plastics formed one of the most attractive parts of the exhibit. This display was made possible through the kindness of the Northern Industrial Chemical Company of South Boston.

From the Walter F. Baker Company was received material demonstrating the making of chocolate. For the leather exhibit we were indebted to the A. C. Lawrence Company of Peabody. The glass industry was represented by an interesting exhibit from the Libby-Owens Company of Toledo, Ohio. Others contributing to the Exposition were the Acme Soap Company of Cambridge, the

Aluminum Company of America, Virginia Smelting Co., West Norfolk, Va., and the McGoochan Coal Company of Lowell.

All the exhibits were supplemented by numerous posters with statistical data, made by members of the Society which provided those who attended with an instructive survey course in applied Chemistry. Thus, throughout the whole exposition was unfolded the story of Industrial Chemistry from its beginnings, particularly in New England and in "Old Boston," up to its present day developments.

An added feature of the celebration was the two-reel film on "The Story of Sugar" shown through the courtesy of the American Sugar Refining Company.

The entire affair proved an overwhelming success and was enthusiastically received by the faculty, students, and visitors.

On Monday, April 29, the Chemical Society had as its speaker, Miss Mary Norton of the class of 1926 who is doing research work in physical metallurgy, assisting Dr. H. H. Lester of the Watertown Arsenal. Miss Norton's illustrated lecture on steel and steel alloys was extremely interesting and her kind invitation to visit the Arsenal is to be accepted by the Chemistry Majors at the earliest opportunity.

The Emmanuel League's third annual Communion Breakfast took place at the College on the nineteenth of May, and proved a most interesting occasion for members and their Emmanuel guests. Rev. John F. X. Murphy, S.J., of Boston College Graduation School, celebrated Mass and spoke at the breakfast. Miss Martha Hurley and Miss Elizabeth O'Connell sang.

The League has had a most successful season under the leadership of Miss Jane F. McKey, the president, who hopes to continue the activities through the summer. Two outings are planned, one in the country and one at the seashore. The fourth year of the League will open in October with a bridge party and the first of the regular monthly meetings.

The following are the results of the class and society elections for 1935 and 1936:

Senior Class Officers

President—Mary Denning *Secretary*—Gertrude Larkin
Vice-President—Eleanor Elcock *Treasurer*—Virginia Bixby

1936 Epilogue Staff

Editor in Chief—Mari-Elisabeth McCarthy
Business Manager—Katherine Flatley
Assistant Literary Editors—Dorothea Gardiner, Dorothy Longdergon, Helen Lyons.
Assistant Business Managers—Frances Carr, Rita Finn, Rita Shea.
Art Editors—Eleanor Barry, Kathryn Barry, Rita Brown, Rita Koen.

1936 Ethos Staff

Editor in Chief—Mary Rafferty
Business Manager—Cecile Shanahan
Assistant Literary Editors—Rita DeLeo, Helen Goodwin, Helen Welch.
Assistant Business Managers—Olive Dalton, Helen Kelly, Dora Murphy.

Junior Class Officers

President—Alice Quartz *Secretary*—Dorothy Galvin
Vice-President—Mary Dwyer *Treasurer*—Margaret Devenny

Sophomore Class Officers

President—Margaret Mullen *Secretary*—Irma DeLeo
Vice-President—Rita Crispo *Treasurer*—Rita Quane

Sodality

President—Rita Shea *Secretary*—Rosemary Murdock
Vice-President—Pauline Reynolds *Treasurer*—Mary Flannery

Foreign Mission Society

President—Marie Coyle *Secretary*—Mary Dunn
Vice-President—Rita Koen *Treasurer*—Grace Lawless

Musical Society

President—Mary Shannon *Secretary*—Anne Murphy
Vice-President—Gertrude Larkin *Treasurer*—Rosemary McLaughlin

Historical Society

President—Rita Donahue *Secretary*—Mary Duris
Vice-President—Ida Donovan *Treasurer*—Mary Healey

Classical Society

President—Marguerite Kidney *Secretary*—Anna Cahill
Vice-President—Alice Harvey *Treasurer*—Mary Kelley

Dramatic Society

President—Rita Guthrie *Secretary*—Mary Dunn
Vice-President—Helen Goodwin *Treasurer*—Mary Cronin

Literary Society

President—Barbara Ferguson *Secretary*—Loretta Murphy
Vice-President—Martha Duffy *Treasurer*—Elizabeth Eichorn

Le Cercle Louis Veuillot

President—Fabronia Antos *Secretary*—Mary Powers
Vice-President—Margaret Rogers *Treasurer*—Helen O'Connor

Athletic Society

President—Alice Gallagher *Secretary*—Claire Busby
Vice-President—Mary Keaney *Treasurer*—Dorothy Fell

Publicity Committee

Chairman—Helen Lyons

Senior Members—Olive Dalton Mari-Elisabeth McCarthy
Junior Members—Claire Busby, Mary Farrell, Rosemary Murdock

German Club

President—Patricia Cahill *Secretary*—Mary Henderson
Vice-President—Mary M. Murphy *Treasurer*—Anna Kenney

Chemical Society

President—Helen Kelley *Vice-President*—Eleanor Fogarty
Secretary—Anna Sheehan

OUR EXCHANGES

Although it has not been customary for THE ETHOS to have an Exchange Board we wish to thank the colleges that have sent us their magazines throughout the year 1934-1935. We wish to extend special commendation to the following:

To *The Trinity College Record*:

Our congratulations for the success you have attained in your stories of children. Especially *Ace Wins* by Frances Kelly. *Translations from Catullus* by Mary K. Bland we noted among other good verse.

To *Scrip, Notre Dame Quarterly*:

A toast to the most modern college magazine we have yet seen! Your articles are scholarly, your verse is excellent, with especial mention to Vincent W. Hartnett, and your stories are illuminating.

To *Holy Cross Purple*:

In spite of the superfluous compliments of the Contributors' Page we know that Benedict McGrath can write fiction. *Glidden Hall* was worthy of note. To transcend from the lofty heights of co-editor to the little-boy world of Pentthrop Jones and yet not lose the artist's touch rates Mr. McGrath as a writer. John O. Driscoll does well at expounding the modern manner in *Bon Voyage*, Michael O. Driscoll's poetry should not pass unsung. Your *Under The Rose* is always very good, particularly T. S. O'Brien's recent contribution.

To *The Fordham Monthly*:

A Matter of Identity by Thomas Fitzmorris touches the real Ibsen—the playwright. We are looking forward to more stories of George McKenna's of the same calibre as *Hatred's Unveiling* and *The Beaten*. Michael O'Neill's *The Sun Comes Up* has real poetry in its lines.

To *The Fonthill Dial*:

We recommend *The Lady of The Salon* by Amy McKenzie to students of French as a complete treatment of the topic. We commend you on the many learned articles that have appeared.

ALUMNAE NOTES

The evening of June eighth will be Emmanuel College Alumnae night at the Pops at Symphony Hall. Emma Grandfield, '25, is the chairman.

The Alumnae Banquet will be held at the Hotel Touraine on June first after the business meeting, which will follow the Commencement play. Alice Gallagher, '31, is the chairman.

Class of 1933

Mary G. Dolan is doing Social Service work in Boston.

Katherine M. Riley is a laboratory technician at Evans Memorial Hospital.

On Sunday, May the twelfth, the Alumnae Association welcomed once again within the portals of Emmanuel, the Right Reverend Monsignor J. Fulton Sheen. The celebration of Mother's Day made the occasion a doubly significant one, for it was to our mothers that we dedicated that afternoon which will long live in our memories.

We were greeted by Mrs. Daniel J. Sheehan, Jr., '25, the President of the Alumnae Association, who in turn presented the Chairman of the day, Miss Mary T. Sheehan, '29.

In his usual simple, yet eloquent way, Monsignor Sheen unfolded to us his perception of Christianity and the World Crisis. With keen understanding and an occasional touch of truly delightful humor, our speaker reviewed for us the position of Christianity in the present day world. After differentiating between ethical and historical Christianity, he said that in his mind, Communism is its greatest enemy today. Humbly, he presented his solution which is based on a return of man to spiritual realities. He pointed out that to worry greatly over present day economic problems and such material things, is to find out that in the end, we have lost the true value of life.

By pointing out the results of Christ's work among men, Monsignor Sheen proved that material prosperity is bound to follow an awakening of Faith and Idealism in mankind. He told us that we must train our leaders from the masses, that the select intelligentsia have no longer the great influence of a few years ago. To those who answer that this solution is not practical, Monsignor Sheen again pointed to Christ and urged all to be like Him—to teach all people that in Him only is Truth and everlasting Peace.

MARY-ELIZABETH MCINERNEY, '34.

CLASS OF 1925 TENTH REUNION

In preparation for the tenth reunion, the class of 1925 has been holding monthly meetings for nearly two years at the homes of the girls living in Boston and the vicinity. At present, there are only sixteen of us near here, and we have approximately that number in attendance at all our meetings. So we have had opportunity to exchange bits of news about class members living at a distance, to discuss Emmanuel activities, and to reminisce occasionally; and now after ten years, we feel more closely united than when we first separated after four college years together.

A class dinner at Cedar Hill, Waltham, on June second, will culminate our tenth year activities. The "baby party" has been postponed until August, as several of our New York babies have sent word that they can not be in Boston until that time. We expect the following children will answer "Present" when attendance is taken.

Maureen and Danny Cronin (Eileen Keating's as most of you remember her)

Jay and Donal Flynn (Caroline Moylan's)

Margaret and Mary Louise Campbell (Margaret McCaffrey's)

Bobbie Seidel (Alice Merrick's)

Mary Lou Benson (Margaret Gleeson's)

James Cleary (Rita Connors')

Carol Ann O'Leary (Helen Shortell's)

Daniel Sheehan, the third (Marian McDonald's).

Some of the mothers seem to be in doubt about the success of a party with so many babies around. So those of us who are busy each day looking after thirty-five or more grown children (who we know are more troublesome than darling little babies) have reassured them and promised our assistance. Mary Gately, teaching in New York City, Mildred Hannon in Mansfield, Sybil Turner in Quincy, Beatrice Eaton in Dorchester, Alma Danforth and Margaret Hinchey in Hyde Park, Betty Downey in Everett, Marie Glennon in Boston, Mary Kinneen in Lexington, Mary Walsh in Cambridge, Mary Butler in East Boston, Emma Grandfield in Jamaica Plain, and Josephine Sullivan in Roxbury—all these experienced teachers will certainly help to make a big success of that baby party!

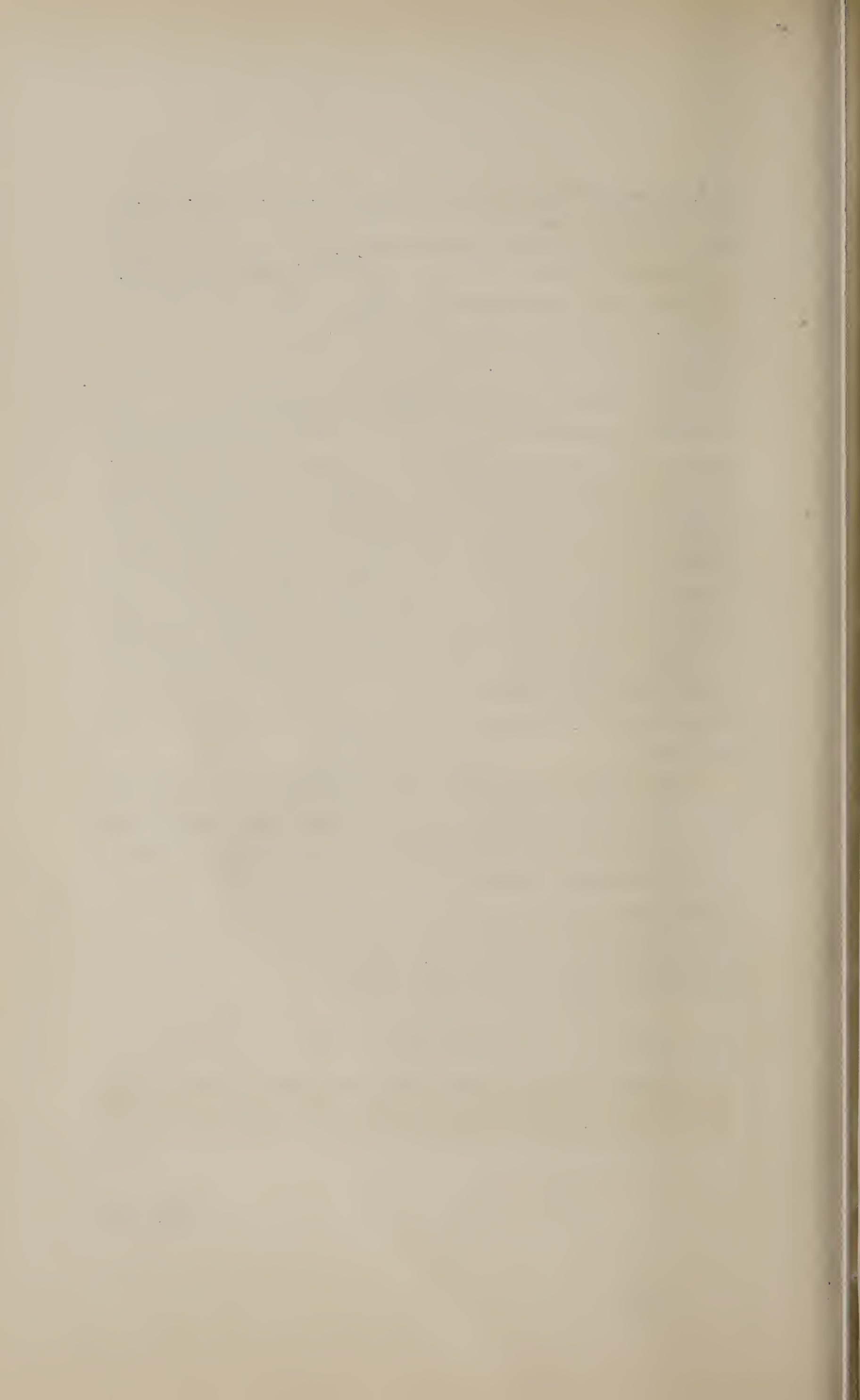
Helen Gallivan, now Sister Teresa Carmelita, a Sister of Notre Dame, and the only member of the class in the convent, is teaching at St. Gregory's School in Dorchester. Mrs. Edmund McAuliffe, whom you knew as Sally Gallagher, has moved from Worcester and is now living in Atlantic.

And now that our "tenth" is almost over, we of '25 will continue to keep in close touch with one another; and we hope, in the very near future, to make definite plans for a more substantial treasury when the "twenty-fifth" comes around.

IN CHRISTO QUIESCENTES

Mrs. Mary Dunn, mother of Mary Dunn, '37.

Mr. Jeremiah Farrell, father of Mary Farrell, '37.



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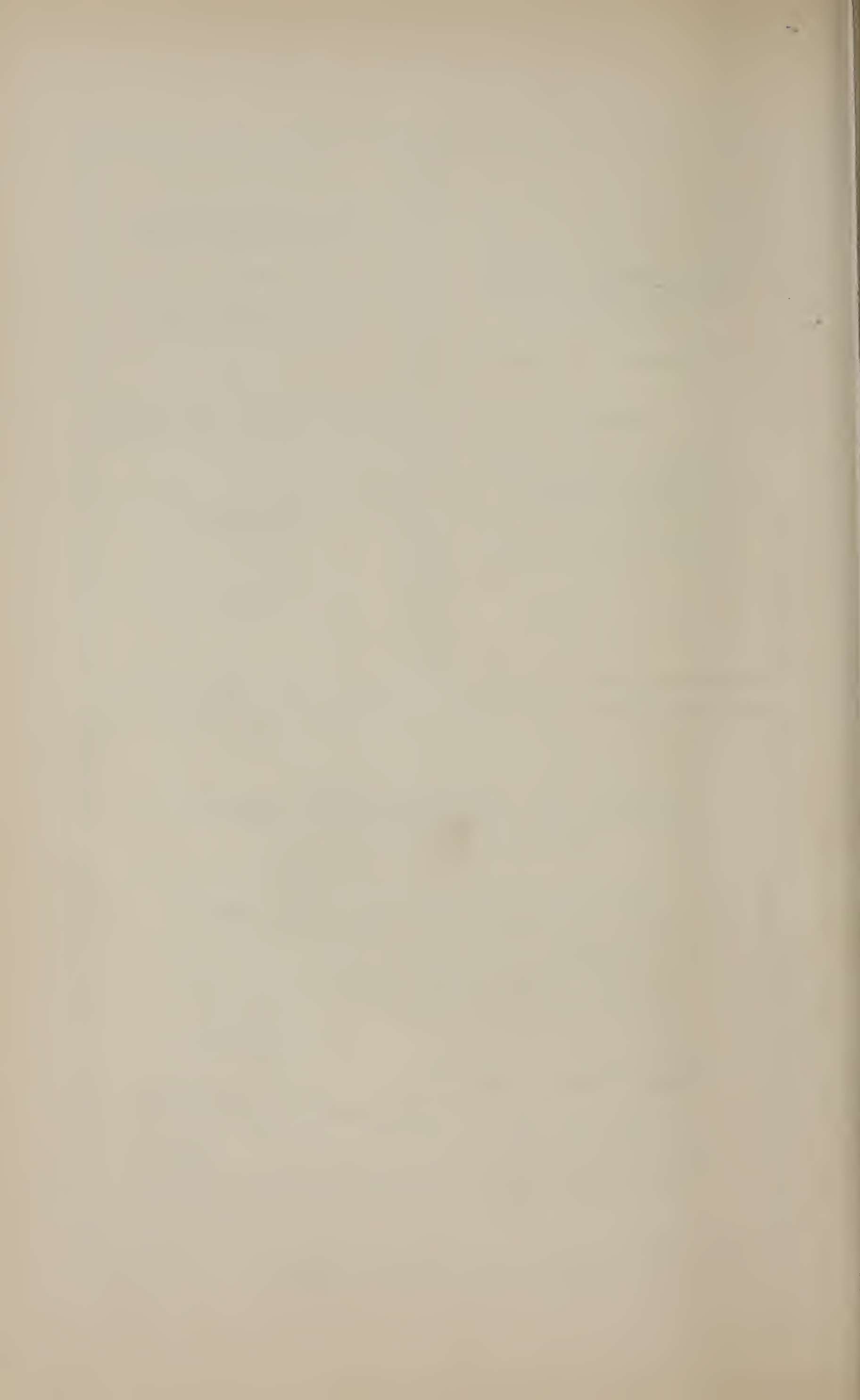
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NEW ENGLAND LITERATURE

MARY R. RAFFERTY '36

THE dictum of many in America today is that the literary output of New England is negligible; that New England has had its day and, so far as literature is concerned, is practically barren ground. Such a statement causes New Englanders to smile. If New England literature is negligible, why talk about it? Why waste precious time worrying over it when New England bothers not at all? The attitude of these people is similar to that of Communists who deny the existence of God, but spend their time reviling Him. Perhaps the crux of the matter is that America as a whole is rather jealous of New England for it has what every other section of the country desires—a literary background! All of us, being human and therefore proud, love background, and would, if we could, trace our ancestry to the Mayflower or the like. New England can trace her literary lineage back to a noble beginning, through a glorious development culminating in a literary aristocracy that has never been equalled in America. The other sections of America are the “nouveau riche,” so to speak, in literature, and like this class of society ape and override genuine society.

It is chiefly the literary aristocracy that bothers such Americans, the New England School, that group of conservatives, nearly all *Brahmins* by birth, who for years moulded American culture and thought. Most of them were of Puritan stock; many of them were clergymen; and all of them loved culture and learning for their own sake. They were God-fearing men who took their religion seriously and used their art as a medium to preach the truth to America. Their love of didacticism was a heritage from their Puritan forefathers which was difficult to overcome. During their reign, very little literature of any worth came from any other part of the country. America was “barren ground”; New England was fruit-

ful soil. This was the Golden Age of American Letters; the age of Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Hawthorne and Whittier.

When America began to take account of herself after the Civil War, she found herself a nation in a broader sense of the word. There was now no danger of disunion; the war had opened new fields of thought. Sectionalism was dying out; Nationalism was rearing its head. America became conscious of herself as a whole; as a nation of people vitally interested in one another and in their common welfare. The old conservative New England School which cared more for the culture of the past than the reality of the present was not able to meet this new demand of the people. They were in this new America rather than of it. They let their opportunity pass and it was inevitable that the control of American Letters should pass from the hand of this cultured, aristocratic few to the hands of the uncultured, but interested many.

The new fiction appeared with its "local color," its native dialects, coarse humor and spirit of revolt. It came from all parts . . . from the newly-opened west; from the romantic south . . . filled with a vigor, a vitality that was new in American Literature. The New England School could not understand this new literature; they bemoaned its crudeness, its vulgarity. The stain of Puritanism, with its inhibitions, its mistrust of the new, the individual, was hard to shake off. The old type of America with its love of tradition, its gentle refinement, as they knew it, was their environment. They had no bond, no connection with this newer, fuller life. They had finished their service to America . . . and no small service it was! Now their day was over and they accepted it philosophically. America had not understood them, now they could not understand America.

This exclusive group had limitations . . . they were clannish, provincial and sectional. New Englanders admit this . . . they are not quarreling with the new movement that brought originality and life to American literature, but with the opinion that this aristocracy had no lineal descendants. New Englanders took part in the new movement . . . Thoreau, the first of the nature-writers; William Dean Howells, Dean of American Letters; Mary Wilkins Freeman, Helen Hunt Jackson, Sarah Orne Jewett and Emily Dickinson.

As to contemporary literature of New England being negligible . . . the two poets of today, who, from the consensus of opinion, have produced work of lasting merit are New Englanders . . . Robert Frost and Edwin Arlington Robinson. In all fields of literature New England is represented . . . William Lyons Phelps and Bliss Perry, critics of outstanding work; Joseph Lincoln, Katherine Fullerton Gerould, Winston Churchill, Robert Herrick, Elliot Paul, novelists; Conrad Aiken, George Woodberry, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Amy Lowell and E. E. Cummings, poets.

It is amusing to notice that while New England is accused of being Puritanical, old-fashioned and a bit inhibited, it has been a leader in radical movements. Amy Lowell, the vigorous leader of the Imagist group, is a lineal descendant of James Russell Lowell, that Brahmin of New England aristocracy. Conrad Aiken and E. E. Cummings are certainly far removed from Puritan inhibition. The Harvard Workshop, begun by George Pierce Baker in 1905, is a New England enterprise and has given to the American public such dramatists as Eugene O'Neill and Sydney Howard, who have brought about a revolution in the modern American theatre.

Is the literature of this group negligible? Is New England barren ground? True, it is not the literary center that it once was . . . but that was due only to the inactivity of the rest of the country. No one is better pleased than New England at the emergence of the other sections from literary torpidity to real, fine action. No city of today can be the center that Boston was . . . Chicago had its brief period when it was the rendezvous of the literary elite, but this strong city of the west is too much a trade center to hold a literary supremacy long . . . New York is the mecca of authors because it is one of the chief publishing centers . . . but Boston was a center because it was cultural, intellectual and scholarly. Perhaps the decline of New England's leadership is not a decline at all . . . but an eclipse. Perhaps when the rest of the country has worn itself out in revolts and new movements and is searching for something stabilizing and worth while, New England will again come into its own . . . for that is the essential flavor of New England . . . wholesome and enduring!

STARLIGHT

Esther M. Farrington '38

A star is really a lovely sight:
The eye of God—a heavenly gleam—
A happy soul—a gem so bright—
A joyous thought—a lost sunbeam.
Full many a title such as these
Have been applied by us, poor men
Who try describing you with ease
While living in a world so dim.

But still, I would not trade my years
Here on God's green, to dwell with you.
I'd miss the laughter and the cheers,
The flowers, all wet with morning dew,
The beauty of a single smile,
The tears that make more real life's joy,
The loveliness of one small child,—
Comparison you cannot employ.

Yet when the night's clouds gently fall
Like blankets soft, so calm and slow,
I'm glad you come a-winking all
To view stilled tumult here below.
You bring a sense of time and space,
A richer world, a finer life,
A realization of true love's place,
A restful peace from human strife.

BLUE? . . . JUST WHISTLE

MARI-ELIZABETH McCARTHY '36

LITTLE FREDDIE whistled with gusto and kicked his sturdy shoes against the rail of the fence on which he was perched. It was very difficult to keep back the tears which persisted in filling up his eyes and rolling guiltily down his chubby cheeks. So he sat and whistled, felt the tingle of the North Wind and tasted the salt of tell-tale tears.

Tomorrow would be Thanksgiving Day, and the prospect of a long, empty refectory without the chatter of little boys' voices was dreary indeed. If this were the first time, or even the second, thought Freddie, it would not be so horrible. But last year about this time, when every child was gleeful and planning his trip home, little Freddie said nothing. When finally the day before Thanksgiving came, and mothers and fathers drove down to the school to collect their young sons, and the station wagon rolled away loaded with more gay little boys, Freddie remained behind and ate his turkey dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Holzworth, the Headmaster and his wife. It was good, but did not taste the same as it did at home. And then Christmas came, and again all the little boys went home. But Freddie stayed and roamed by himself through the empty rooms and the fields covered with soft snow, and on Christmas morning opened his two gifts: one postmarked California, the other marked New York; and Freddie felt very blue. Easter time was exactly the same and when Summer vacation rolled around, even then he did not go home but went to a camp where he remained until school reopened.

It was very hard for Freddie to understand the situation between his father and mother. He only knew they had quarreled; and both had explained to the child that he must be a very good boy and not want to come home, as both would be traveling, and there really would not be any home to come to. Freddie tried hard;

but it was extremely difficult for a small boy of nine to comprehend such conditions. He would say to himself that they must be as unhappy as he, and so every day he would run down to the Chapel and say to God:

“Please, God, make my Mother and Daddy happy
so that I can be happy and go home.”

But the child still received letters, one postmarked California, the other New York.

Now today, Freddie realized more than ever the bitter heartache and homesickness which gripped him. It was a typical November afternoon. The bleak rain of yesterday had torn the last clinging leaves from the boughs,—massacred them—until they were left a sodden desolate heap. A wind rose with impetus, salvaging and tearing its way across the countryside, exerting its powerful force to send a chill into every happy heart—but only into Freddie’s small pathetic one did it succeed in its purpose. There he sat at the end of the pasture; his chubby little body twitching, his eyes wet and stinging, and his round cheeks puffed out while he whistled a tuneless tune—just to prove, he said to himself, to anyone that might pass by that nothing bothered him. He was a brave lad, and seldom, indeed very seldom, did he permit such tears to fall. Even at night when he snuggled deep into his warm bed, never would he permit himself to cry, but tried to lessen his pain by holding fast to an unfaltering hope.

When light slowly fled from the sky, and a blue twilight took its place, Freddie clambered down from his perch and trudged across the field towards the school. He had stayed away as long as he dared, for the sight of a hundred eager boys packing and shouting to one another was a spectacle he did not care to confront. Cautiously he opened the door and stepped into the warm house. It was very quiet, but as he made his way upstairs the sounds of excited voices filled his ears. A pillow thrown from one room to another caught him as he went by, and at his uncontrolled exclamation, a boy ran out and on seeing Freddie, stopped.

“Hi, Freddie, where have you been, we wanted you for football practice today. Y’know we play Westland tomorrow morning and we have to be in good shape. ’Course yo’ being so small, most of the fellows didn’t miss you until it came time for someone to

carry the ball, and then Mr. Jim wanted to know where you was."

"Oh, I was down the road a way, and, honestly, Bill, I forgot all about it."

"Well, it's O. K. I guess. I said I thought you was sick—but we need your wiggle to get in and out, y'know."

Freddie smiled: "Yeah, well, I'll be there tomorrow—say what are you doing?"

It wasn't until he had the words out that he realized how it would incriminate him. Billy turned away into his room, embarrassed. "Packing, I'm going home tomorrow after the game. My Dad is driving over to get me." And the wise child refrained from saying more, nor did he question Freddie, knowing as he did the circumstances.

Freddie went ahead into his own room and sat down on the edge of his bed. He had forgotten all about the ball practice. The lad was champion ball carrier for the team, as he could "wiggle" his small, fat, little body in and out between the players, and being so much smaller than the other children, was never really noticed by the opposing team.

The bell rang for supper and he made his way with the chattering group down to the dining hall. After the meal was over a short recreation followed and then before going to bed, the boys filed into the Chapel. Freddie went down to the front pew so as to be sure that God would hear his prayer and with the most fervent faith, repeated the same prayer which he had made every day.

Every child was awake early the next morning. A brisk wind blew in a glory of sunshine through the open window when Freddie awoke, and for one small moment he forgot what day it really was. Then it flashed upon him. Today was Thanksgiving. As he dressed hurriedly he remembered that it had been three weeks since he had received a letter from either parent. And the thought that more and more they must be forgetting him brought persistent tears to his eyes which he gulped down quickly.

Mrs. Holzworth met him with a broad smile as he came down stairs.

"Well, Freddie, I hope you eat a big breakfast this morning so that you will have plenty of pep to carry the ball across today." Freddie smiled: "Yes'm, I'll try."—and went into the dining hall. Mrs. Holzworth sighed as she watched the chubby and pathetic

little figure walking so bravely. Picking up the mail she went into her husband's office. A few minutes later, Mr. Holzworth came across a telegram, and upon opening and reading it, he let out a low exclamation of surprise.

"Maria," he called, "read this," and he handed her the yellow paper. On it were the most welcome words and the biggest surprise for a certain little boy. It read:

"We are arriving this morning to get Freddie.
Say nothing, as we wish to surprise him."

(Signed) Mr. and Mrs. F. Whitney.

Nine o'clock that morning found Freddie down in the locker room pulling on his suit and whistling as loud as he could. Billy, sitting near him, glanced furtively out of the corner of his eye at this apparently very happy young man, but he was not deceived. Mr. Jim came in, gave his young charges a brief "pep" talk, then sent them out on the field.

It was the last quarter of the game. Freddie, despite his sorrow, had scored four times for his team, and was the hero of the hour. In front of the school a car drove up, and out stepped a man and woman. They rang the bell and disappeared inside the door. A few minutes later the door opened again and the two young people accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Holzworth appeared. They walked over towards the athletic field where the game was still in progress, and the sight of a small, chubby body wriggling its way across the goal line brought tears to the woman's eyes, and a broad grin spread across the mouth of the man. Just then the whistle blew, announcing the end of the game and the four people returned to the school.

Freddie hung behind the other boys as they dashed to the lockers. Billy, waiting by the door until he came near him, began admiringly:

"Gee, Freddie, that was a swell game you played this morning."

Freddie grinned: "Thanks, Bill, did your dad come?"

"Yeah, he's waiting for me—well, so long, see you Monday, Freddie."

"So long," said the child, and watched his friend run rapidly across the lawn to where his father stood. As soon as Freddie

had dressed he trudged up to the school, still whistling his tuneless tune.

Mrs. Holzworth met him at the door. "Freddie," she began, "I have a great big surprise for you in the office that I want you to go in and get right now."

Freddie, unsuspectingly, opened the door and walked in. Before him stood his father and mother. The latter with a little cry of joy, caught her child in her arms.

Some minutes later as Freddie sat on his father's knee, his chubby hand clasped in that of his mother's, the child suddenly jumped down.

"Please 'scuse me, I got to say goodbye to Billy."

"All right," laughed the father, "but hurry if you're going with us."

Outside he saw Billy getting into the car, and dashing up, pulled his sleeve.

"Hey, Billy," he said breathlessly, "I forgot to tell you not to eat too much turkey. My Mom and Dad just came, so I'll see you Monday," and before the astonished boy could say a word, Freddie rushed off to meet his parents as they came outside.

"All ready, Freddie," asked his father, "have you said goodbye to everyone?"

The child stopped. "Oh, no, Dad I forgot one, can you wait just a couple of more minutes 'til I say goodbye to a very special friend?"

"I guess so, son,"—and the small boy ran inside and down the hall to the chapel. There, inside he knelt down and raising his eyes upwards, prayed:

"Thank you, God, for making us happy—I'm going home to-day."

. . . and he went out whistling.

JUNE

(Translation from the French of Leconte de Lisle)

Catherine Cuttle '37

The fresh green meadows smell of dew-wet vines;
The sun falls full upon the new-leaved hedge;
Then all at once the whole world wakes and sings
On new-born birds in nests of young green sedge.

Through beds of moss and thyme, down sunny hills,
The brooks come tumbling gaily, crystal clear;
And snowy hawthorn rings with robins' trills
While little laughing winds caress the ear.

The fields are filled with harmonies of birds;
The paths are pearled with dewdrops in the dawn.
Quitting the sombre ilex, bees are heard
Who to the prickly briar rose are drawn.

Beneath the swaying willow tree a cow
In slow and heavy beauty, free of yoke,
Is grazing by the cooling waters; now
Its steaming nostrils fill with rosy smoke.

The river flows between two flowered banks
Beyond the meadows toward the azure sky;
And far across the fields, with reddened flanks
There roars the sovereign bull with flashing eye.

PRODUCTIONS AND REPRODUCTIONS

THE OLD MAID

KATHERINE FLATLEY '36

Zoe Akins, by way of Edith Wharton, furnishes an excellent background for two splendid actresses to perfect *The Old Maid*. Edith Wharton provided the theme, Zoe Akins converted it into a play, and Judith Anderson and Helen Menken carried it to a fine dramatic entertainment. When the enthusiastic audience leaves the theatre it is filled with varied emotions of joy, hatred, sorrow and love. It goes home, each one to collect his thoughts and unify them. First, one concentrates upon the main characters, Delia Lovell (Judith Anderson) and Charlotte Lovell (Helen Menken), who are cousins. Each has an excellent understanding of her assignment; each lives her part and gives a splendid portrayal of life in the 1830's.

Helen Menken's role is especially difficult; full of pathos and suffering brought about by misunderstanding on the part of others. To portray the character of a mother and an "old maid" is no easy task, yet Miss Menken does it admirably.

Judith Anderson's role is not quite so difficult, yet her dramatic power is equally good, if not better, than that of Miss Menken. She takes advantage of revealing her beautiful artistic hands (said to be the loveliest of any woman on the stage) as well as her ability to wear those exquisite costumes of the early nineteenth century. The two ladies overshadow completely the other members of the cast, but they do so in an unassuming manner. They provide a very satisfactory evening's entertainment and leave you with the feeling that the play is still "the thing."

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART

RITA KOEN '36

At last a long-awaited exhibit has arrived in Boston. The American Pictorial Photographic Exhibition displayed last Decem-

ber by the Royal Photographic Society, London, has been on display at the Museum of Fine Arts. After seeing this exhibit we can easily understand why modern photography is called an art, and why it has gained a prominent place among the other arts.

It was at the invitation of the Royal Photographic Society that this group was first assembled. Under a committee of American Fellows of the Society headed by Joseph M. Bing, the selection of photographs submitted by photographic magazines and camera clubs was made. There are over one hundred and fifty photographs on display which exhibit a wide variety of subjects and treatment.

It is evident from the finished technique of the pictures that the American is able to take his place in the photographic world. Unusual angles, tricky lighting, and carefully planned composition make these photographs outstanding. Among the more remarkable examples of photographic art in this salon are the dynamic composition of Margaret Bourke-White's *George Washington's Bridge*, and the excellent lighting effect in the portrait submitted by Steichen. *Seventy-five Years*, a detailed study of wrinkled hands, expresses the age of the sitter much more effectively than a facial close-up, by allowing the observer to use his imagination.

After viewing the results of this national exhibit, the impression remains that the American artists who "paint with light" are equally successful as those who work with other mediums.

RUSSIAN BALLET

MARTHA DUFFY '36

Boston has once more been host to Colonel Wassily de Basil's *Ballets Russes*, and the Opera House for five nights has overflowed with fascinated and enthralled audiences. This is a tribute both to the artists and to Boston's innate appreciation of the beautiful. It is not easy now to sit back and discuss the performances objectively, as their esthetic qualities, beauty of color, motion and sound, made so strong an emotional appeal that unbiased judgment is difficult. However, a knowledge of the principles of the art is essential. The history of the Russian ballet is an interesting one.

The art in its present form originated in Russia during the Tsar regime and consists of short plays worked out by pantomime

as well as the dancing. The dancers were trained from the age of six in imperial schools, where they lived sheltered lives devoting all their time to the fine arts, particularly dancing. After twelve years, they were graduated and allowed to take minor parts in the Imperial Marinsky Theatre in St. Petersburg. After several more years of training and practice, they became premiers, danseurs or ballerinas.

Although famous throughout the world for their perfection of style and beauty of form, they were never allowed to dance other than in imperial theatres or at other than decreed times. However, in 1910, Serge de Diaghileff, a nobleman with great influence at court, persuaded the authorities that to take the ballet to other countries would be a brilliant diplomatic move. Their tour comprised Paris, Berlin, London, and Vienna, and they were phenomenally successful. They were at the height of their success when the spectres of war and revolution came, and with them a revocation of the imperial decree allowing them out of Russia. Diaghileff refused to return, and most of his company stayed with him. When the revolutionists came into power, they were regarded as exiles and so took up their headquarters at Monte Carlo. They continued to have amazing success for ten years, during which time several great losses occurred . . . that of Nijinsky, the greatest genius ballet has known, who went violently insane while dancing, and Anna Pavlova, who left to start her own company. Many premiere ballerinas were over the age limit of thirty-five and left to start schools in Paris. The company was kept together successfully only by the managerial genius of the indomitable Diaghileff.

When he died after his summer season of 1929 at Covent Garden, there was a general impression that with him had died the ballet. He had done much for it, keeping all that was best in the old classical ballets, and at the same time gradually introducing innovations. At his death his collaborators, dancers, choreographers and others were dispersed . . . a flock without a shepherd. All were agreed that to allow suspension of so splendid an enterprise which had exercised so powerful an influence on the art of its day, to allow it to lapse into oblivion would be a disaster, but all attempts to gather up the threads and start anew failed until Colonel de Basil made the problem his own and found the right solution. He has succeeded because he has built up his ballet on a definite

principle. Anyone else would have done the obvious thing, gathered together the fragments left by that mighty genius, Diaghileff, and traded on his name. Such a course would have killed ballet for a generation or more. De Basil has built up a fresh young company to whom classicism has become a living force, instead of degenerating into formalism.

He came to the work of reorganization with ideas of his own, chief of which was the desire to bring out the younger generation of dancers. Diaghileff started his ballet on the proved resources of the Imperial Ballet and presented artists whose fame was established. De Basil carefully selected young dancers who showed promise, recruiting them from the studios of various imperial ballerinas in Paris and training them in his own studio. This system was not only expedient in itself; it was also vital to the new developments in choreography to which young dancers always take more readily than those of settled habits. He has engaged famous men as collaborators and is going on the principle that choreography should be new and original, but still classical.

The results of his genius have been seen for the past five evenings during Boston's all too short season. Only fourteen ballets were given, but those were fairly representative ones. *Des Lac des Cygnes* with music by Tchaikovsky and *Des Sylphides* with Chopin's music belong to the old classical school. For sheer ethereal beauty these two pieces are unsurpassed. The romantic music, beautiful costumes and scenery and the magnificent poses of the corps de ballet transport their audiences to another world. Examples of light, whimsical phantasy are *La Boutique Fantastique* to Rossini's music; *Le Tricorne* and *Carnaval* with music by Schumann. These delightful ballets please in their very light-heartedness. The abandon and *joie de vivre* they express prove irresistible to most beholders. Then for more serious drama we have *Scheherazade* with music by Rimsky-Korsakov which introduced glowing color and pageantry to the ballet; *Union Pacific*, the first American ballet describing the laying of the Union Pacific railroad with music collected from the folk songs of the period. Two very modern styled ballets were *Choreartium*, a pictorial interpretation of Brahms' Fourth Symphony, a succession of living pictures inspired by the music, and *Les Presages* based on Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, which delineates man's struggle with destiny. It is in these last

that the true form, style and inspiration of a dancer are revealed and certainly nothing is found lacking in the last presentation.

Many of these young dancers have become internationally famous, thus proving that if they have lived and suffered more than the cloistered pupils of the imperial schools and if at times they lack finish, they have brought dancing nearer to us and have found new ways of moving us. Ballet teaching in Paris recognizes in them its true successor and considers that they have carried the tradition a stage farther.

We of the present generation, who have missed so much, have at least the advantage of not always comparing these artists with those other famous characters of another age to whom distance lends even a greater enchantment. We can fairly judge them on their own worth, and as art is never stagnant, so ballet goes on developing and improving. Colonel de Basil may well be proud of the outcome of his labors, which have resulted in the attainment of a new chapter in the varied history of the ballet. So the tradition goes on, never identified with any one artist or country. In it may be seen a rallying point for the collaboration of artists of many countries, each helping to enrich it with new faces and ideas.

THE CRUSADES

DORA MURPHY '36

There seems to be a decided move on the part of the moving picture producers to give the public really worth-while pictures. This, no doubt, is the result of the League of Decency. Famous literary masterpieces are being filmed . . . *The Three Musketeers*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, and *The Tale of Two Cities*.

While *The Crusades* is not a dramatized version of a famous book, it is a dramatization of an historical fact, far-reaching in its influence. As presented by Cecil De Mille it is a "spectacle." It has everything that appeals to movie-goers—colorful action, life, plot, humor, and romance. It is lavishly produced, beautifully photographed, and admirably acted. It does put one in the mood of the Crusades, but clever Mr. De Mille has thought of box-office receipts and has added a tangible love story that will not fail to interest.

An old hermit, seeing the ill treatment of good people in Jerusalem, induces Philip of France to go on a Crusade. Philip is willing enough, but is fearful of losing his kingdom to Richard the Lion-Hearted. He recalls to Richard's mind the betrothal that was made between Richard and Alice, Philip's sister, in childhood. Richard has learned that all earthly vows are nullified by taking the Crusade vows and refuses to marry Alice.

Richard leads his men, but on the way they are overtaken by hunger, and Richard learns that a certain king will give his men food if he, Richard, will marry the king's daughter, Berengaria of Navarre. At first he is infuriated, but gives in to save his men. To the ceremony, however, he will not go—but only sends his sword. When he discovers that the lovely girl he sees on a balcony is his bride, he takes her with him to Jerusalem.

Because of his lack of faith and his selfish motive in starting on the Crusade, Berengaria scorns him. Richard assures her that only his sword will stand between them until the Crusades are won and he will place it on the tomb of the Saviour. Richard's comrades desert him. John, his brother, has usurped his throne. When Berengaria realizes this, she goes to the enemy to save him. She is wounded, but is protected by the hermit until she is taken captive by Saladin. He offers her his throne, but she refuses until she understands that she can save her husband.

Saladin saves Richard, but Richard learns that the Crusade is a failure. Saladin has decided, however, to allow Christians the free use of the Holy Land if they will cease fighting . . . on condition that Richard will never step within the gates of the Holy City. Richard promises. The Christians enter the city. Richard has finally learned the true meaning of the Crusade and begs God for guidance. As he is standing in grief over his dismissal from the Holy Land and the loss of his wife, she suddenly comes to him, for Saladin has realized the depth of her love for Richard. Berengaria then shows him the sword and they reverently place it on the tomb.

The picture is decidedly effective. Some scenes are exceptionally so . . . the arrival of the Christians at the Holy City; the tragic death of the old hermit. But whether the picture is a portrayal of the Crusades, or rather a love story laid against the romantic background of the Crusades, is a question which each spectator must judge for himself.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Mari-Elizabeth McCarthy '36

It was Sunday afternoon . . .
and the rain did drip
with an endless pat.
And by looking far across the tops
of houses—warm and safe,
I could see a stretch of long, green woods,
so moist, so damp.
And my heart reached out and yearned
just to touch their bark,
and to walk over red, fallen leaves
that soon would die.

And I did . . .
and my feet found rest
in the soft, wet backs
of leaves piled up,
and my eyes did shine
from their brilliant hues:
gay crimson—green—a taunting yellow.
But beneath it all
there hovered 'round
a silence none could break.
It was Fall . . .
and the words spoke for themselves.
And the sadness in the woods
did creep into my heart
and mingled there
with the grief within.

So the woods and I and the trees
found strength in one another,
while the rain did drip
through falling leaves . . .
one Sunday afternoon.

LE SOIR

Dorilla Brule '36

C'est l'heure douce du couchant
Ou tout se taît dans le silence.
Déjà on n'entend plus de chants—
A pas lents, le soir s'avance !

Le jour s'éteint aux horizons,
Les ombres lentement s'allongent
Et engloutissent nos maisons—
Le soir descend comme en un songe.

Les bruits cessent dans la ville,
Le monde, comme il est tranquille !
Seul, Vesper, brille au fond des cieux.

Rien ne bouge, le vent est mort,
La terre doucement s'endort
Dans un recueillement pieux.

NEW ENGLAND TOWN

Barbara McGrath '37

She stands serene among the lofty hills,
Viewing with rueful eye the change of years,
Bearing in well-bred scorn the smoky mills,
The cars, the bill-boards with their gaudy smears.
She keeps aloof, disdainful, ever proud
Like one who lives a hermit in the crowd.

MARK TWAIN—1835-1935

RITA DE LEO '36

THE NAME of Mark Twain," says Stephen Leacock, "stands for American humor." Mark Twain has been for the past century the most widely read American author in countries abroad; most Europeans base their idea of American people on his audacious book, *Innocents Abroad*. It is necessary to know the circumstances of his early training and the influences exerted on him to understand his remarkable knowledge of human nature and consequently his wide-spread popularity.

Samuel Clemens, *nom de plume*, Mark Twain, was born in Florida, Missouri, on November 30, 1835. His parents, John Clemens and Jane Lampton Clemens, had started West in the hope of realizing their dreams of prosperity. This ambition was doomed to disappointment, and four years after the birth of Samuel they moved to Hannibal. In his recollection of his younger years, Mark Twain recalls vividly, "the prairie and its loneliness and peace," and the forests surrounding the prairie. He speaks of his love for "solemn twilight and the mystery of the deep woods, the earthy smells, the faint odors of the wild flowers, the sheen of rain-washed foliage, the rattling clatter of drops when the wind shook the trees."

He had very little formal education, but his contact with the cultured Southerners of his acquaintance, the stimulus of the Negro story-telling, and his haphazard reading methods exerted a far greater influence on his vivid imagination. When he was twelve, he left school to become a printer. During the year he spent in this trade, he passed many an hour dreaming of adventure and strange lands as did his own hero Huckleberry Finn.

Whether the lure of travel proved too strong to resist or not, we do not know, but in 1858 he was learning to pilot a boat on the Mississippi river. For four years he remained here and he

learned to know every curve and rock along the river; this was the time when his love for the great river came into existence; that love that was to be so evident in his works.

He did not begin to write until he went further West in 1861. Like many other of our writers, he became a journalist and the local reading public were the first to notice his work. He wrote some very interesting and wonderful descriptions of the new West. About this time Artemus Ward, a popular humorist, became interested in him and urged him to go East for recognition. Twain, however, stayed in the West until 1866 when he set sail for New York on the steamer *America*. His longing to travel cut short his stay there and his journey to Europe and the Mediterranean countries gave him the material for his *Innocents Abroad*. This book established him as a great success and he returned to find himself famous and justly so, for the sketches in this book are really humorous. He discovers and reveals in a satirical and penetrating manner the foibles of Americans abroad. "The Americans who traveled half way around the world to take a sail on the sea of Galilee and then missed their one chance because they wouldn't pay the boatman more than one napoleon when he wanted two" is one instance of his insight. William Dean Howells, Dean of American Letters, says of the book: "Its humor is based on excellent sense and good feeling." Stephen Leacock, who should know how to judge a humorist, says: "The book represents Europe as seen from the Rocky Mountains; Rome as interpreted from Carson City."

Before writing *The Innocents Abroad*, Mark Twain had done some lecturing, but now he found himself greatly in demand as a speaker. He had such charm, was so alive and forceful that people flocked to hear him. A journalistic description of him at this time is interesting:

"Mark Twain is a man of medium height about five feet ten, sparsely built, with dark reddish-brown hair and moustache. His features are fair, his eyes keen and twinkling. He dresses in scrupulous evening attire. In lecturing he hangs about the desk, leaning on it or flirting around it, then marching or counter-marching in the rear of it. He seldom casts a glance at his manuscript."

With the proceeds of the royalties from his books, and his lectures he bought a share in the *Buffalo Express* and became its editor in 1869. A little later he met, fell in love with, and married

Olivia Langdon. She was an excellent wife for a man like Mark Twain.

The next years of Mark Twain's life were very prolific. His most noted works are: *Life on the Mississippi*, *Roughing It*, *Innocents Abroad*, *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, *The Connecticut Yankee* and *Joan of Arc*. He received honorary degrees from Yale and Oxford. No study of American literature of that period would be complete without recognition of the work of Mark Twain, the humorist from the West. He was the first writer of national literature—literature adapted to the taste of all America; he was the first to challenge the control of the New England School. There are many sides to this great man; he was a humorist, who echoed the laughter of the people—this side is best seen in his *Jumping Frog*. He was a protester against insincerity and pretense in his *Innocents Abroad*.

"Stand on the solid earth. Look with your own eyes. Worship nothing but genuineness and truth. Europe is no better than America. Como is beautiful, but it is not so beautiful as Tahoe."

Finally, there is Mark Twain, the great romancer, and it is this side of him that predominates in the book, *Life on the Mississippi*. The Mississippi had made him an idealist and a dreamer. His best work was done under her influence.

"The face of the water, in time, became a wonderful book—a book that was a dead language to the uneducated passenger, but which told its mind to me without reserve, delivering its most cherished secrets as clearly as if it uttered them with a voice. And it was not a book to be read once and thrown aside, for it had a new story to tell every day. Throughout the long twelve hundred miles there was never a page that was void of interest, never one that you could leave unread without loss, never one that you would want to skip, thinking you could find higher enjoyment in some other thing. There was never so wonderful a book written by man; never one whose interest was so absorbing, so unflagging, so sparkingly renewed with every perusal."

Mark Twain's *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* is also romantic in treatment. It was published anonymously in 1895 and few suspected his authorship, as the style is totally different from his other work. Clemens considered it his best book. The heroine is portrayed with great delicacy of feeling. There is no

suggestion of doubt as to the divine mission of the Maid of Orleans, nor is there any attempt to explain away her visions from a natural basis. After reading Joan of Arc it is difficult for many readers to understand the last two books of Mark Twain in which he reveals himself, to quote Father Gillis, as a "disillusioned misanthrope, full of contempt for human nature, and of blasphemous criticism of God." These books were written in 1898, but were not published until after his death. One of these, entitled *What is Man*, he called his "bible." In it he pours out his contempt and ridicule upon human nature asserting that man is only a machine, that he has no moral sense, that he has no mind, and that it would be well if the whole human race were exterminated at once. He is not joking, as one might expect, for he is completely serious about it. The second work, called *The Mysterious Stranger*, has for its central theme that God has no morality. The hero is called Satan, and he is supposed to be the nephew of Lucifer. The majority of readers do not know these works, but they are gradually becoming better known. A recent article by Theodore Dreiser called "Mark the Double Twain," discusses the reasons why Mark Twain was afraid to reveal his true opinions as they are brought out in these later writings.

Mr. Dreiser blames the author's conservative friends and publishers as well as Mrs. Clemens, who went over all his work before it was sent to the printer. He also blames the publishers today who find it advantageous to themselves and their sales to keep up the myth of the genial, kindly, fun-loving humorist. But Mr. Dreiser does not for a moment suggest that the mythical Mark Twain is the real one. He considers him a "gloomy and wholly mechanistic thinker," who was bound by conventional forces and who was afraid to revolt and reveal himself. Some readers would prefer to excuse these morbid writings as due to the losses and bereavements which saddened the author's last years. Others have tried to explain them as illustrating a dual personality. Further editing and research will undoubtedly throw more light on the problem. The radicals will rejoice and hail him as a prophet who was in advance of his day, while the conservatives will lament his decline. Probably we are too near to Mark Twain to appraise his work for its lasting qualities, and to judge the philosophy of life, half-hidden, half-revealed in his writings.

"AND THIS IS PEACE"

MARY R. RAFFERTY '36

○LD John Ward watched the crackling flames dance and leap. Wonderful, he thought, what fantastic pictures one can discover in a fireplace . . . it was as full of surprises as *Arabian Nights*! There! that one looked like a witch on a broomstick! He leaned forward eagerly, then chuckled to himself. How often he had seen that same picture in his childhood when he had spent hours lying on the rug looking for firelight pictures. His family thought that he was a bit queer—but then they were a prosaic group. John had been the imaginative one from childhood. This habit had never left him; he had even evolved a little theory from it that never failed to work. People who enjoyed seeing pictures in the flames he had always counted as kindred spirits—these were the interesting people—whose acquaintance would be a joy, whose companionship would be an adventure. There were many, however, who thought him a bit queer, and these he pitied. It was terrible to be missing so much of the best part of life through lack of imagination. Better to have it work overtime as his did than not at all! There! The fire had died away and John regarded it regretfully. He was in reality now and the change was not a pleasant one. His fine, blue-veined hand grasped the silver head of his cane and he rose slowly and passed to the opposite end of the room. He raised his eyes to the portrait of a beautiful, clear-eyed girl in the exquisite fashion of over a half century ago. Leaning forward on his cane and slowly shaking his white head, he addressed her:

"Lovely and calm as always, my dear, are you not? You are the one thing in all this rapidly changing world that remains the same to me. Sixty years ago today since I first brought you to this house—and over twenty since you left it. But then, you have

never really left me . . . I feel your presence like a spirit hovering over me always. Please God, it may ever be like this . . . for it will not be long before I will join you, my dear, but first I have to settle the boy. He is a good lad, but too much pampering has left its mark on him, and what can an old man like me do with him? He needs a woman's care. You must advise me as you did in the old days. What shall I do for the boy, my dear?"

He stood silently for a time thinking deeply, then nodded his head in satisfaction:

"That is the best answer. Thank you, my dear, and remember I shall be with you before long after I settle the boy."

He turned and walked slowly from the room, mounted the winding staircase and disappeared into the dimness of the upper hall.

* * * * *

"Ah, good morning, my boy!"

John Ward glanced from his coffee to address the young man who had just entered.

"Did you enjoy yourself at your aunt's last evening?"

"Oh, all right; but I am tired of having Aunt Felice run my life for me. I would rather manage it myself. I don't like all this running around to parties and dances six nights in the week—and always the same crowd—satisfied with their achievements! What do they know about living? I'd love to go back to Paris—that's the place to live!"

A glance of eagerness lighted the discontented face.

Old John suddenly looked older, but said nothing—then to his butler: "Franklin, please send Mr. Bartlett to me in the library."

* * * * *

Later, when he and his secretary were safely ensconced in the rear seat of the limousine, old John leaned back and regarded his secretary quizzically:

"We are going to meet Anne Burke. I shall tell you who she is. She is the grand-daughter of old Michael Burke who worked himself up from an errand boy in my father's time to an executive in mine. He was the real power behind the bank and when he died I seemed to lose hold. You know there is something magnificent

about the energy and vitality of a man like that. It seems to be wearing out in my stratum of society. We take things too much for granted—but enough of that now. This is his orphaned granddaughter and I am her guardian. She finished college last year and is coming, with her companion, to live here.”

Then seeing a question in the young man’s eyes he said, laughingly:

“No, my daughter Felice does not know about it, and as to what she will say when she does hear it,”—he chuckled softly—“my boy, you have no idea how much I am looking forward to that occasion.”

As the train pulled in old John watched eagerly. All his hopes were pinned on this girl . . . she must live up to his expectations—she had been such a nice child—and an imaginative one! Often she had sat on his knees and whiled away hours charming him with her fantastic fairy stories—and yes, she loves firelight pictures! He felt reassured . . . a girl with an imagination like that must be all right. But here she was, slim and rather small, dark too, like her grandfather . . . and yes, she had his chin that could square so suddenly and stubbornly.

“Uncle John!” and two soft arms clung about his neck—and then John knew that everything was going to be all right. Anne had not disappointed him at all.

* * * * *

Old John sat in his favorite chair before the fireplace. He was very pleased with himself and everyone. Yes, things were working out very well, very well indeed! Anne had not disappointed him at all—her presence in the house was a stimulus that it had long needed. She was such an energetic, such an impetuous person! Refusing to be idle, she had taken a position as secretary in the bank and was hard at work every minute of the day. Nice to have a woman in the house again. Yes, a house was not a home, no matter how fine it was, without a woman. It was like a thing without a soul. But Anne had supplied the soul, had pampered him, roused him and awakened Jack. The boy was catching her fire of enthusiasm. She laughed at him, upbraided him and spoiled him almost simultaneously. Under her influence he had snapped out of his

lethargy and taken an interest in the bank. It was the happiest hour of the day for John when the two came in at nightfall, eager and impetuous, and poured out to him the story of the day's activity. Yes, he had been right . . . a woman's influence had been the boy's need.

"I am getting romantic," chuckled old John; "I'm too old to play the role of Cupid, but I shall never be too old to enjoy seeing two young people truly in love."

Yes, things were working out very well. The boy was interested—and Anne, too. They were always together, both of them—so young, so brave, so dear to him. She would give him the attention and love that had been denied him by his mother's and grandmother's death—she—. Old John had fallen asleep.

* * * * *

Anne and Jack strolled along, side by side . . . Anne, with her shoulders back, her arms swinging—a picture of one in love with life. Jack walked at her side rather discouraged looking and dejected. Then out of the silence:

"Anne, did you ever want to do something very much—so much that nothing else mattered?"

Anne looked up:

"Of course I did. I do—I want to make a success of my position at the bank to please Uncle John and to prove to myself that I can."

"I want to travel—to be on my own—to be my own master for a while," he answered in a strained, passionate voice.

"All my life I have been shut up in private schools and camps—and now the bank. Not that I don't like the bank. I do. But right now it is like a prison I can't escape from. If I could live my own life for a while, do the things I want to do, then I would gladly come back. It is not grandfather's fault—he doesn't realize this—he only wants me to be happy. I don't want to tell him; he would be unhappy at the thought of my being away from him."

He broke off suddenly and looked sheepishly at Anne.

"You must think me pretty much of a cad?"

"Of course I don't, and listen to me—I think that you will get your wish. I feel that you will and that never fails."

Old John rose with a start. He became conscious of the rising storm without. The wind was whistling, shutters were banging and in the distance was the threatening rumble of thunder. He hoped Anne was safe—she hated storms so. Like a flash she darted in.

“Oh, I’m so glad that you are here. I’ll stay with you.” She drew the footstool close and leaned her head against his knee, sighing happily:

“I love being here with you. It’s been the happiest time of my life since grandfather died.”

“Please God, you may be always here,” he murmured, passing his hand tenderly over her shining, dark hair.

“Remember the fun we had when I was a little girl and you came to visit us. You spent hours telling me stories and how I was to be your girl because you didn’t have any little daughter of your own any more. And the firelight pictures—remember them?—I’ve loved them since.” A warm glow of past remembrance held them both silent, then Anne said seriously:

“Uncle John, what are we going to do about Jack?”

For a moment John did not answer. Suddenly all his rosy plans for the future came before him and seemed to mock him, he had been so sure.

“Do? Why, Anne, I thought the boy was happy; he seems to be,” he answered in bewildered fashion. Anne wisely shook her head.

“He is just trying to make you feel reassured. He really does try, but I know he dislikes the bank.”

“What shall I do, Anne?”

“Let him go abroad for a while until he gets rid of this restlessness. Let him try his wings, then perhaps he’ll be content to come back here and settle down. He has never been on his own much, you know, and he would like to try it.”

“You think it’s the best way, Anne?”

“I’m sure it is, dear.”

* * * * *

Old John was sitting before the fireplace. He was dressed very festively—he always was at weddings, and this was indeed a special wedding—Anne’s and Jack’s. After all, his plans had not been

far wrong—they had only needed time to carry them out. Lucky, indeed, it had turned out that Anne had fallen ill and needed that trip abroad. Yes, sir, there was nothing like a pale, delicate girl to make a man wake up and realize that he's in love. It had been as simple as that—the boy had been about ready to come back, homesick and tired of Paris. Well, they had all come home together—to happier times. Jack was zealously interested in the bank now, thanks to Anne's interest and love.

Old John nodded and rose slowly and went toward the portrait: "You seem to be smiling, my dear. Are you happy, too? For a time I was worried about the outcome, but it's all right now. The boy couldn't be settled better. God willing, I'll be with you soon."

AUTUMN FANTASY

Alice Quartz '37

The red leaf said to the brown
"Come on let's go to town."
They called to the breeze,
Who, willing to please,
Came and blew them down.

They danced along the way,
In movements light and gay,
'Til the breeze, the tease,
These two leaves did seize
Stopping their joyous play.

Again and again she blew
Up and down they flew
Then the breeze, like a clown,
With a laugh tripped to town
Leaving them naught to do.

LOPE DE VEGA (1562-1635)

HELEN McGETTRICK '35

TRUE glory lies in goodness."

So spoke Lope de Vega, and these words are significant coming from his lips. As a man he makes an interesting psychological study because of the contrast afforded by his remarkable intellectual endowments on the one side and the uncontrolled human passions and weaknesses on the other. Ida Farnell says: "Lope was in fact a libertine . . . He loved too easily, sinned, repented and sinned again." Yet he was a fervent Catholic and accepted the many sorrows of his later years as chastisements for his sins. As death approached he declared "he would willingly exchange all the applause he had received for one more virtuous act to be laid to his credit." He was sincere in disclaiming human glory, yet few men have experienced more fully the utter sweetness and satisfaction of the plaudits of his fellowmen.

Lope de Vega was the Prince of Spanish dramatists, and one of the world's great lyric poets. Calderón, Cervantes and Lope form the grand triad of the Golden Age. Of the three Calderón early received an enthusiastic reception in Europe, markedly so in Germany. Cervantes lives today, universally known and equally well-loved, in his *Don Quixote*. But Lope de Vega was the pampered child of fortune. During his lifetime his name was known not only in every country of Europe, but even as far as China, and the thinly settled regions of the Americas. His fame has continued down to our own day, and wherever Spanish is read there you will find his sonnets or plays or epics. His plays are still presented on the stage, thus testifying to their popularity and intrinsic interest. In Spain and Latin America they have much the same import that Shakespeare's plays possess for the English stage.

Perhaps the most amazing thing about this man was the enormous amount of work he actually accomplished. De Vega wrote

no less than fifteen hundred dramas, four hundred "autos sacramentals" (miracle plays), and an uncounted number of novels and poems of all types. His talents were flexible, and he was almost equally at home in prose and poetry. His works were so varied and so numerous that a great many of them have never even been published. Herein lies a rich field for some future investigator. Of his novels *La Arcadia* is, perhaps, the best. His work on Asceticism, typical of the Spanish School of mystics and ascetics, contains profound meditations on his past life with reference to the future sanctification of his actions. In his poetical creations, he was even more felicitous than in his prose selections. Several interesting epics are known to us. *La Dragontea* is justly popular. It is a vibrant, stirring tale of that bold English corsair, Sir Francis Drake. His plays were written in meter, for prose drama is a comparatively new invention. But no one meter could satisfy the exuberance and vividness and grace of this master of dramatic and lyric poetry, so he used all meters. His "comedias" have made him deservedly famous, but his lyrics are too often limited to a Spanish audience. Here is a poet whose writings are exquisitely perfect, appealing equally to the mind, the heart, and the ear. Their music enchants, and holds prisoner forever, one who has heard them but once. Some of the "Eclogues" are gentle and sweet, with the undertones of the woodlands, while others are entirely dramatic. His graceful, thoughtful sonnets, and his peculiarly Spanish "romances" mark him a worthy companion of the great lyric and ballad masters. His religious verse, with its liquid clarity, is undoubtedly the loveliest, having a charm and attraction that is only Lope's because in revealing his very thoughts he likewise showed us the heart of the Spanish nation.

Lope de Vega's influence on the theatre was unusual. In all literature there have been only three original schools of drama, the Greek, the Shakespearian, and the Spanish; all others are fashioned after these. We can, therefore, understand the respect which Lope's name inspires when it is understood that he was the founder of the national theatre of Spain. In fact, a whole dramatic literature was his contribution, for his works were both erudite and popular, pastoral, romantic, and realistic. Before his time there reigned disorder and a motley group of unrelated elements. Some of the playwrights followed the ancient, classic Greek style, which really

was not suited to the temperamental, and changeable, national spirit. Others imitated the early Italian conceptions of the drama, while still others were producing dull Latin farces. Here and there could be seen the style which Lope took, and forged into a school entirely different, and characteristic of the people for whom he was writing. It was freer than the Greek and paid little attention to the rigid rules for unity. It was colorful, animated, and replete with characters that were natural and lifelike, and not merely the fixed types so common before. Lope de Vega made his theatre express the three great ideas of the Spain of his day—love of Church, of country, and of honor. He created the essentially national “comedia” of “capa y espada,” which treats of the varied adventures of a nobleman in defense of his ideals of love and honor.

The “graciosos,” or jesters, are usually to be found in his dramatic works. These were not by any means new types, since they are as ancient as written literature, but they had fallen into disuse when Lope took them, and formed them into the modern jesters, part harlequin, part fool, sometimes a rustic, and sometimes a meddling servant. They were used much as Shakespeare used them, to parody the actions of the leading characters, and to provide the necessary comic element. As likewise was the case in England, women rarely appeared on the stage, with the result that their roles as *dramatis personae* were sadly neglected by the writers of the period. With the advent of this literary man of new ideas, however, a great change came, and women took a more prominent part. His *Moza de Cántero*, or “Water-Maid” as it is titled in English productions, was probably the earliest Spanish drama having a woman as protagonist. Thus a new fashion was set, which has continued up to the present time.

Lope de Vega was endowed with literary talents of a high order, found all too infrequently. That he made use of them is evidenced by his still lasting fame three hundred years after his death. But what of the man himself? A genius must necessarily be conscious of his gifts, or he is not a genius. Lope knew their value, but always remained lovably humble. Far too many great men know what it means to live in obscurity and die in want . . . but not so this man. He lived in the revealing blaze of glory, and through his writings was rich beyond his needs. But as fast as money came into his hands it was spent—spent, indeed, on his

friends, and on the resourceless poor. Lope was too kind-hearted to refuse any request, and although he earned fabulous sums for those days, he soon distributed it at large. Montalváan, his intimate friend and biographer, called him "the richest and poorest man of his century." This lovable personage was a friend of all, and held in the highest esteem by all classes, from the poor peasants to his king, Philip IV, and the Holy Father, Urban VIII. Indeed, in recognition of some of his religious writings, His Holiness honored him with a Doctor of Divinity, *honoris causa*. In his later years, like many of his contemporaries, he became a member of the Congregation of the Servants of the Most Holy Sacrament. Wherever he went, Lope de Vega was the honored personage, almost literally worshipped. It speaks strongly for the man's character that in the face of such adulation he retained a sense of balance and equanimity.

The works of this genial Spaniard, in spite of the purely human failings of hasty composition and unskilled editing, retain a certain freshness. In the Spanish theatre, they are classics. In the Golden Age they aroused the admiration of a no less important contemporary of his, Cervantes, who called him the "Fenix de los Ingenios," which became a sort of title by which he is always known. Centuries have passed since Lope de Vega lived, but the passage of time has not tarnished the luster of his fame. Rather, age has made it more mellow and golden.

AUTUMN'S PALACE

Helen T. Goodwin '36

King Autumn's floor is of multiple hue
From leaves, brown as amber, to dark, earthen jet,
Tapestries, ruby, and emerald, are met
By a dome of deep sapphire and pale turquoise blue
While over all glistens the diamond dew.

THE GREEN CHINA BULL PUP

RITA DE LEO '36

To be alone, unknown, and in New York! Karen wondered if there could be a more desolate situation. At first, the experience of complete independence had been an enjoyable novelty, but after six weeks Karen Shermly was beginning to feel lost. The only persons in the city that she knew were her employer and his wife, and they were both well over forty years old. She longed to meet people of her own age and tastes.

Karen remembered with bitterness the excitement and anticipation she had felt when she had been offered a position in the New York office. New York—The City of Adventure!

"Poof," she said aloud as her thoughts reached this point. She leaned over and grabbed her dog "Smudge" by the paws. His saucy Scottie face looked up at her with expectancy. "What would you like, Smudge?" she asked ironically. "Shall we go for a walk?"

Smudge leaped upon her and began lapping her cheek energetically. "Hum," Karen said disgustedly; "you're easily satisfied, aren't you?" She rose and went to the closet for her hat and coat.

Smudge was chasing his tail in ecstasy so Karen had a difficult time fixing his leash on him. Finally she banged the door of her apartment and tried the lock. Smudge tugged impatiently on the leash. "Oh, wait," Karen grumbled, but Smudge pulled so violently that Karen found herself sitting on the floor. She rose, brushed furiously at her coat, and turned to spank the dog, but Smudge shrank penitently away. So instead of a scolding Karen hurried to do his bidding.

The air was cool and bracing and her pace was satisfying to the little Scottie who trotted contentedly at her side.

When she reached Fifth avenue Karen slowed her walk to look at the brilliantly lighted windows. Suddenly she stopped and almost glued her nose to a small shop window.

"A green china Boston bull," she exclaimed. "Oh, Smudge, I must have it. Isn't it darling?"

But Smudge was not to be beguiled. He merely stood patiently, looking rather bored. Karen opened the door of the shoppe and walked in. As the door closed behind her she heard the small tinkle of a bell. At the sound, a tall, young giant came striding out of the back. Karen thought amusedly, "Another bull in a China Shop."

"Eh, what!" the young man exclaimed in surprise. Karen blushed as she realized she had spoken her thoughts aloud. It was a habit she had acquired in the six weeks of having no one but Smudge to speak to.

"Er," she stammered in embarrassment, "I want to look at the green china dog in the window."

"Just a minute," the young man stepped over to the window and brought out the odd little piece. He gave it to Karen. She was examining it, when the young man bent down to pat Smudge. As he lifted his head he jerked Karen's elbow, and the china dog crashed to the floor.

Karen stood and stamped her feet. "You big, clumsy thing," she wailed. She pointed accusingly at the broken fragments.

The young man grew pale, then red. He bit his lips and then rather uncertainly he burst into loud laughter which became uproarious. Karen opened her eyes in amazement.

"This is really funny." He broke off laughing suddenly to exclaim, "I'm appointed shopkeeper, I lose sales, I'm called a bull in a china shop, and to top it all I break a china bull dog!" He chuckled again.

Karen tightened her lips.

"You must be crazy," she said, "if you think that's funny."

The young man looked at her a minute, then looked at her again as if really seeing her for the first time. He was, and what he saw he liked.

"Really," he said, "let me explain. Here," he pulled out a chair, "sit down!"

Karen knew she was foolish to stay. Yet the tall young man looked nice, and well, why shouldn't she? She sat down and smiled at him. He sat on the edge of a chair near by and clasped his hands between his knees.

"To begin with something," he said, "my name's Hugh Carlin." He paused. "You know, I can't really tell you why it was I laughed"—he stood up and walked around the room, then came to stand in front of her—"except that if I hadn't, I would have probably thrown a lot of things around."

"I understand," said Karen, "I've felt the same way myself." A sense of humor had often saved her in certain circumstances from any show of anger. Mr. Carlin looked at her, then continued:

"I made a wager with my sister, who owns this place, that I'd run it for one day without any mishaps, and that if I didn't I'd pay her two months' receipts."

Karen laughed. "If all your patrons were like me," she said, "you probably had a hectic day."

Mr. Carlin smiled reminiscently. "They weren't a bit like you," he said with special meaning.

Karen rose. She thought it was time for her to go. Mr. Carlin rose also, guessing her purpose.

"Must you go?" he said.

Karen nodded.

"I don't even know your name," he mourned.

She smiled. "It's Karen Shermly. Good-bye." She started for the door.

"Just a minute," Mr. Carlin came after her; "if you'd like a china dog like the one I broke I'll order one for you."

"Oh, I would," Karen said. "Do you think you'll be able to get one like it?"

The young man nodded firmly. "What's your address?" he asked eagerly; "to send it to you, you know," he added.

Karen told him solemnly.

He went to the door with her.

* * * * *

Karen walked along the avenue with an inexplicable feeling of elation. Smudge was dejectedly following, for her neglect of him had hurt his pride. As they entered the apartment Karen turned to the dog.

"Smudge," she said with some anxiety, "do you think I'll ever see him again?" Smudge merely gazed up at her with a look in his eyes.

MUSICAL MOODS

Helen T. Goodwin '36

Long slender hands move, caressing piano keys white and black,
Seeking the tones that will open up memory's hoard.
There's a sharp note, like a hunter's horn calling the howling pack
When the gay riders are checked at the turbulent ford.

Gradually drifting to quiet, melodious minor bars,
Masterful fingers call up a clear vision of night,
Brightly illumined by Spring's glowing moon and faint twinkling
stars—

Gentle breeze blowing the fragrance of lilies moon-white.

Now a chord low in the bass, like the ocean's deep roar,
Stirring the depths of the soul with majestic power.
Spattering spray defies rocks that like sentinels hoar
Stand with their backs to the land, a fortified tower.

THE GOLD STANDARD

Barbara McGrath '37

Monetary standards do not mean much to me,
I find gold is common on every maple tree
It glistens, and I never need fear any dearth
With such a big surplus in the mint of Mother Earth.

BOSTON VIGNETTES

OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE

FABRONIA ANTOS '36

When I think of Boston I think of bookstores, don't you? The most famous one, of course, is the Old Corner Bookstore on School street. It dates from 1812 and was the scene of many a meeting of that famous group of Bostonians who made Boston a name that stood for culture and refinement. It is no longer the home of booksellers, but basks in the light of its former reputation when it was called:

"The exchange of wit, the Rialto of current good things, the hub of the hub. It was a really remarkable group of men—indeed it was the first group of really great American authors who familiarly frequented the corner as guests of Fields."

Cornhill is, of course, the street of queer bookstores—dingy little places right off the street where one can sometimes buy a favorite for almost nothing. It dates from 1816 and was formerly called Cheapside, in London fashion. In fact, one in Boston is never allowed to forget for very long that this is, indeed, New England.

CHINATOWN

ALICE G. GALLAGHER '36

Have you ever been to Boston's Chinatown? It is one of Boston's quaintest sections, containing a few blocks of the old world. You are brought into close contact with plebeian oriental life, for here you see not the stately home of the *Brahmin*, nor yet the exotic home of a Chinese financier, but the humble enterprises of the poorer Chinese.

When you first set foot in this strange place, a decided change in atmosphere is evident. It is so congested and secluded that the very air seems heavy and unhealthful. The sidewalks of this neigh-

borhood are, to say the least, heterogeneous. They are not constructed of the same material, nor are they on the same level. You must be a gymnast of first rank to watch your step, see Chinatown, and keep your balance. The ground is covered with a quantity of a brown, pulverized substance which gives testimony to the copious nut consumption of the personnel of Chinatown. The nut is one of Chinatown's favorite foods, being a combination of nut and fruit. It is opened by a sudden, violent contact with the sidewalk—hence the shell-littered streets!

The population is almost entirely Chinese, except for a very few Japanese. They speak their native tongue almost exclusively—and you would wish that you yourself were able to understand this queer tongue to enjoy fully the colloquialism of this little Mongolian village. You can perceive an air of friendliness and comradeship and there is a constant struggle to incorporate the customs of old China with those of new America.

The district is strangely quiet and very seldom can a serious disturbance be laid to the blame of the Chinese. Even during the Tong war the uprisings were of comparatively little violence. The place becomes then not a menace, but a distinctly unique and interesting spot to be found in that most conservative of all cities—Boston!

PUBLIC GARDENS

HELEN T. GOODWIN '36

Have you ever walked through that part of the Public Gardens near the corner of Arlington and Beacon streets? On a warm August afternoon, after jostling through the shopping district and plodding across the Common, this spot is especially refreshing. The fountains splash coolly in their smooth, gray stone basins, and the sun, piercing the dark, green foliage of the tall old trees, dapples with gold the robes of the statues. The benches shine with fresh, green paint and occasionally one comes upon an unusual horticultural display. In one instance it consisted of an American flag, skillfully fashioned by the close arrangement of living plants whose various colored leaves formed the design. One glimpses a child playing with a puppy on the smooth lawns under the watchful eye of a starched nurse, while the rumble of traffic and the cries of the

children on the swan boats are wafted with pleasant dimness on the fitful breeze . . . just another view of that charming place—Boston!

BEACON HILL

MARY R. RAFFERTY '36

I looked reflectively across the Common. A conflict was going on in my mind. Reason marshalled its forces: "You have no time; you were there only last week." Fancy, skilled strategist, wisely bided its time and waited for Reason to muster its forces before sweeping in for a decisive victory. Reason advanced: "You have studying to do—you"—but Fancy, sensing the weakening of my resolve, also advanced and wafted to my mind a quotation that had impressed me only a few days before: "Don't waste the gold of your days in the vain, the idle, pursuits. These are the mean, the idle, pursuits of our day." Reason, sensing defeat, retreated grudgingly, leaving Fancy triumphant conqueror. I walked toward Beacon Hill calming my prickling conscience with the reminder that I would work twice as hard when I did get home—for well I knew that Reason had not might, but right, on its side here. After all, this same quotation had led Richard Halliburton on a glorious adventure of exploration and romance. My adventure would be nothing comparable to his, but I felt that a quest for charm was indeed a "glorious adventure" in this day and age. And that was what I was seeking—the most charming, atmospheric spot in Boston.

The hill had never looked more charming than on this late fall afternoon when the rays of the dying sun bathed it in a flood of gold, gleaming sunbeams brightening the delicate brass knockers and enhancing the beauty of the far-famed violet window-panes.

There was something so—well, so regal and permanent about it. It somehow kept its seventeenth century dignity in spite of aggressive modernism; strange, too, when it was so close to the center of a busy metropolis. It was like a dignified, disdainful old lady holding her skirts aloof from the grime of a crowded, unlovely thoroughfare.

The Hill tries so bravely to preserve the spirit of a past age—an age so much richer in romance and glamour than our own, though some cynic would say, scornfully: "Distance lends enchant-

ment." Perhaps the very best time to see the Hill in its finest manifestation is on Christmas Eve. Then every house boasts a green wreath on its shining white door, every window displays bright, gleaming candles. Open house is the rule everywhere—carolers circle the Hill and partake of old-time hospitality. It is at this time more than any other that we can appreciate what the Hill is doing—fostering the right Christmas spirit and cheer in an age that calls it "quaint." Quaint it is perhaps; but if it is then some of the best things in life are, too. How tiresome to be always a sophisticate!

If you are in sympathy with the Hill you can drink in its beauty, revel in its charms and revere its dignity. You can feel in tune with the men and women, some of the best in our nation's history, who first gave to the Hill its unique reputation. If not, you will probably call it "quaint" and a little run down, as it undoubtedly is, with the increasing influx of an alien element. Those of us who love it hope that it will remain, with its purple panes, its tulips, its history, and its memories. Then when you are tired with the bustle of our great but bewildering age, steal away to the Hill—in a sympathetic spirit—and it will whisper to you its tales of long ago; it will soothe you with its unruffled, unhurried serenity and send you away well-equipped to face another spell of modern speed and activity.

That is its charm—its uniqueness—like to the refreshing scent of lavender in the midst of exotic gardenias—a breath of cool, sweet air in a humid, thunder-laden atmosphere.

KING'S CHAPEL

HELEN WELCH '36

Cemeteries are interesting places. Really they are—especially those in Boston. Have you ever visited *King's Chapel Burying Ground*? It is very nearly as ancient as the town of Boston. The exact date is unknown, but it was probably established soon after the beginning of the settlement, for in Winthrop's journal we have the note: "Capt. Welden, a hopeful young gent, and an experienced soldier, dyed at Charlestowne of a consumption, and was buried at Boston with a military funeral." You will find some of the most interesting graves in America here. Sometime walk up and down the

narrow paths and notice the inscriptions on the moss-covered stones. Some are so weather-beaten you will probably be unable to make them out. Suppose I tell you about a few of them. If you walk along the path by the side of the Chapel you will come to a forlorn little stone, humble and gray. Here lies Elizabeth Pain, who wore a scarlet letter on her breast. You have read of Hester Prynne in Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*. Well, this is the grave of Hester whose real name was Elizabeth. The very earliest burial on record is that of Governor Winthrop in 1649, and this tomb can be seen near the center of the cemetery. Moreover we have governors, wealthy merchants, sea captains, clergymen and soldiers all here together. Close by the Winthrop tomb is a tablet reading, "Here lyes intombed the bodyes of ye famous reverend and learned pastors of the First Church of Christ in Boston." Perhaps you may prefer the King's Chapel itself. It is a low building of dark stone with a heavy square tower surrounded by wooden Ionic columns. It was the official church of the royal governors. Their pew was raised on a dais two steps higher than the others. It was hung with crimson curtains and surmounted by the royal crown. Washington, General Gage and Sir William Howe prayed here. It is said that Oliver Wendell Holmes used to sit in pew 102. Peter Harrison was the architect and he modeled it after the familiar English church of the eighteenth century. The pulpit is the oldest in America and the organ, which came from England before the Revolution, is said to have been selected by Handel upon the request of the king.

I think we have had enough of cemeteries, so let us visit the Old State House. Many times it has been opened up for various business ventures until Boston finally realized its true historical value. It is really the quaintest building left in Boston. The Bostonians have a firm hold on it now, for they never quite got over the shock when Chicago offered to buy it. They planned to tear it down and rebuild it out there, but the people of Boston could not see their historic Old State House in the city of Chicago. The square in front of the building was for many years the public market place. Thursday was market day, a day of great excitement. Here in the square were the early Stocks, Whipping Post, and the Pillory. A Cage was added, too, for the confinement and exposure of violators of the rigid Sunday laws. Inside the Old State House

we see Boston's choicest treasures. In a tiny vial there are a few tea leaves—the most precious tea leaves in the whole world. One of the "Indians" who was at the Boston Tea Party kept them as a souvenir. There are historical manuscripts and papers, quaint paintings, engravings and prints. The stairway is particularly lovely. Some say it is the most beautiful and most graceful in New England. But we must leave the Old State House now; there are so many other things to see. Time simply flies as we wander around dear old Boston!

THE ATHENAEUM

HELEN LYONS '36

Smoke from the ancient lamp of classical culture must have been wafted across the broad sea to envelop a tiny, secluded haven at 10½ Beacon street, Boston. It is like a bit of the old world hidden amid the bustle and confusion of modern America. Here, in a dignified and intellectual environment, true Bostonians assemble to pursue that high learning for which they are famous. Professional men and serious-minded elderly women, glad of an opportunity to withdraw from the too busy existence of present-day living, retire and warm their hearts in the glow of literature worthy of the name. To insure the privacy and scholarly atmosphere of this interesting retreat, the membership has been limited. To enjoy the advantages of the "Athenaeum" one must be a proprietor and shareholder. Besides the pleasure of reading, the patrons may drink refreshing tea, a beverage quite ironically connected with Dame Boston. Visitors to this fair city are permitted to enter this cozy spot and partake of its culture.

The "Athenaeum" began in 1808 with the sale of George Washington's library. A group of far-seeing Bostonians contributed their necessary portion and the "Athenaeum" began its existence with Washington's valuable literary possessions. Added to this collection is William III's gift to Boston, which had been presented to the Hub in 1698 for the purpose of educating the clergy.

To imbibe the true spirit of the "Athenaeum" one must be, above all a book lover, and with this important qualification culture and environment will do the rest.

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EDITORIAL

MARY R. RAFFERTY

We modern girls take ourselves and our advantages very much for granted. Proud of our independence, our success in the business and cultural world, we read, write, and voice our opinions which are listened to with respect. We have our own colleges; we are the intellectual equals of the other sex. We are indeed a far cry from the girl of the past century—that poor, ineffectual creature of the “Victorian era” whose only accomplishments were the “social graces.” She was not deemed bright enough to be educated; she never dared voice an opinion, and if she did, it was treated as the whim of a precocious child.

Modern broad-mindedness has rescued us from this plight. Education for girls is advocated everywhere—as it should be . . . but an inevitable danger is creeping in. Just as pitiable, just as ineffectual, just as ill-equipped to face the dangers of modern life as her Victorian sister is the girl nurtured in a cultural, yet godless environment. The case is only too common—for modern educators seem to have forgotten the fundamental principle of education—growth of all the faculties—and the spiritual is not the least of the faculties!

The Catholic girl is the truly educated girl. Morally, physically, and intellectually she is well-equipped to meet the tempta-

tions which are so rife in modern life. She has a duty to face—a responsibility that cannot be shirked—for with woman's emergence into a wider world her obligations have increased. If the women of our age disintegrate, grow lax, there is little hope that the age will survive. The Catholic girl, educated according to Catholic principles, has a unique opportunity for active Catholic action by showing to a cynical world how a Catholic woman meets the complex problems of today. Rarely will our opportunities be better—so let us prove once and for all that the freedom of women from intellectual torpidity was a move advantageous and profitable to society at large.

THE ETHOS

HELEN T. GOODWIN '36

Many of the Emmanuel undergraduates may not know that a large portion of the reputation of our college is made by THE ETHOS. It is not by the rich curriculum, the high scholastic record, or the artistic architecture of its buildings that one college is known to another a thousand miles away. These elements are all desirable, but the proudest boast of any college is that its students manifest outstanding originality and soundness of thought. Our quarterly is the vehicle which carries the spirit of the student body to the thousands of young men and women who are attending the colleges on our exchange list.

Does THE ETHOS adequately represent Emmanuel ideas and ideals? In the past it has contained many fine editorials, poems and praiseworthy short stories, but each year if one were to look at the contents the names of the same contributors would be found repeated month after month. In this way, it is not the ideas of the student body in general that are expressed, but only those of a few.

It is not necessary for all the contributions to be written by English majors. There must be plenty of undergraduates and students in other courses who are reading many splendid novels, poems, short stories and biographies. Why not pass along your enjoyment by reporting it to THE ETHOS? We do not encourage radicalism, of course, but it would be a desirable stimulus to progressive thought, if there was inaugurated among the classes a friendly rivalry with regard to contributions to our magazine.

The Seniors, by reason of their experience, do comprise the greater part of the editorial staff. THE ETHOS, however, is not a Senior publication, but the farthest reaching voice of the whole college. Won't you help swell its volume until the music and clarity of Emmanuel's voice are admired by all who hear it?

TAIL-CHASING

Mari-Elizabeth McCarthy '36

Did you ever see a kitten
chase his tail
and think it fun
and grow real gay
as round and round he goes
full speed
while that elusive, wiggly tail
will not be caught?

Did you ever watch and notice how
the game wears off;
he grows real stern
as soon as he begins to think
it's not such fun
but real hard work
that must be slowly done?

Did you see how then
he'd sneak right up
and close right in
and frighten it
surprise it too,

then wait awhile
until he thought that it forgot
then up he'd leap
but still no "go"?

Did you finally see
how mad he got
to know he'd lost,
to find his tail
a better man . . .
a quicker man . . .
than he—
and then he'd stretch his four small paws
and put his head between
and pout and sigh as though:
"Oh, well, there'll come a day,
I didn't want it anyway."

TO A POET

Dorothea Gardner '36

As when an artist on piano keys
Trails a slow hand, and then with touch grown bold
Strikes pealing chords by some great master old
Woven into a gem of melodies
All full of summer and the shout of seas,
So have your lovely songs about me rolled.
First, some sweet love note, full as it can hold
Of daintiness, comes like the hum of bees;
Then, rising grandly, you do sound a chord
That sings and clamors as the music starts,
And dying, as receding waves, departs
Leaving us richer by a lusty hoard
Of noble thoughts. Friend! poet! would that I
Might strike a note like yours that would not die!

OF BOOKS

BLANDERING CASTLE

— P. G. Wodehouse

DOROTHY A. LONDERGON '36

For the jaded and weary reader of biography, history and the heavier of the modern novels we have a welcome bit of relief at hand. Another Wodehouse is on the market! *Blandering Castle* is a collection of short stories and anecdotes in the typical Wodehouse manner and featuring many of his famous characters—Lord Elmsworth, that charming but slightly dull nobleman; his son, the honorable Frederick, and Bobbie Wickham. *Blandering Castle*, which takes its name from the ancestral home of the Elmsworths, is a ludicrous farce beginning adroitly with the preservation of the famous Elmsworth pumpkin and continuing on to an hilarious end. Lord Elmsworth, owner of Blandering Castle, is unwittingly (a very good word to be used in connection with this gentleman, in our opinion) thrown from the brink of one great catastrophe into the midst of another. These disasters are fruitful markets for Mr. Wodehouse's keen humor and incomparable caricature.

Orange Juice is one of the best of a rather less noteworthy collection of anecdotes—those centering around the celebrities of Hollywood. The rigorous dieters of that renowned place are regarded with a sardonic smile by the author. He puts two of these anti-calory fans, an important producer and a well-known star, into a comic situation and therein reveals his antipathy to the fatless fad. There are a number of other tales about Hollywood, but *Orange Juice* is the least crass, the more true to the Wodehouse standards of humor which are very seldom bitter or vindictive.

For an amusing interlude from more serious reading we would recommend *Blandering Castle*. But a word of warning—do not become surfeited with Mr. Wodehouse, but keep him for just such occasions as this—a relaxation and amusement.

THE NATURE OF SANCTITY

—Ida Coudenhove

MARY M. MURPHY '36

What is it that makes a saint? We should all like to know,—then we should read one of the outstanding books of the day which treats of the predominant characteristics of any of God's chosen souls. One author has chosen Elizabeth of Thuringia, that famous young saint of the thirteenth century, as a means of explaining her theme, the "nature of sanctity."

I must admit this book proved much more interesting than its title gave promise. We are often too ready to regard with distaste anything that even suggests the didactic. The style of the book is novel, for it is written in dialogue form, and thus we are the more interested. We are shown the possible arguments, pro and con, that can be raised on the question. Through this form of presentation, we have set forth for us the arguments and questions which might naturally arise in our minds, and the doubts we may entertain on this subject. In the author we have an ardent Catholic, and we are forced to admire the zeal with which she attempts to excite her brethren, and those not so fortunate, to a greater realization of the nature of sanctity.

Let us consider a few of the points emphasized by Miss Coudenhove. We of the world think too often that holiness makes for inhumanity, whereas the fact is we are not human enough to be saints. The essence of Elizabeth's humanity is that she has a generous heart of incomparable capacity for self-giving, and the essence of her Christianity is that she is a saint, which means literally the same thing. Again, we are often too anxious to shower praise upon a saint such as Mary Magdalene, who, we feel, was like us, a sinner, rather than on saints like Elizabeth.

These are only two of the aspects of sanctity. I could not summarize adequately the entire book for you, for you would not gain one-tenth the benefit as from reading it. But I urge you to think a little more of religious books, and do not be appalled by the titles, for though they may suggest material a little deep, they contain a world of knowledge. No one of us is so religious that we can not afford to learn from the saints the real purpose of this life and the glories of the life to come. We shall succeed if we

attempt to follow in our own humble way the fine example set down for us by the great saints of our religion.

Finally, there is no better tribute to Elizabeth than that of Lulu von Strauss-Torney, "She was at first only the kindly ghost hovering over the Wartburg and looking down upon us from its walls. She became the stiff figure under the canopy, with the halo on her brow, the brocade mantle of legend upon her shoulders. Then the saintly glow faded, and a child-like figure of womanhood appeared, in simplicity, head meekly bowed, the bread of charity in her hand, her cloak thrown around a crippled child. She lifts her head and smiles. But see—it is the eternal human face, the face of one dead, yet living."

HER SOUL TO KEEP —Ethel Cook Elliot

MARY CURRAN '36

In *Her Soul to Keep* Ethel Cook Elliot treats the age-old problem of sin in a sensible and Christian manner. She does not involve us in long, philosophical treatises on the moral law to bring out her point, but illustrates her views by portraying a very human and ordinary American family of today.

Jane Carmon, the heroine of the story, was the foster-child of Lucia Rue and the expectant mother of an illegitimate child. The novel concerns Lucia's determination to meet and solve Jane's problem in a rational and Christian manner. Jane is drawn consistently throughout the book and her reactions fit her high-strung, artistic temperament. Lucia is a wonderful character, strong in reason and the love of God and by means of these combined forces meets the difficulty. In the novel the author treats sins and its punishment realistically and not merely in a theoretical manner. She points out how modern ideas about the subject sound high and look well in print, but when drawn to the fine point, people of today are just as shocked when faced with the problem as they ever were. It seems to be only the Church who has the correctly balanced idea between two extremes. The ultra-modernists think lightly or nothing at

all of the sin . . . old-fashioned people never seem to forgive the sinner. In the novel the exposition of the Church's attitude is very well done . . . condemnation of the sin but mercy and forgiveness for the sinner. The only weakness of the novel is the very happy ending where all the characters have their problems solved for them and appear "to live happily ever after." This, unfortunately, is not true to life and seems to detract from the logic of the plot. Yet the novel is an effective one—and a timely one—and Mrs. Elliot is to be commended both for her captivating style and for her clear exposition of the fundamentals of Catholic ethics which are being so widely attacked today.

MILTON—Hilaire Belloc

BARBARA FERGUSON '36

Hilaire Belloc, eminent historian and biographer, has recently added to his gallery of great figures of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, including Wolsey, Cranmer, and Charles I, that of John Milton. The book first introduces us to the historical and economic setting of Milton's England, and then briefly runs through the poet's life history. A somewhat futile and unsuccessful attempt is made to separate the man from the poet before Mr. Belloc proceeds to study Milton's work under these several headings: Lyric—Polemic—The Sonnets—Epic, concluding with an Epilogue on a relatively unknown Latin prose work, *De Doctrina*. This in brief is the content of the biography. As to its tenor: first and foremost, Mr. Belloc, in reference to Milton at least, lacks what Carlyle considered quintessential in a biographer:

"to have an open, loving heart, and what follows
from the possession of such."

Not only does the reader get the impression that Mr. Belloc's religious and political principles put a gulf between him and his subject, but that he personally dislikes the man. While I hold no brief for the attractiveness of Milton's personality, it's an old axiom that it is easy to believe evil of a person one dislikes. Impartiality, no doubt, is the best critical standpoint; as to favoritism, the human tendency to depreciate the great will always leaven an

overestimate, but I question the wisdom of writing the biography of a character personally distasteful to one.

The reader, therefore, feels that Mr. Belloc, so to speak, is having a "go" at Milton; that he cannot quite forgive that arch-Protestant for being England's second poetic luminary. Even admitting his blame of Milton for the poet's part in destroying marriage as a sacrament in England, he seems somewhat lacking in pity for the man's personal tragedy. Egotism, isolation of soul, indifference to the happiness and welfare of others—all these and more may very justly be charged against John Milton, but in spite of these faults, rather because of them, he was the last person in the world to whom that unfortunate affair with Mary Powell should have happened. History is replete with men of equal mental arrogance, who have, nevertheless, submitted to home rule. Might not the love and companionship of a large-souled woman have added those characteristics so glaringly needed by Milton—humor and humanity. This aspect of Milton as truly pitiable and pathetic is rather slurred over in Mr. Belloc's study. He is more intent upon the absurdity of the poet's arguments in his *Divorce Pamphlets*. To quote Mr. Belloc:

"There is so much tragic in the breakdown of any marriage that a man may be blamed for dwelling too much upon the comic of it."

The reader accepts the offer because the comic is rather sparse. Mary Powell's spurning of Milton did an injury to him that a score of divorces could not erase. It was not just "any" marriage, because Milton was not just "any" man.

The literary criticism is, however, excellent. Mr. Belloc is not bound to any traditional evaluations of Milton. Witness this passage on his prose:

"He was not the stylist he has been called. He had fine flights of rhetoric and good, concise, brief summaries. . . . He did not control his pen in prose as he did in verse. He, the most economic of men in the lyric, was the most diffuse in the treatise."

The section on the sonnets is exceptionally good, analyzing as it does Milton's conception and use of the form, his success with three out of eighteen pieces, and wherein he failed as a sonneteer:

“He ignores what is most essential to its (the sonnet’s) effect—especially in the English tongue. He ignores the contrast of the octave with the sextet.”

There is nothing strikingly new among his comments on the epics, except, perhaps, his complete consignment of *Paradise Regained* to some literary Limbo.

“The true word for Milton’s *Paradise Regained* is ‘Bad.’ It is a thoroughly bad exercise. It contains no quite first-rate line, hardly a couple of dozen good ones—and that is not enough to float nearly two thousand mean and flat.”

Samson Agonistes Mr. Belloc calls the “strongest of Milton’s work for this reason:

“It is more utterly *himself* than is his main theme in any other poem.”

For the most valuable and most original remarks in the biography the reader turns to the Epilogue, dealing with the treatise *De Doctrina*. This document, hidden in the archives at Whitehall till discovered and published in 1823, should change our traditional view of Milton. In the light of it he can no longer be regarded as the bulwark of English Protestantism, since its doctrines are distinctly Unitarian and reveal his conception of the Trinity in *Paradise Lost* as not simply the exigencies of literary portraiture, but as his mature religious belief. The treatise is, in short, according to Mr. Belloc: “a refutation of the Trinity, of Monogamy, of the Absolute Creator, even of the immortal soul.” This elucidation of Milton’s beliefs from source material is Mr. Belloc’s chief contribution to the reader’s further understanding of the real Milton.

LUCY GAYHEART—Willa Cather MARTHA DUFFY '36

Miss Cather, holding firm to the fundamental principle of the novel which is to entertain as well as instruct, creates a work of art in *Lucy Gayheart*. It is a very ordinary little story with the slightest of plots, but the author’s intuitive insight into the most oppo-

site personalities, together with her perfection of style, make it a novel to be remembered.

Its setting, the middle-west town of Haverford, and Chicago in 1901, is realistically portrayed. You know the town by the Platte, with its frozen river in winter, covered with brightly clad skaters, and its tree-shaded streets in summer, down which the entire populace walked each morning to the post office. The music studio and bakery in Chicago are familiar places. The quiet town and busy city have their own vastly different currents of life, and Lucy is a part of each.

The range of personalities is a large one, and yet all are sympathetically drawn. Lucy Gayheart herself, true to her name, a gay, light-hearted music student; Harry Gordon, the banker's son, who loved her; Clement Sebastian, the world-famous singer whom she loved, and James Mockford, virtually the villain, Sebastian's inscrutable accompanist through whom the tragedy occurs, are the personages around whom the action turns. They are set off by the minor characters, no less skillfully done; Jacob, Lucy's father, a watchmaker by profession, a music teacher and leader of the town band by choice; Pauline, her well-meaning elder sister, sorely lacking in understanding; Professor Auerbach, the kindly music teacher, and Guiseppe, Sebastian's servant. These are not described, but reveal themselves gradually.

The tale itself is simple enough. Lucy goes to Chicago from a small Nebraska town to further her musical studies. There she meets Clement Sebastian, a famous concert singer who engages her to play for him during the illness of his accompanist. She falls deeply in love with him, though it is more like an idealized hero worship than real love and she expects nothing from him, satisfied merely to spend two hours each morning practicing with him in his studio. She learns that he is married unhappily, but this does not change her attitude to him. She refuses to look backward or forward, but lives entirely in the present, and when Harry comes to take her back with him as his wife, she refuses his proposal and sends him away.

Summer comes, and with it Sebastian's annual European vacation. Lucy continues to go to his studio to practice and thus the time passes until the blow falls. Sebastian and Mockford, sailing on Lake Como, meet with a sudden storm. Their boat overturns

and Mockford, in frenzied terror, grips Sebastian about the neck as he is attempting to rescue him and both are drowned. This is the end of everything for Lucy. She returns home to Nebraska, broken in spirit, vainly trying to find again her former place in the little town. One day, feeling more despondent than usual, she takes her skates and goes to the river, for she had always been able to forget her troubles in the joy of swift motion. She notices nothing different about the old skating place which is now very much wider and deeper, due to the floods of the last spring. The ice cracks and Lucy meets death as Sebastian did, by drowning.

This sketch of the plot will show Miss Cather's skill. She is neither maudlin in her direct but delicate portrayal of Lucy's love for Sebastian, nor melodramatic in the tragic ending of that part of her life with its effect on her. She knows that sentiment is not to be confused with sentimentality, and as a consequence her pathos, like her simpler moods, is never forced, but always sincerely felt. This book, however interesting in some characteristics, fails to impress one as do the other novels of Miss Cather, and Lucy can never compare with the author's other famous women characters—Thea Kronborg, Antonía and Alexandra.

As to style Miss Cather is the most classical of contemporary novelists. The simplicity of her style in *Lucy Gayheart* could easily become austere, but for its delicate verbal and emotional beauty. Miss Cather holds the disparate elements of her story together through the unity of the heroine's life and through her experienced and disciplined prose. It is adequately, though economically, written.

That part of the reading public who go to the novel for engrossing mystery, adventurous characters or fast-moving action will not enjoy this book or appreciate its significance. Those who read it as they would view a painting or sculpture, or would listen to a musical classic will find in *Lucy Gayheart* what the novel can and should give, for it is a flexible artistic form productive of a rich aesthetic experience.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

HATS

HELEN WELCH '36

Once, in the old days, when you were discouraged and tired of life and felt as though you led a humdrum existence you bought a new hat. A new hat could do wonders in giving you a new lease on life. But today, if you are discouraged with life in general before you get the hat, you surely will be in an awful state after viewing the new creations. At one time it was said that hats resembled wedding cakes, but at the present time they can resemble anything from pancakes to aeroplanes. That certainly gives them a wide field to experiment in, and it appears that they take advantage of it. A hat is much more than a covering for the head—it isn't merely a protection from the heat and cold—it isn't just an ornament. The funnier the shape and style of hat, the more is the demand for it. You can have almost anything on and call it a hat provided it has two or three points here and there, and a feather! Feathers really are quite essential . . . they are excellent for attracting attention. A little feather twirling in the breeze is quite fetching if there are a pair of pretty blue eyes beneath it. But a hat's a hat for all that, and if it is a new lease on life you want, be sure to get a red one—a red hat I mean!

MOTHER TONGUE

ELEANOR B. ELCOCK '36

Some years ago I came upon an editorial in a Boston paper entitled *Mother Tongue*. I have never forgotten it, perhaps because of the very apt comparison which it drew between our English heirloom of good speech and our antique mahogany furniture. Some of its passages I remember word for word.

"Forty years ago families possessed of antique mahogany furniture relegated these heirlooms to the shed loft, and replaced them with machine-sawn atrocities from the factory. Something

similar seems to be happening to our own English tongue. The vocabulary, usage, and pronunciation which makes our language one of the fine arts is being relegated to the shed loft to be replaced by a jazzy speech."

This is only too true, is it not? We American college students know that in many cases it is true of ourselves and we should be chagrined—chagrined that through our own carelessness this "machine-sawn jazz and slang" has become a habit with us even while we are striving for Bachelor of Arts degrees—and are calling ourselves educated people. Before it is too late let us pay heed to the editorial and take to heart its closing paragraph.

"Luckily for us hereabouts in New England, there is still some lingering tradition of good accent and pronunciation; let us keep our antique mahogany heirloom of good English in the living rooms where it belongs and relegate our machine-sawn jazzy slang to the shed loft until such time as we can chop it up for firewood."

LETTERS

MARY M. MURPHY '36

"Letters are intended as resemblances of conversation, and the chief excellences of conversation are good humor and good breeding"—so wrote a man well-versed in the art of letter writing, for letter writing is an art! That is, good letter writing! I wonder how many of us, when writing a letter, give a thought to the impression it will make upon the recipient, or the word pictures we are drawing of ourselves. All too often letters are but a jumble of words lacking thought. We write them—still we should shrink from having them used as a criterion of judgment against us.

I had an interesting experience in picturing two people whom I had never seen, though I had received several letters from both. The letters of my elder cousin were well written in the neatest dress and very best manner style . . . but they were colorless and humorless. Dad told me that as a child she had given promise of being a very exact, correct, and meticulous young lady. She is this and more in her letters. Her sister, as I judged from her letters, must be bubbling over with the joy of and the zest for living. I eagerly anticipated, and more eagerly read, her letters. When I finally

met her I felt as though she were an old friend—as indeed she had become!

There is another girl with whom I correspond, and each time I receive a letter from her I have the uncharitable impulse of not wanting to read it. The writing is almost illegible and there is not one worth-while thought in the many pages she writes. It belongs to that class of letters of which the little girl wrote:

“Papa, I can write nineteen letters before breakfast, but it would take nineteen years to read them.”

The letters of this girl are a strong indication of her character, careless, slipshod and immature.

Dr. Johnson wrote in a letter to a friend:

“In a man’s letters, you know, madame, his soul lies naked.”

If this be true, it would behoove us to give a thought to our belated correspondence, which is usually given a minimum of thought and effort.

As letters are the expressions of personality, we must try to make ourselves interesting to others. Unless we ourselves are interested we cannot do this. John Burroughs wrote in regard to letter writing:

“Love is the secret of it all.”

Thinking it over, I believe we are inclined to judge the content of a letter by the degree in which it offers us the sympathy we feel we need. It is when the personality of the writer seems to stand clearly before us that we instinctively feel that a letter is a true substitute for conversation. There is too much truth in the statement that letter writing is a lost art. Something should be done to improve this state of affairs—to make our letters brim over with personality and good cheer, friendliness and sympathy, as the case may be. Keep them from being drab and uninteresting; make people say when they are fortunate enough to receive a letter from one of us:

“Oh, I just love to read *her* letters—they are so charming.” Remember that a letter is a word picture of the writer, and say with Burns:

“O wad some Pow’r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!”

SEQUENCE

RITA D. SHEA '36

Three short years ago a group of aspiring and awe-stricken Freshmen viewed, for the first time, an Emmanuel Cap and Gown Sunday. This was their first real taste of college life, and it left a memory that time can never steal from them.

Two years ago this same class gazed with love and admiration as their "big sisters" goose-stepped down the chapel aisle. Pride filled the Sophomores' hearts and they felt a new respect and love for their Senior sisters.

Last year as the Juniors a far different feeling was experienced. Hope and a burning zeal were in their hearts. Each Junior visualized herself walking down the aisle in simple, impressive dignity, the pride and hope of the college.

Cap and Gown Sunday—three years of love, hope, work and zeal brought the long coveted day to a glorious reality . . . this day was the climax of their college life. A feeling of love and gratitude for those who made the day possible mingled with a high resolve to be worthy guardians of all Emmanuel entrusts to them.

Next year—who knows?

COMMUTERS

GERTRUDE LARKIN '36

During the past three years a few varied experiences have shown me that perhaps some of my more youthful opinions needed a bit of revision. Among these is the attitude I had about commuters. In previous times I had been known to laugh at the multitudinous anecdotes concerning the unfortunate individual who flies, hatless and coatless, down the hill just in time to see her train disappear around the bend. Now, thanks to a bit of active participation in such dilemmas I find the humor in such situations entirely replaced by pathos.

Experience, that greatest of teachers, has succeeded in teaching me that no one is in need of greater sympathy than the ever-rushing commuter—and alas!—no one receives less sympathy. My ears burn and the blood rushes high in my face, even now, as the visions rise before me of the many painful moments I have endured

in my three years' experience as a commuter. As if the mad effort to catch an already moving train were not enough to daunt the spirit of even the most rugged individual, I must now face the laughing shouts and grins of my companions as I jerk down the aisle of the coach. Panting and gasping, with my breath whistling between my teeth and almost every atom of strength gone, I courageously face the delighted crowd with an air of assumed nonchalance—and search wildly for a seat! Another vicissitude. Fate has placed the only vacant seat at the further end of the aisle, and the train, now gathering speed, pitches like a small boat in the midst of a gale.

The gleeful crowd now sits back to watch in unashamed delight my vain efforts to saunter indifferently to that far distant seat. A sudden lurch and I am picking myself from someone's lap murmuring confused apologies. Pride and dignity are now scattered to the four winds as I make a wild dash for the longed-for seat. I sink breathlessly into its warm, welcome depths.

A few brief seconds pass, and as my pulses gradually restore themselves to normal, self-consciousness rushes over me as I realize more than ever the ridiculous figure I have made of myself. The remarks and glances of my fellow commuters sear my brain and I slouch down in the train and attempt to assume an indifferent air as I glance at the passing scenery—not a bit of which makes the least impression on my bewildered mind!

Then I perceive that no one is paying the slightest bit of attention to me—there is a new victim! But alas! my unfortunate experience has not taught me the simple virtue of charity. No one laughs harder at the plight of another commuter than I do. Gone are all the kind resolutions made during my recent longing for just one pitying glance—one understanding smile—and I throw myself whole-heartedly into the fun at hand. Such heartlessness deserves no sympathy, you say? My dear, have *you* ever commuted?

GUSSIES

ELEANOR B. ELCOCK '36

Being of Boston, one reads the *Atlantic Monthly* by habit and social necessity, and I for one turn gladly to The Contributors' Club,

for therein flourish short essays in the best tradition of classic English style and debonair humor. Last month some inspired contributor wrote on *The Gussies*. A Gussie, one learns, "originally was any schoolmate of my mother's. Later the term was extended to include anyone of the same general type." One is tempted to quote the whole article, which is an exceedingly delicate and clearly etched portrait of the matron who was a college woman thirty or forty years ago. Her clothes, her reading, her club discussions, her living remembrance of the days of her long ago, all are chronicled, since they are so characteristic of a Gussie. "The Gussies will never lead the van. They have no flair for the untried. But they will not be in the rear. Somewhere in the middle of the procession their sturdy figures, topped by their incredible hats, will appear carrying banners of their own."

The painting of the Gussies is tinted with a bit of satire. They are a bit old-fashioned; or, rather, they adapt the current modes of dress and thought and action to their own independent ideas. But, be one as amused at this as one will, one must still hail them with respect and admiration. They have achieved personality. They live their lives in their own way—to their own satisfaction. The fashion-ridden world, blindly following the changing dictates of momentary fads, must needs wonder at their power to stand apart and be so perfectly themselves.

All this leads me to speculate on myself and my Emmanuel contemporaries. Some of us will be the *Gussies* of 1975. Will some of our daughters in that distant day write a gentle, humorous letter to the *Commonweal*, recording our foibles of dress and speech, deploring in genial kindness our adherence to hat styles reminiscent of the old days of 1940, wondering at our intimate acquaintance with such out-moded authors as Galsworthy and Walpole and Cather and Deeping, our keeping in vivid memory the friendships and admirations of our college years?

Perhaps at this moment of writing my friends and I cannot really think of ourselves as matrons some sixty years old. Perhaps we cannot really picture ourselves as members of a generation already in the grey decline of years. But perhaps, too, we might do worse than to make the effort, and plan to become Gussies a bit old-fashioned, a little ridiculous to callow youth, but for all that real and abiding persons.

E. C. ECHOES

Emmanuel has begun what promises to be a very active social year. Every club is teeming with enthusiastic plans to make this year a memorable one in its history. At first meetings, plans were outlined and approved. Something different, something with a spice of novelty is what the clubs want, and from all appearances Emmanuel is ready for a busy social life!

The literary society is in tune with this general idea of something new! Barbara Ferguson, able president, requested volunteers from the Junior and Senior classes to write one-act plays. Her plan was warmly welcomed and the club is eagerly awaiting the reading of these literary gems. Miss Ferguson also suggested that the club attend the performance of Katherine Cornell in *Romeo and Juliet*. Needless to say, this action was carried unanimously. The Literary Society has started out very well, indeed!

The Glee Club and Orpheus Club are combining forces to present their annual musical production which this year is to take the form of a musical comedy entitled *Hulda of Holland*. Mary Shannon, president, and Gertrude Larkin, vice-president, are in charge of the committees working to make this show a grand success. All Emmanuelites are eagerly looking forward to this production which will take place on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, November twenty-third and twenty-fourth.

Congratulations to the best bit of journalistic endeavor to come out in many a day! We are speaking of the new Emmanuel Alumnae News which has all the gossip about your friends you are anxious to know, all the Alumnae News Alumnae events in which everyone is interested—and all done in an amusing, yet fine style. May it thrive long and gloriously!

Emmanuel was very happy to welcome Mrs. Maisie Ward Sheed on October 23 after an absence of two years. Mrs. Sheed is an active Catholic lay-woman and publisher in the firm of Sheed and Ward. She charmed us all with her interesting personality and brilliant, earnest talk on "The Modern Girl in a Changing World." Few of us will forget her visit to Emmanuel—indeed we are looking forward to her next!

THE ETHOS was privileged to present as its lecturer this year, Mr. Richard Dana Skinner, famed theatre critic and co-editor of *North American Review*, who spoke on *Contemporary Drama*. Mr. Skinner held the attention of his audience while he traced for them the trends of the modern drama; he distinguished between immorality in theme and treatment and ended with a short discussion on Eugene O'Neill who is a personal friend of his. THE ETHOS feels sure it has presented a lecturer that is the equal of any before welcomed at Emmanuel.

On Monday, November fourth, Reverend Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., addressed the Emmanuel students and their guests. Father Parsons is the able editor of *America* and no one is better fitted to speak to us on contemporary events. He was forceful and direct in his interpretation of current day problems and dwelt especially on the Ethiopian crisis which is of paramount interest at the present time. We certainly felt after his most interesting discourse that we had a more perfect understanding of conditions and of their importance.

Freshman week is a delightful time for the newcomers! This year there are one hundred and sixteen Freshmen . . . the largest enrollment in the history of the College! A general assembly was held on Monday, September sixteenth, where Sister Helen Madeleine extended the welcome of the College. Then programs were arranged, handbooks distributed and classes assigned. An intelli-

gence test was given the Freshmen; they were introduced to the Emmanuel songs and were welcomed by Mary Denning, Senior president, who spoke to them on college traditions. Alice Quartz, Junior president, welcomed the sister class warmly. The Freshmen were instructed in the various extra-curricular activities of the college, which play such an important part in the life of the Emmanuel students.

On Wednesday, the Freshmen, their parents and friends were guests at a concert given in the college auditorium. Thursday morning elections were held. The following were elected: President, Dorothy Noonan of Brighton; Vice-president, Mary Raftus of Dorchester; Secretary, Agnes Cox of Woburn; Treasurer, Mary McGrory of Roslindale. The Baby Party and Get-Acquainted Party were enjoyed by all . . . especially the Freshmen, to whom they were distinct novelties. Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated in the College Chapel on Friday morning as a fitting finish to a gloriously new experience . . . first week at college!

The congratulations of the entire student body are extended to Sister Marie Margarita, Ph.D., head of the French Department on the publication of her doctoral thesis, *Louis Veuillot d'après Sa Correspondence*. It is an illuminating study of the famous French writer.

Our College is progressive. Recently it has added a school of Social Service in view of the great demand for social workers.

Francis J. Horgan, Ph.D., of Harvard Extension School, Boston College, and Boston Teachers' College, is professor of sociology. Richard Doherty, Ph.D., of Boston University, and Harvard Extension School, adviser to the government on economic questions, and author of several well-known treatises on economics, is professor of economics. John Foley, A.B., M.D., will give courses in Hygiene. At a later date perhaps there will be a course in Medical Social Service, leading to a degree of Master of Science.

This new school is just another example of the spirit of Em-

manuel, a desire to offer to its students courses that will help them in their life work and give them correct Catholic principles so needed in the field of social service. We are proud of our Emmanuel!

The Emmanuel League, Miss Jane F. McKey, presiding, opened its fourth season with the October meeting on the third Sunday of the month. Professor Matthew R. Copithorne of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, gave a very interesting talk on *Sir J. M. Barrie and His Works*, and Miss Moira Moore sang, accompanied by Mr. Harold Forest. Later, tea was served by Mesdames James W. Carr, John A. Minahan and Edward Connors. The guests included members of the Freshman class and their mothers, several of whom joined the League. The first social activity of the season, a Tea, Bridge, and Fashion Show at Filene's, October twenty-sixth, was a delightful innovation and much enjoyed. Mrs. Patrick Macken headed the committee in charge. The December bridge, the first of the season at the college, will take place in the room which has been set aside for the use of the League. It is one of the larger classrooms on the second floor and is much appreciated by the members. The annual Thanksgiving Penny and Food Sale took place in the College Auditorium on November twenty-fifth and reached the standard set in former years. As usual, the students had their large share in the success of the afternoon.

The Freshmen made their social debut as hostesses to the upper classes at their annual tea dance which took place on November second, at the Copley-Plaza. Betty Carr, Freshman chairman, and her committee of the following may well be proud of the success of the dance. . . . Ann Holland, Patricia Gormely, Frances O'Neill, Elizabeth O'Shaughnessy, Mary Robbins, Lucille Jarret, Beryl Gaul, Muriel Hayes, Ruth Duffy and Dorothy Noonan, ex officio. The ballroom was gay. Congratulations to the Freshmen for their very evident ability as hostesses!

Cap and Gown Sunday is the first social event of the year and the most enjoyable. This year it was held on October's first Sunday, the sixth. Mass was impressive and lovely; the sermon of Father Keenan urging the Seniors to face their new responsibilities courageously, was stirring; the Emmanuel choir was never better. The new dignity and gravity of the Seniors well befitted their academic garb. After Mass this spirit of solemnity was replaced by one of wholesome enjoyment as the Seniors listened to the lovely addresses of Sister Agnes Cecilia, our President and Sister Helen Madeleine, our Dean. Songs and toasts were exchanged among the classes. Pictures were taken, but due to the inclement weather which was the only blot on an otherwise perfect day, the souvenir snapshots were postponed until later. Cap and Gown Sunday, if always as enjoyable as this one, will continue to be Emmanuel's favorite day!

The Foreign Mission Society leads all others in the originality of its entertainments. We never know quite what to expect from it—but we always have a good time. On October thirtieth, the society sponsored an Amateur Hour under the able direction of its president, Miss Marie Coyle, and the officers. Rarely have we laughed so hard since coming to Emmanuel as at the splendid line-up of talent which performed so nobly for a good cause.

Gertrude Larkin was a most able Major Goodanmad—Rita Koen must be complimented on her forceful gong-ringing! Congratulations to the most ambitious group of amateurs who ever graced (or disgraced) the radio before. The style show was a thing of joy forever. The costumes were those of the pre-war period tastefully displayed on the most charming of models. Prizes were won by Miss Patricia Cahill for her able portrayal of Mrs. Pennyfeather and by a group of "Frivolous Farmerettes" who charmed us with their melodies. Congratulations, and please give us more of this entertainment!

The Sodality began a very active year with the appointment of several committees of Catholic Action. The Catholic Interest Committee, under the leadership of Olive Dalton, '36, and Dora Murphy, '36, will bring to the students important happenings in the Catholic world. Prominent Catholic books will be reviewed and discussed by the Catholic Literature Committee, headed by Barbara Ferguson, '36, and Martha Duffy, '36. Marie Coyle, '36, and Katherine Murray, '36, together with their assistants will keep us informed of the Liturgy and feasts of the Church. The Poster Committee under the direction of Reita Brown, '36, and Frances Carr, '36, keep us reminded of many things helpful to our spiritual life. The feast of Christ the King was celebrated with great solemnity. Miss Rita Shea, energetic president of the Sodality, crowned the statue of Christ and the entire student body joined with her in renewing their dedication to the eternal King. The Sodality is doing great and noble work in the field of Catholic Action!

The German Club formally opened its season on September twenty-fifth, in the Auditorium. An interesting sketch on Heinrich Heine and a discussion of his poem, entitled *Du Bist Wie Eine Blume*, was given by Mary M. Murphy. Mary Shannon charmed her audience anew with two delightful selections of Johannes Brahms,—*Cradle Song* and *Sapphic Ode*. Patricia Cahill, president of the Society, introduced Helen Attridge, '35, who gave a very picturesque description of a trip up the Rhine.

October second was the first meeting of the energetic French Club. This organization is still in the foreground with interesting and enjoyable meetings. Miss Oda McClure told the members of her enjoyable summer abroad. Everyone was anxious to hear of this experience and no one was disappointed. Fabronia Antos, president of the club, discussed with the members plans for the year. We shall have much to report of the French Club next time!

The Chemical Society began its second year of activities on Monday, October twenty-first. A chemical beano and tea was the novel entertainment of the afternoon. Under the direction of Patricia Cahill, the "beano" was played to the joy and amusement of all taking part. Among the lucky winners were Rita Shea, Eleanor Fogerty, Anna Kenny, Mary Roche, Ann Murphy and Angela Graham. After the excitement of the game, Helen Kelley, President of the Society, held a short business meeting during which plans for a lecture and exhibition were discussed. Tea was served by Miss Kelley, assisted by the other officers. Those serving on the tea committee were Katherine Murray, Rita Lavin, Marie Coyle, Martha Duffy, Ellen Dorsey, and Anna Sheehan.

A tea to welcome new members was held by the Dramatic Society on October sixteenth. Mary Shannon delighted her audience by singing selections from the *Student Prince*. Gertrude Larkin rendered some piano selections, while Anastasia Kirby, last year's president, gave some delightful readings. Tea was afterwards served under the direction of Miss Jane Holland, dramatic coach, and Rita Guthrie, president, assisted by the other officers and the senior members. It was a delightfully informal affair and was enjoyed by all.

The Athletic Association opened its annual activities on the seventh of October, at which time Barbara Benson was elected Freshman representative. Alice Gallagher, President, eagerly and enthusiastically outlined the many exciting times they planned for this season. In October we found the members enjoying the swimming facilities of the Brookline Municipal pool. The Boston Y. W. C. A. was the scene of a very successful bowling party held a week later by this energetic group. The Tennis Tournament has been going on for the past three weeks, with all eyes on the silver loving cup offered as first prize, and the Emmanuel pennant for the runner-up. Basketball, ping-pong, and roller-skating are soon to take their places on the program.

The Junior branch of the Dramatic Society made their initial appearance of the year on the Emmanuel stage, and succeeded in presenting a very fine performance of *My Aunt From California*, a delightful and amusing comedy. Junior Class Play Mary Dunn portrayed the title role, assisted by Claire Busby, Mary Scanlon, Martha Buckley, Ruth Gallagher, Eileen Sullivan and Alice Quartz. From all appearances, Emmanuel will have its finest actresses for another year.

Under the able direction of Mari-Elizabeth McCarthy and Katharine Flatley, the Epilogue conducted a very novel tea and style show on November sixth. What is more pleasing to any feminine heart than to watch a display of latest fashions, chat across a tea-table and eat sundry delicacies. This the Epilogue staff furnished and it was a highly successful affair. The staff must have studied the psychology of the feminine heart!

Patrons and Patronesses of the Ethos

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ALUMNAE NEWS

THE ETHOS has decided to print notes only of those students who have graduated within the past few years. It is unfair to the recently organized Alumnae News to reprint any of its copy. The students now in the college are personally acquainted with the girls of four years back and news only of those who have graduated within these years will be printed.

We are sure that our readers are interested to know how the Class of 1935 is conquering the business and professional worlds which they have so recently entered. Teaching and study for higher degrees seem to have found favor among the members of a class which, during its years at Emmanuel, showed the rest of the student body such a fine scholastic example.

Among those fortunate enough to obtain teaching positions near their homes are:

Ruth Barry of Everett, Marguerite Carr of Dedham, Mary De Guglielmo of Cambridge, Dorothea McDonald of Cambridge and Margaret Flanigan of Pascoag, Rhode Island.

Helen Attridge, Martha Doherty and Mary Stanton, former heads of THE ETHOS Business Staff, the Sodality and the Literary Society, respectively, have begun study for master's degrees at Radcliffe. Mary Devenny, who contributed her literary talents to the Epilogue and THE ETHOS while at Emmanuel, is now attending Boston Teachers College with Helen McGettrick and Dorothea Hoar. Kathryn Coyle, former Epilogue Business Manager, is at Teachers College in Rhode Island. Agatha Maguire alone selected Boston University for further study, while Mary Vaas, Sally Kane, Constance Doyle and Kathryn Lynch are at Boston College.

Two of the more scientific members of the class, Genevieve Connors and Marguerite Maguire, have positions at the Boston City Hospital.

Eleanor Farr is preparing for a business career at Miss Pierce's School, while Ruth Keenan already has a position in the Newton Library.

We know that Kay Field, Marion Cassidy and Claire O'Brien, so inseparable at Emmanuel, will all make fine records at the Marlborough Secretarial School. They will receive plenty of competition from Isabel Ahearne and the class president, Agnes Bixby, who is at Miss Pierce's School.

From almost every class which graduates from Emmanuel there are a few members favored with a special call from God. Sister Doucet, R.E.C., is teaching at Marycliff Academy. Anne McMurrer has entered the Notre Dame Novitiate, Waltham, and Helen Syran is in the Sacred Heart Novitiate, Albany, New York.

We wish to Rose Mullin and Mary O'Brien the greatest success in their teaching at the Academy of Notre Dame de Sion in Kansas City.

Elizabeth McNamara, versatile president of last year's musical society, is now a secretary in the Boston Credit Union.

Marita Dwyer, Epilogue's assistant art editor, has opened her own kindergarten in Medford.

Helen Kelleher is living at the Sheraton this winter, busy in three pursuits as student, governess and secretary.

Eileen Glidden is the first of the class to change her name, for on October 31 she became the bride of Dr. Daniel Leach. Ann O'Reilly soon followed her example, for her marriage to Mr. Joseph Carven, Jr., took place on November 14.

CLASS OF 1934

Mary C. McCarthy is trying for her Ph.D., while Kay Fitzgerald and Margaret (Patsy to you) O'Neil are directing the minds of their own students in Framingham and Rhode Island respectively. Laura Dixon is at Boston University studying medicine.

Helen Glynn, Dorothea Dunnigan and Mary C. McCarthy received their degrees of M.A. at Boston College.

Fortunata Caliri and Marie Scanlin received their degree of M.Ed. from Teachers' College.

CLASS OF 1933

Woburn has three newly appointed Emmanuel girls on its teaching staff—Elizabeth Healey, Geraldine Soles, and Catherine Burke.

Blanche Kane and Dorothy Hatch received the M.A. degrees at Boston University.

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